John Wilson Fitz Patrick.

887 5

Six Sacred Songs 1
Oh thou who dry'st the Mourner &c 2
I know that my Redeemer &c 3
Ave sanctissima C&E 4
One dear Smile 5
Send home those Long &c &c 6
The young Rose 7
Italian Notturno 8
Italian Notturno Blangini 9
Rose thou art the sweetest &c 10
The treasures of the Deep 11
When midst the gay 12
Mi manca la voce 13
Povero [illegible] 14
Mille sospiri 15
Quando Ciel 16
Nel seggio 17
Dunque il mio ben 18
Amore vi chiedo 19
Occhietto furbetto 20
Che faro senza 21
Tell me where is fancy &c 22
The Pirate's farewell 23
A knight there came 24
The witch's Glee 25
The meeting of Ships C&E 26
T'abbraccio ti stringo 27
A canadian boat song 28
The red cross Knight 29
To Ladies Eyes 30
Love thee dearest 31
Farewell Theresa 32
C&E The Friar of Orders Grey 33
T'was one of those dreams 34
Pibroch of Danuil Dhu 35
Tyrolese Even's Hymn 36
Chough & Crow 37
The captive knight 38
Love my Mary 39
Of all the brave birds 40
Shall I in Mam'is plain &c 41
Roland the brave 42
The w[illegible]man 43
Where is the light from &c 44
Finland Love Song 45
C&E As it fell upon a day 46
My pretty Page 47
Crudel perche 48
Oh Pescator 49

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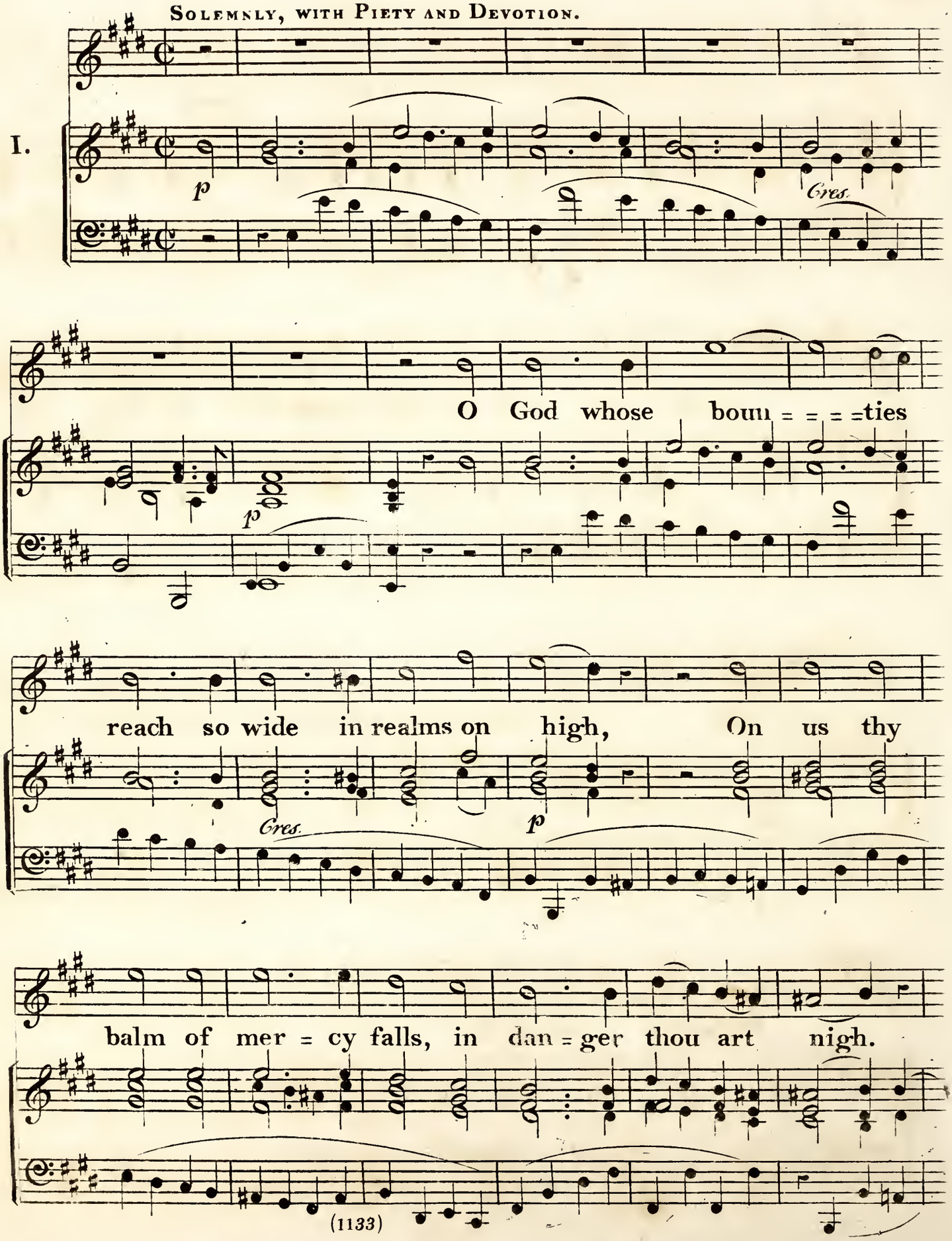
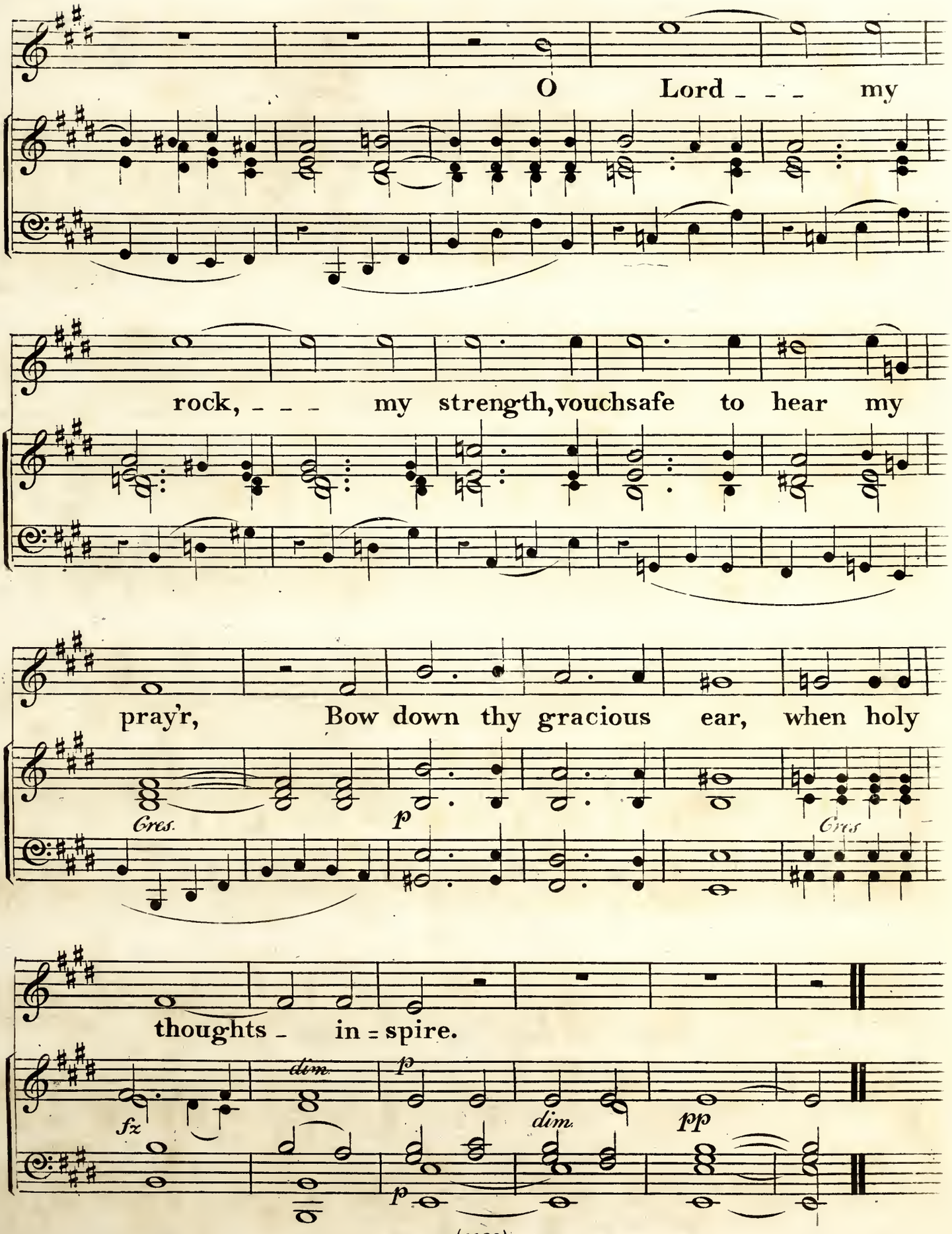
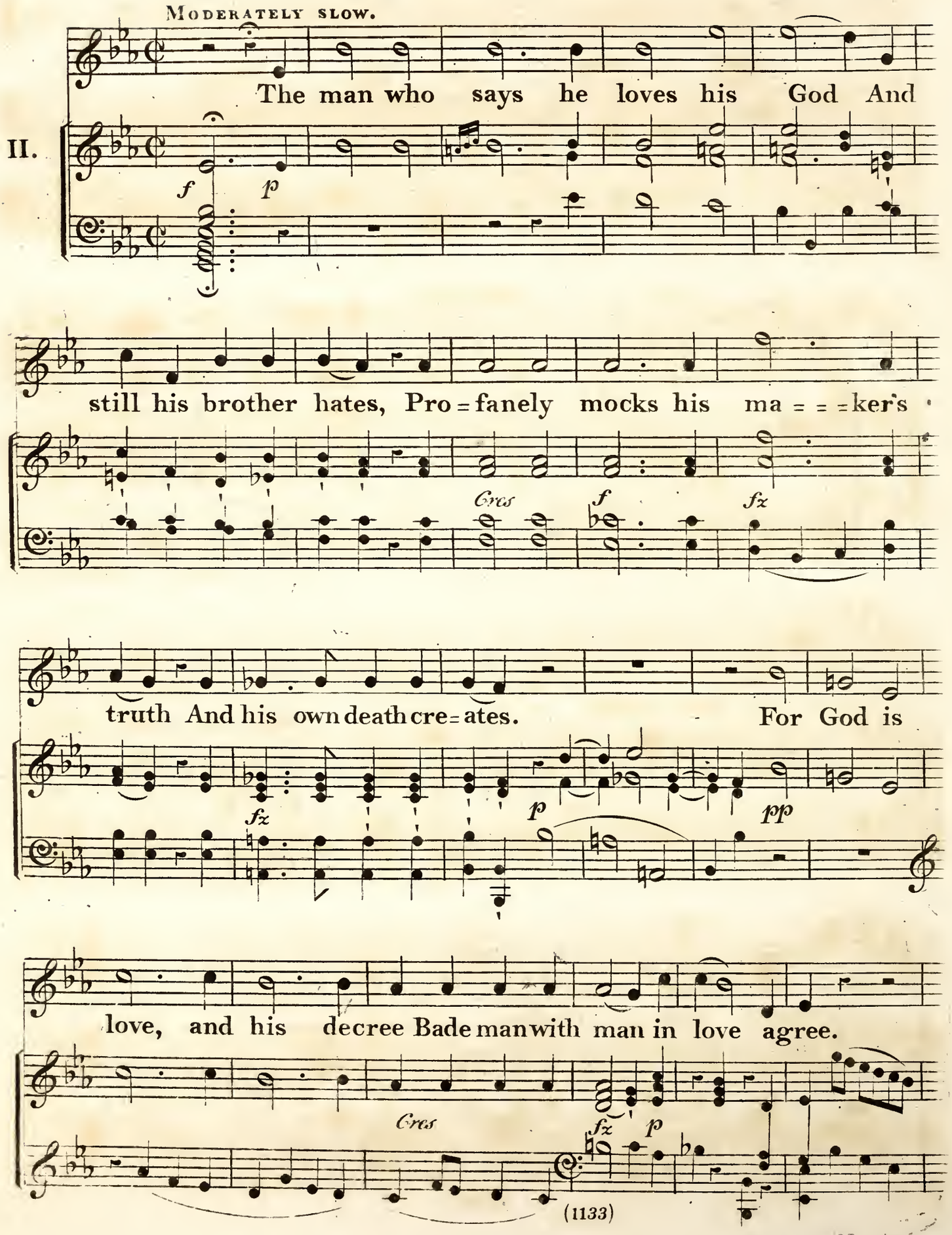
http://archive.org/details/songsduettsglees00unse_0

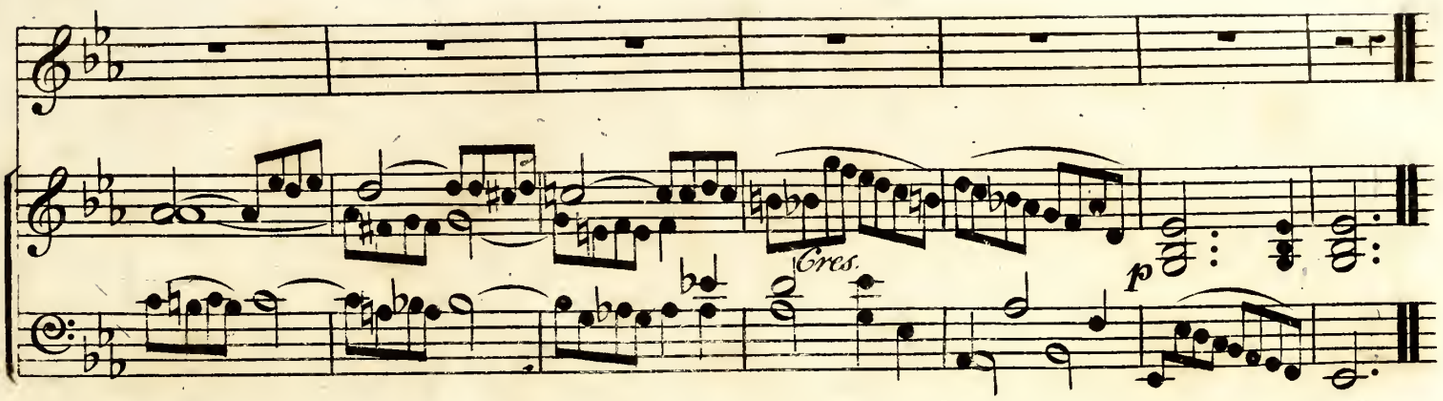
Solemnly, with Piety and Devotion.

I.

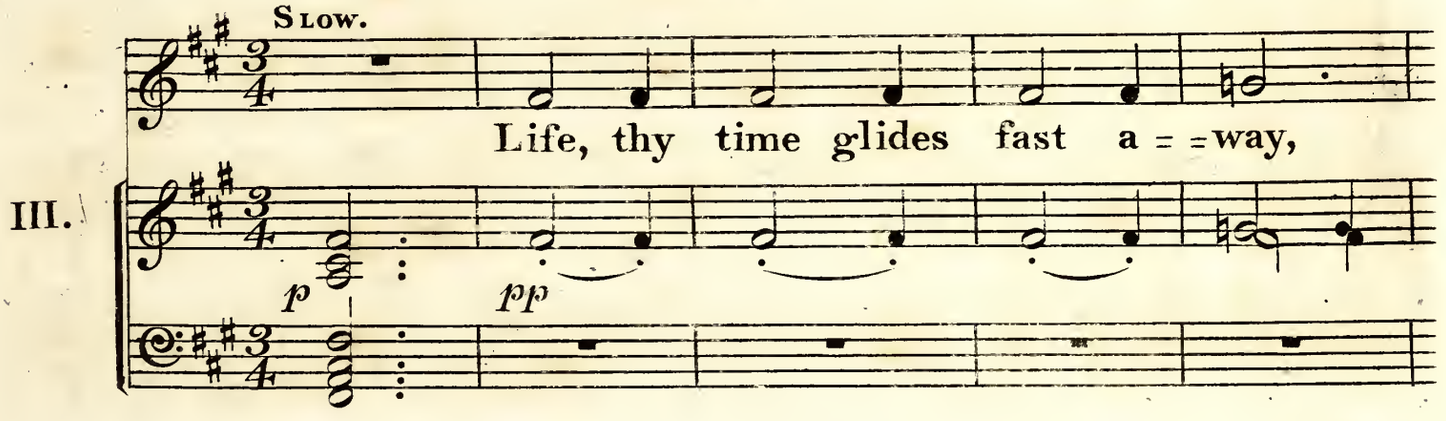


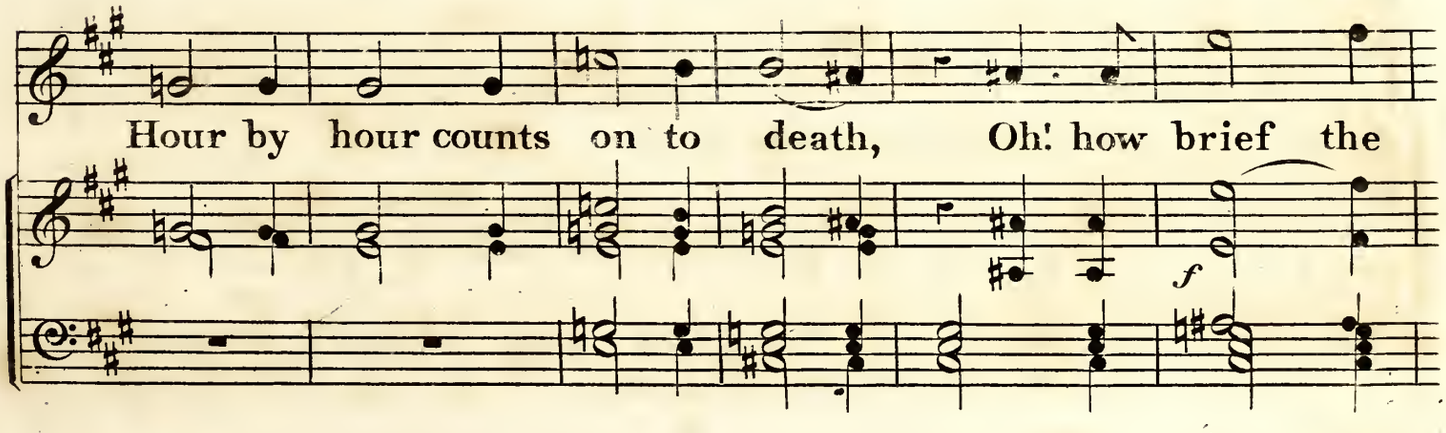

O Lord _ _ _ my
rock, _ _ _ my strength, vouchsafe to hear my
pray'r, Bow down thy gracious ear, when holy
Cres.
p
Cres.
thoughts _ in = spire.
fz
dim.
p
dim.
pp
p

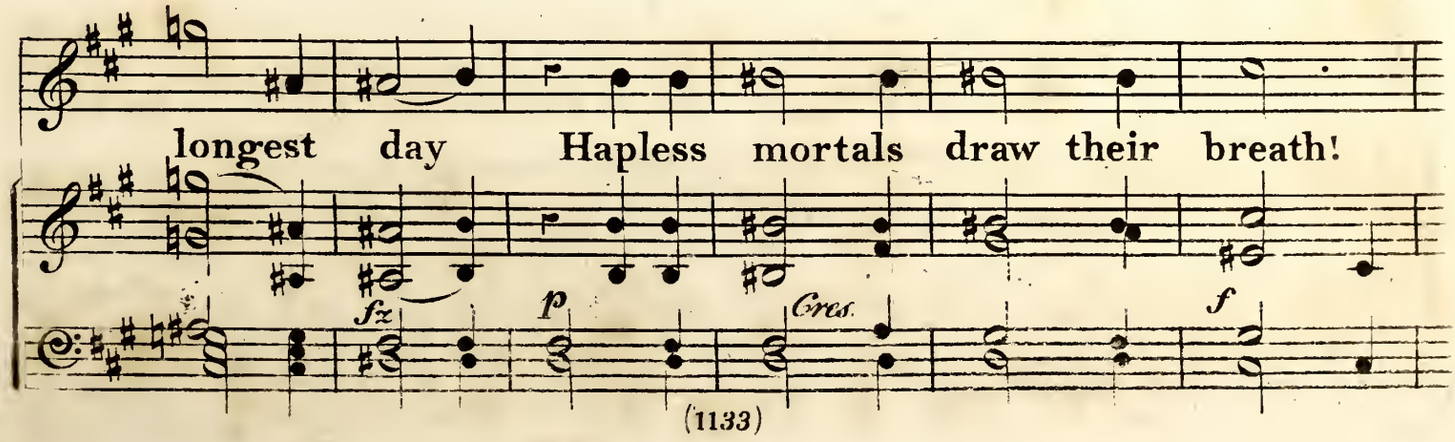

MODERATELY SLOW.
The man who says he loves his God And
II.
f
p
still his brother hates, Pro = fanely mocks his ma = = = ker's
Cres
f
fz
truth And his own death cre = ates. For God is
fz
p
pp
love, and his decree Bade man with man in love agree.
Cres
fz
p

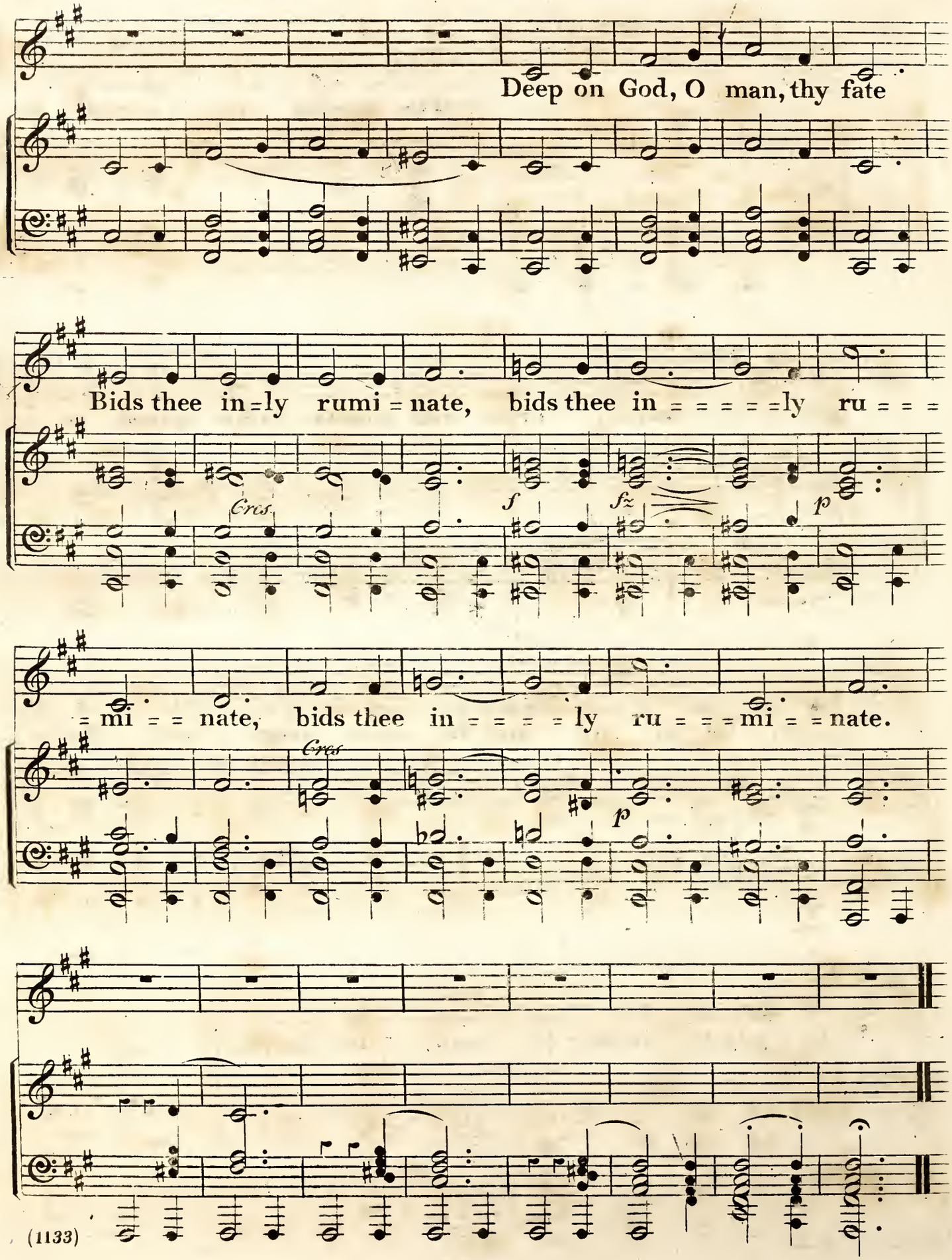

Cres.
p

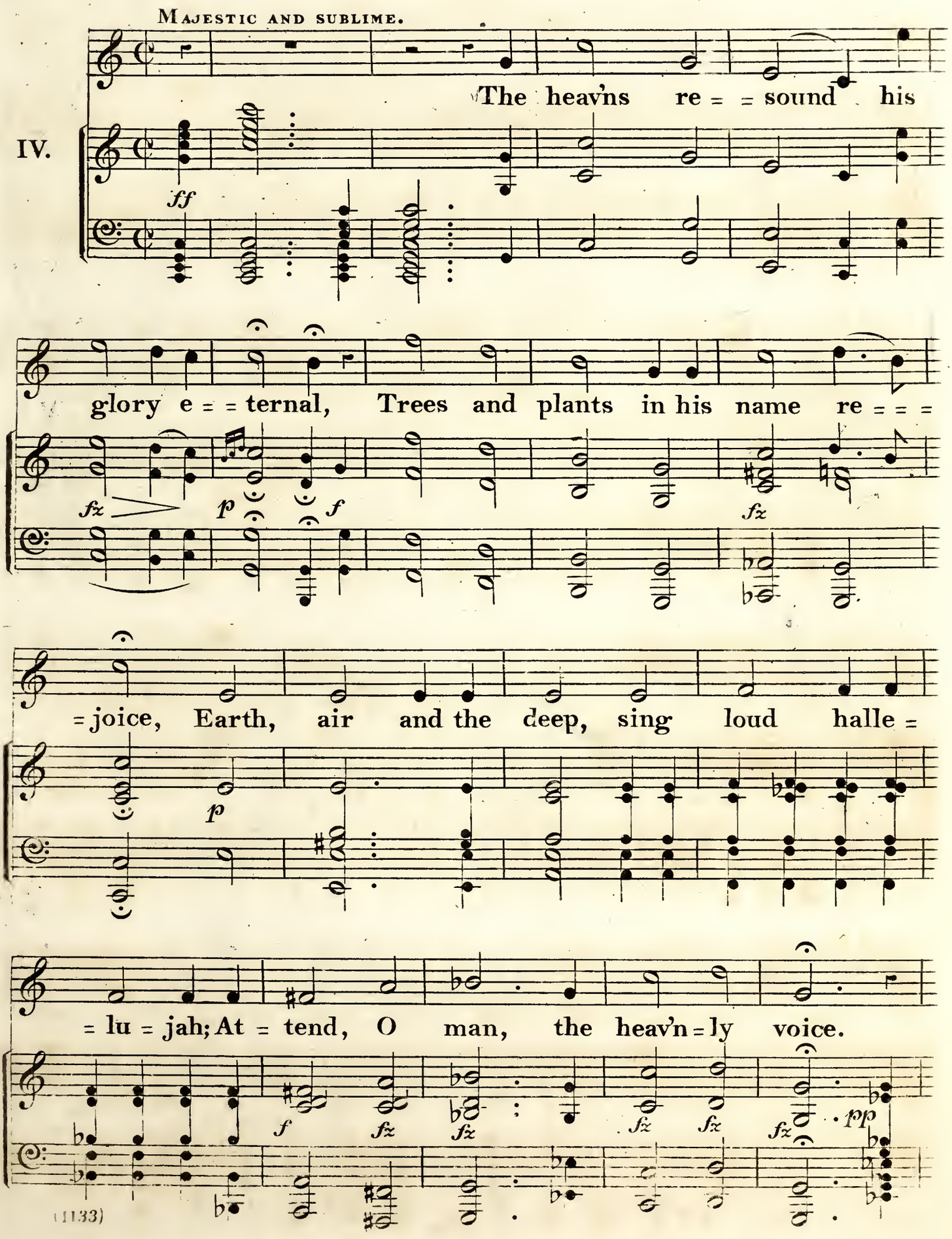
DEATH.

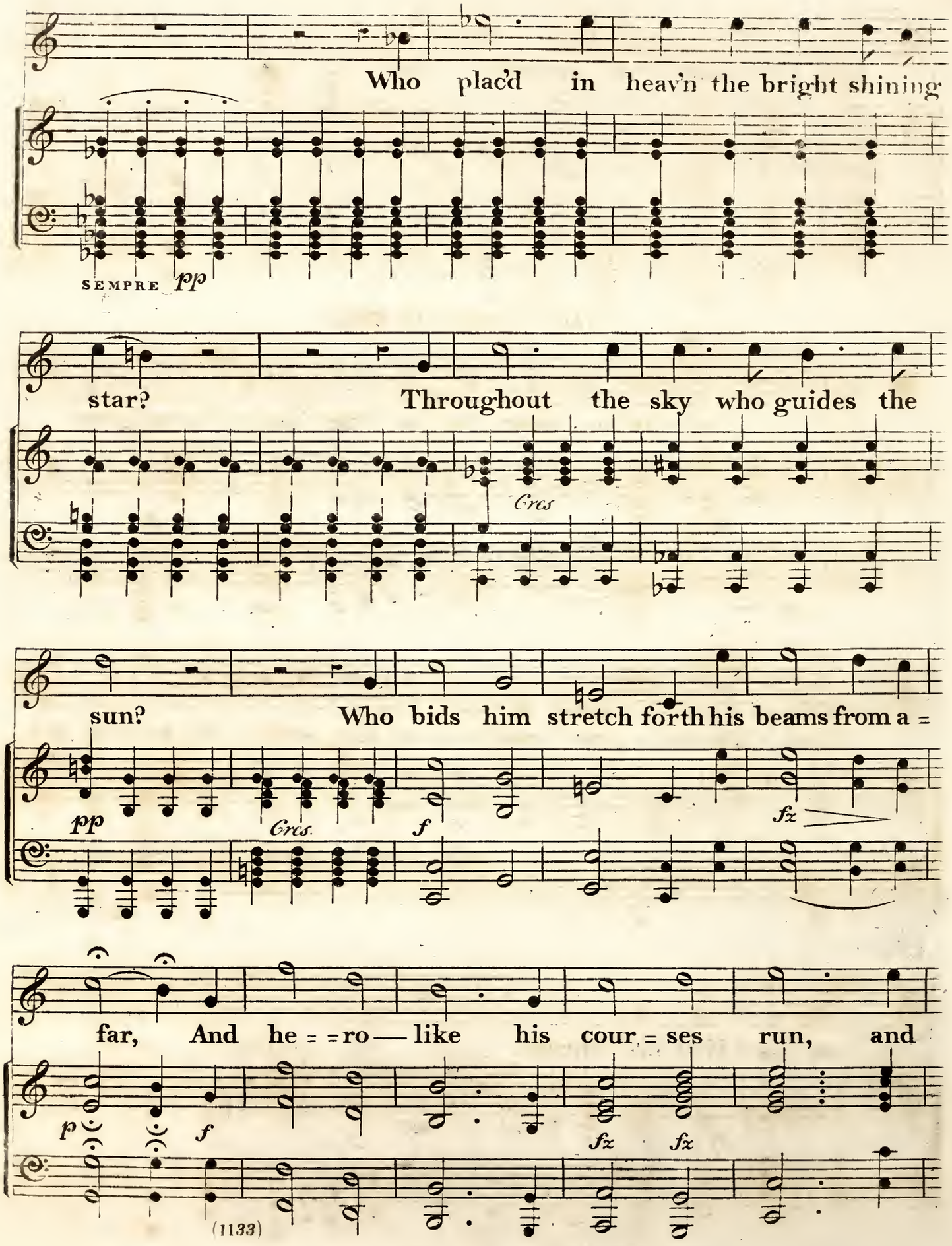

Slow.
Life, thy time glides fast a = =way,
III.
p
pp

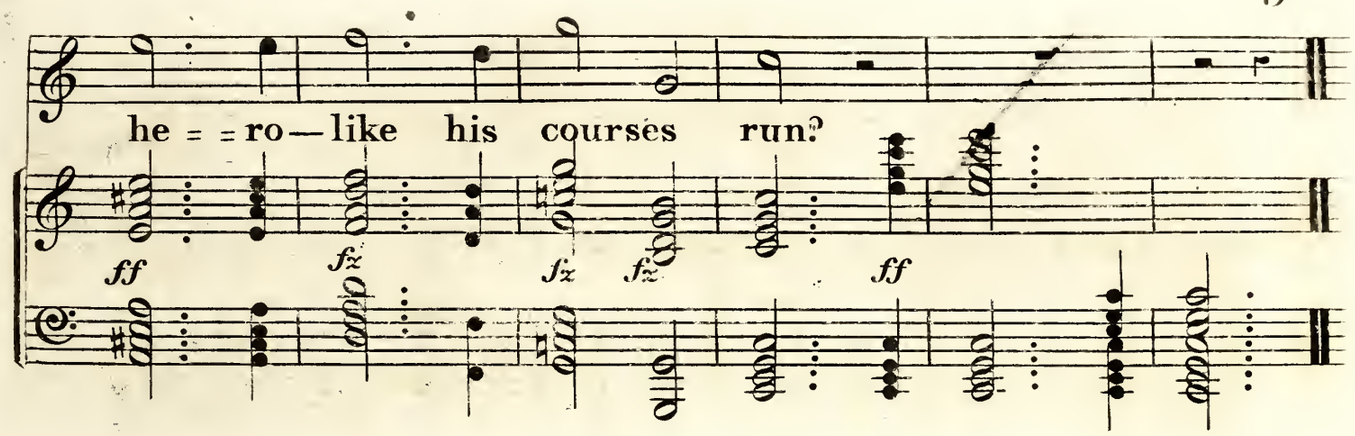

Hour by hour counts on to death, Oh! how brief the
f


longest day Hapless mortals draw their breath!
fz
p
Cres.
f


Deep on God, O man, thy fate
Bids thee in = ly rumi = nate, bids thee in = = = = = = ly ru = = =
Cres.
f
fz
p
= mi = = nate, bids thee in = = = = ly ru = = = mi = = nate.
Cres.
p


MAJESTIC AND SUBLIME.
IV.
The heav'ns re = = sound his
ff
glory e = = ternal, Trees and plants in his name re = = =
fz
p
f
fz
= joice, Earth, air and the deep, sing loud halle =
p
= lu = jah; At = tend, O man, the heav'n = ly voice.
f
fz
fz
fz
fz
fz
pp

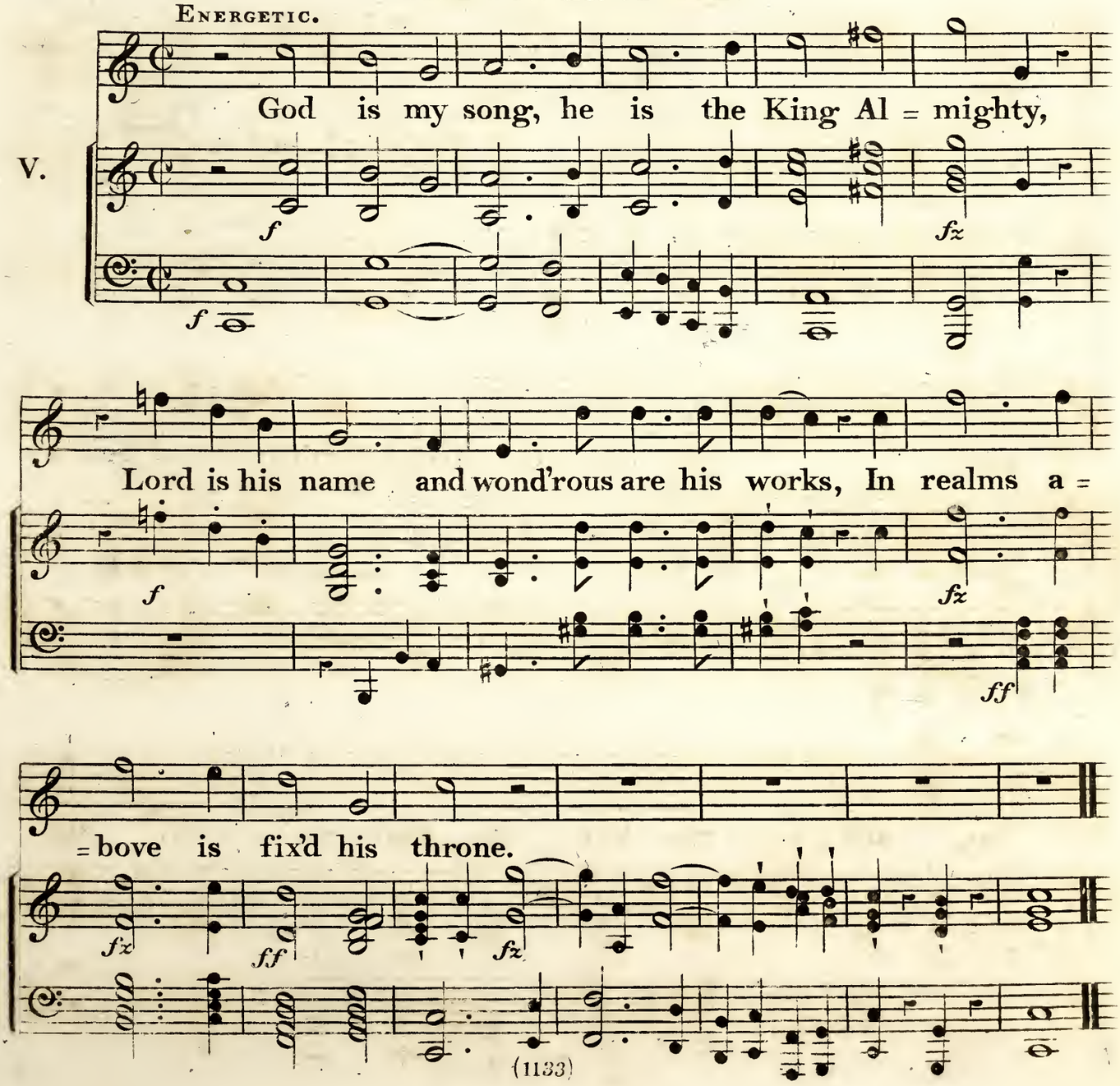

Who plac'd in heav'n the bright shining
SEMPRE pp
star? Throughout the sky who guides the
Cres
sun? Who bids him stretch forth his beams from a =
pp
Cres
f
fz
far, And he = = ro — like his cour = ses run, and
p
f
fz
fz
(1133)

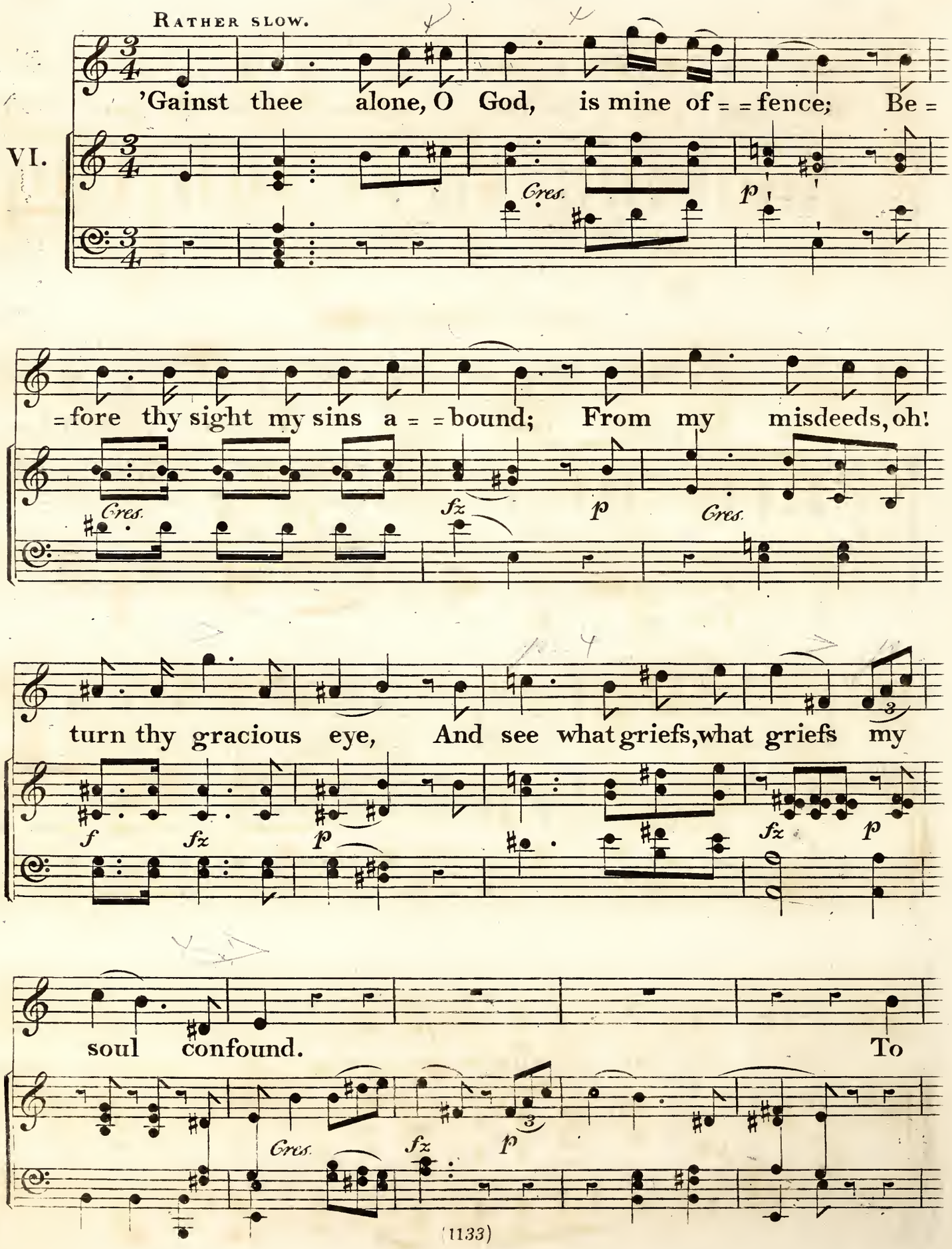


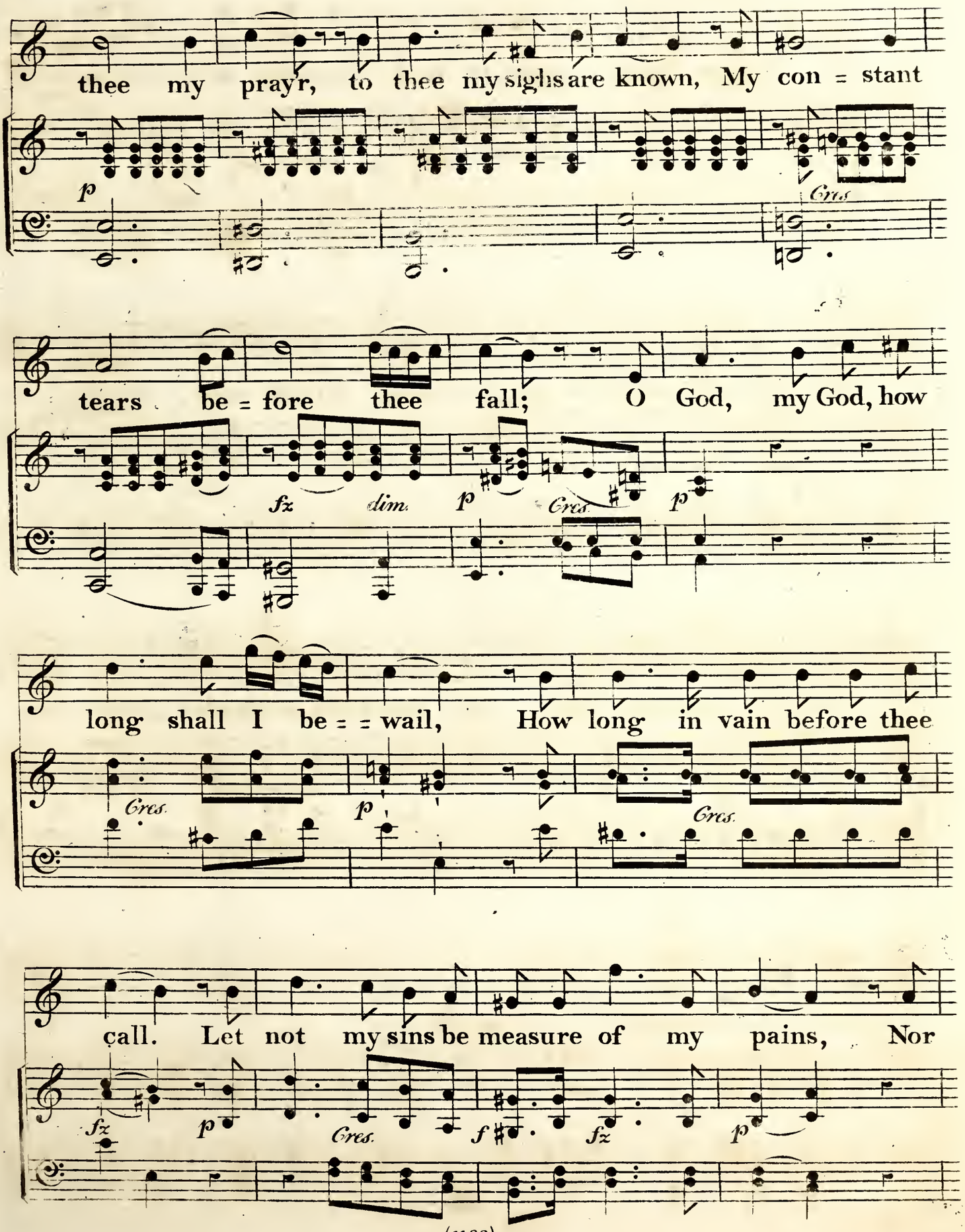
THE POWER OF GOD.

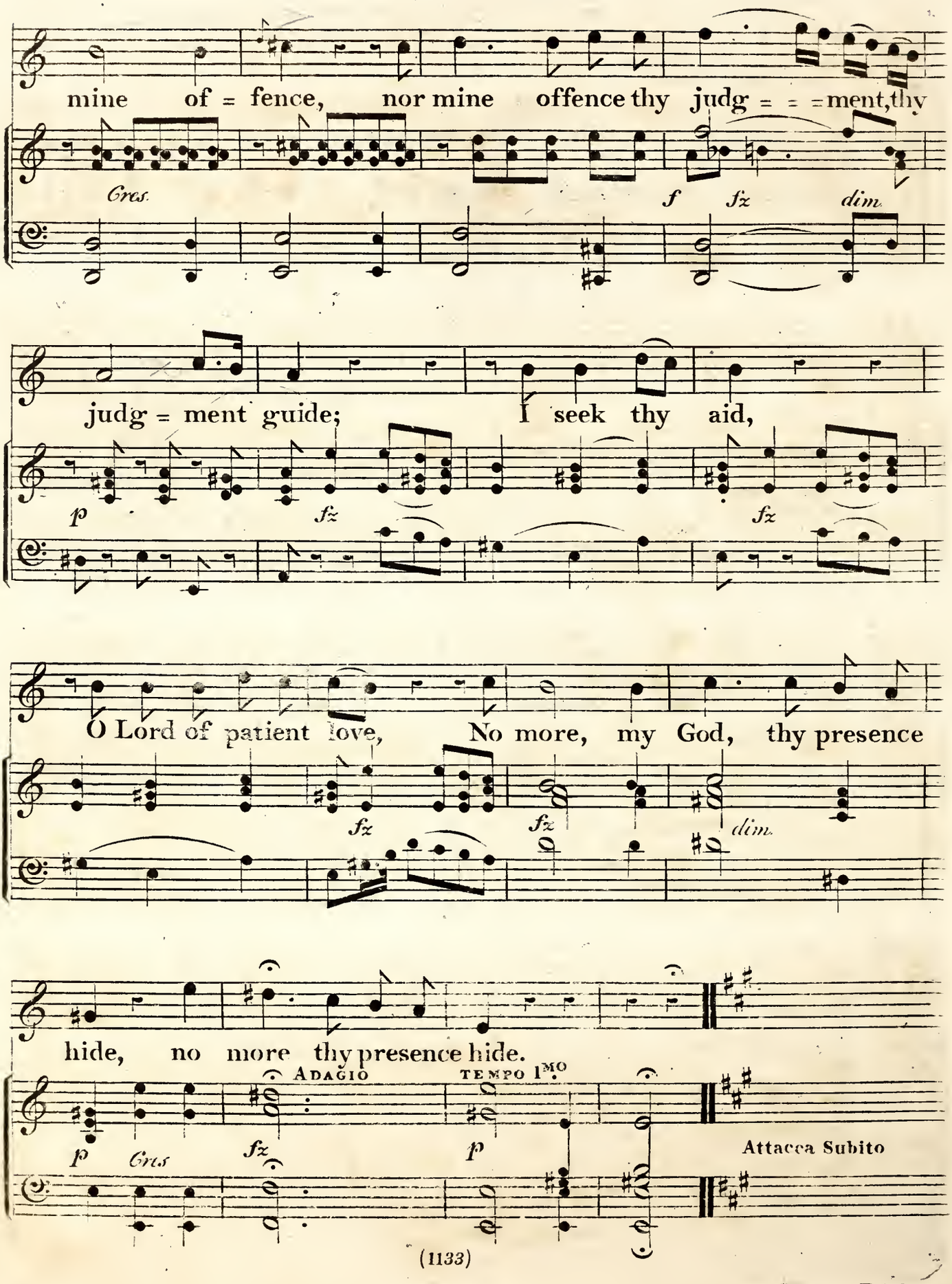
ENERGETIC.

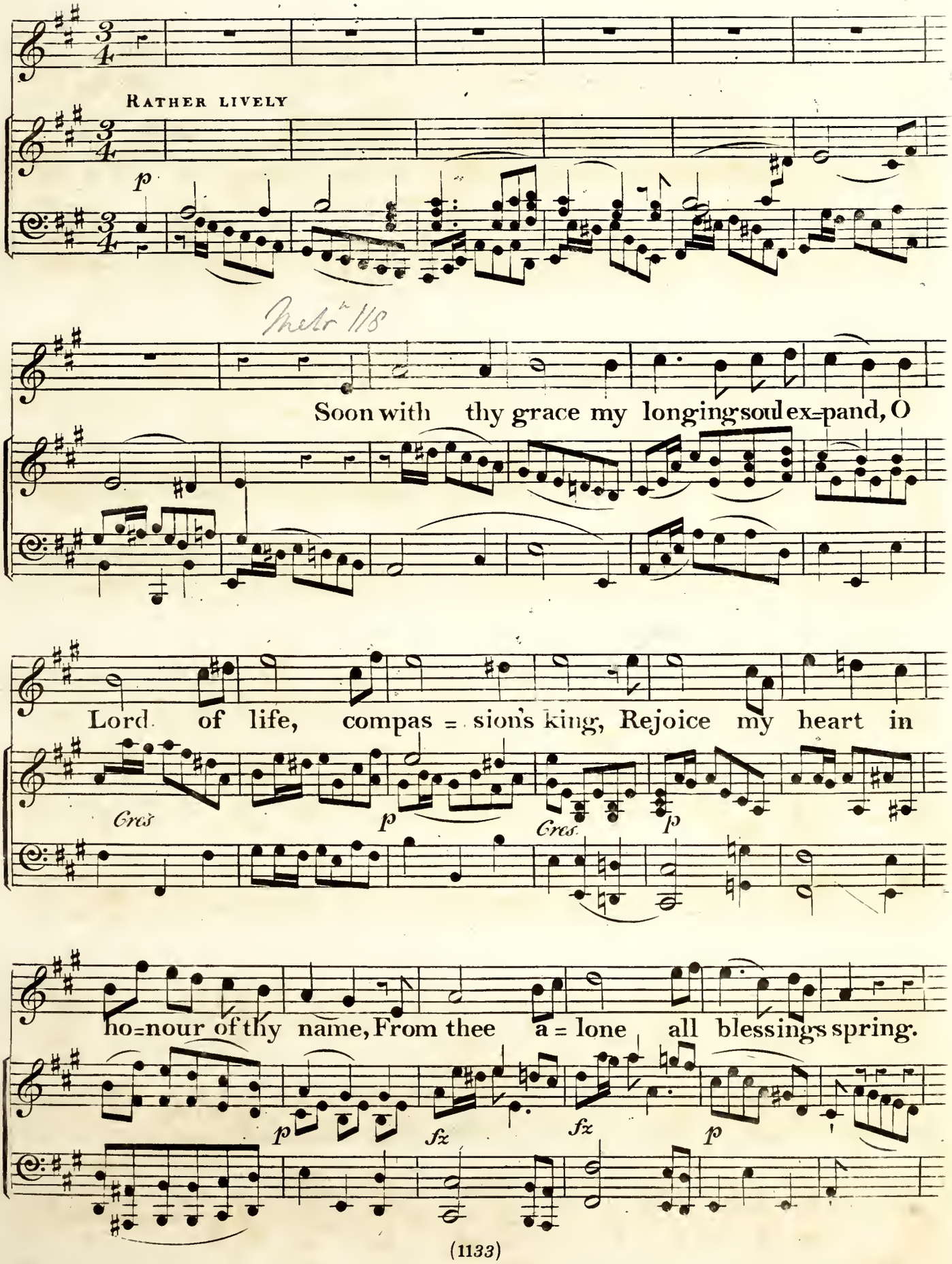
V.

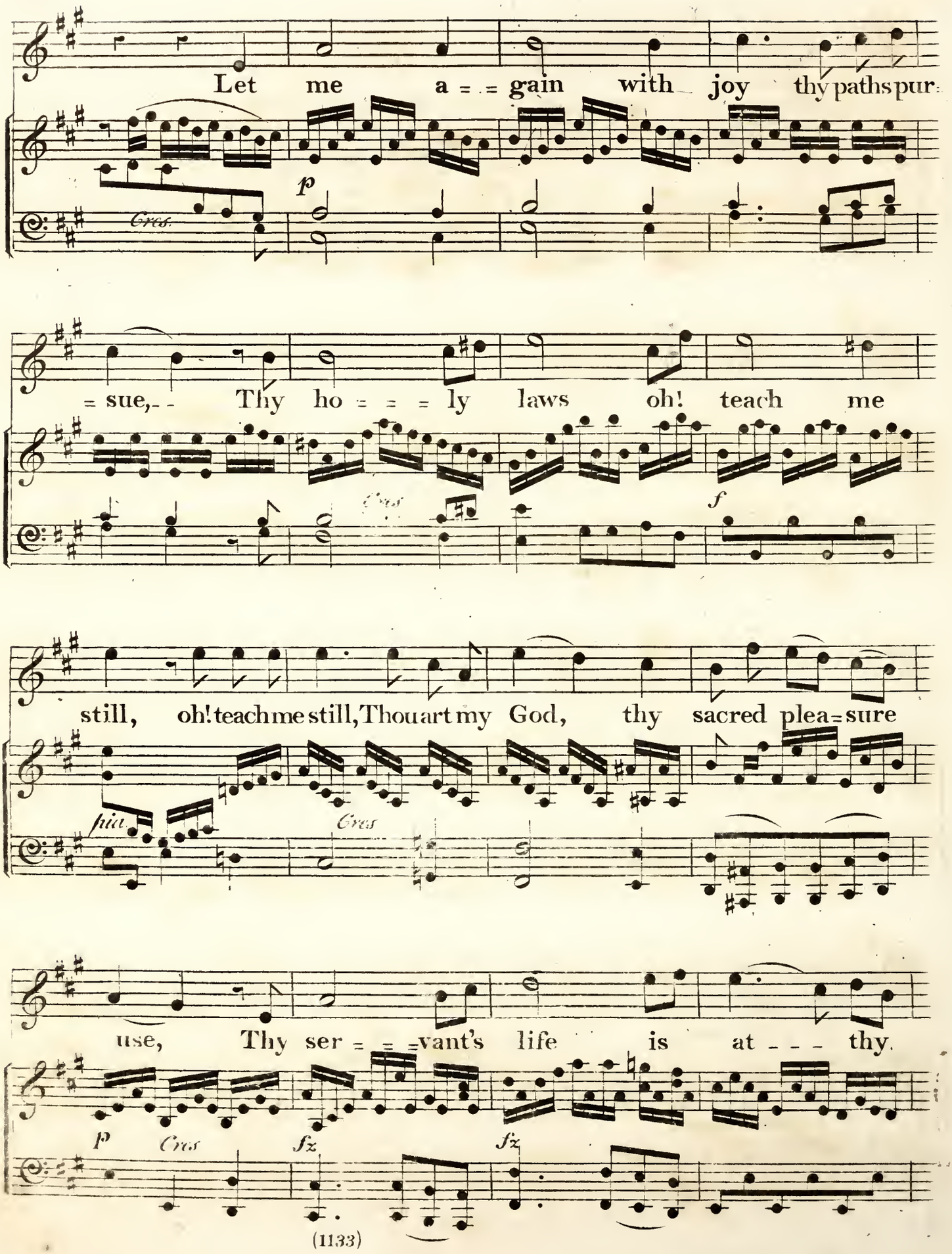


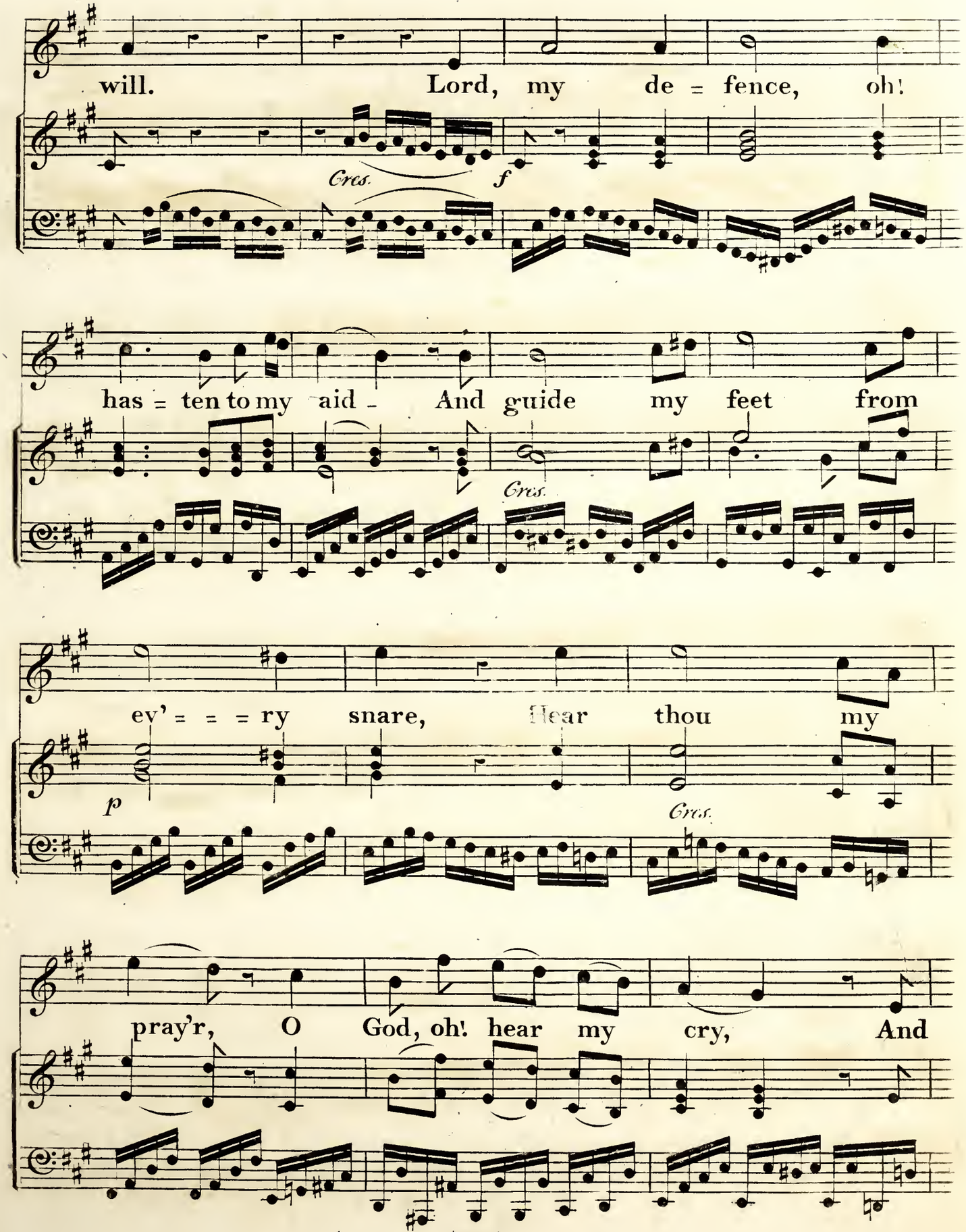

RATHER SLOW.
'Gainst thee alone, O God, is mine of = = fence; Be =
VI.
Cres.
p
= fore thy sight my sins a = = bound; From my misdeeds, oh!
Cres.
fz
p
Cres.
turn thy gracious eye, And see what griefs, what griefs my
f
fz
p
fz
p
soul confound. To
Cres.
fz
p

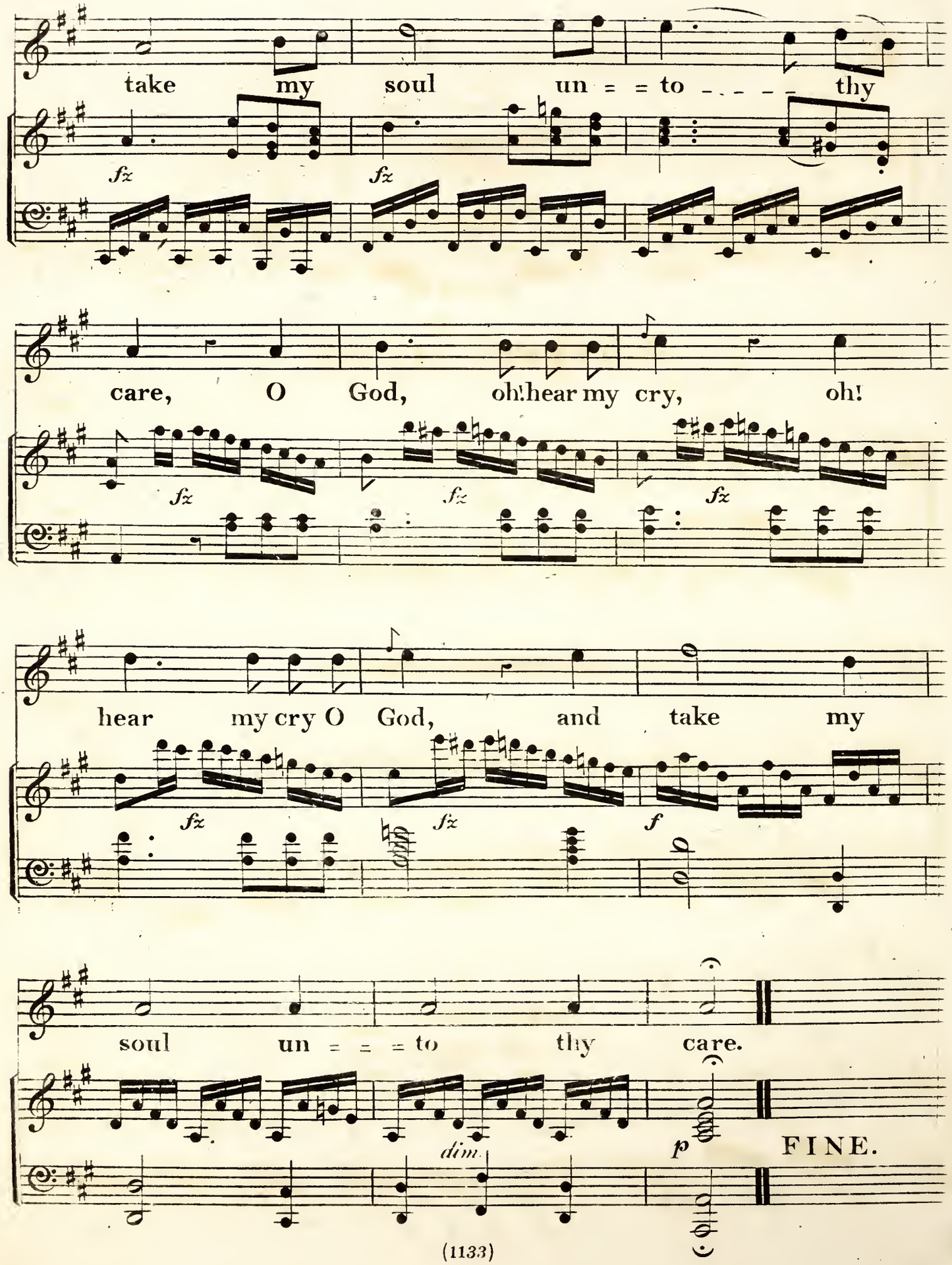

thee my pray'r, to thee my sighs are known, My con = stant
p
Cres.
tears be = fore thee fall; O God, my God, how
fz
dim.
p
Cres.
p
long shall I be = = wail, How long in vain before thee
Cres.
p
Cres.
call. Let not my sins be measure of my pains, Nor
fz
p
Cres.
f
fz
p


mine of = fence, nor mine offence thy judg = = = ment, thy
Cres.
f
fz
dim
judg = ment guide; I seek thy aid,
p
fz
fz
O Lord of patient love, No more, my God, thy presence
fz
fz
dim.
hide, no more thy presence hide.
ADAGIO
TEMPO 1MO
p
Cres
fz
p
Attacca Subito


RATHER LIVELY
Soon with thy grace my longing soul ex=pand, O
Lord of life, compas = sion's king, Rejoice my heart in
Cres
Cres
ho=nour of thy name, From thee a = lone all blessings spring.


Let me a = = gain with joy thy paths pur:
p
Cres.
= sue,- - Thy ho = = = ly laws oh! teach me
Cres
f
still, oh! teach me still, Thou art my God, thy sacred plea=sure
più
Cres
use, Thy ser = = =vant's life is at - - - thy.
p
Cres
fz
fz


will. Lord, my de = fence, oh!
Cres.
f
has = ten to my aid - And guide my feet from
Cres.
ev' = = = ry snare, Hear thou my
p
Cres.
pray'r, O God, oh! hear my cry, And


take my soul un = = to _ _ _ _ thy
fz fz
care, O God, oh! hear my cry, oh!
fz fz fz
hear my cry O God, and take my
fz fz f
soul un = = = to thy care.
dim. p FINE.

OH! THOU WHO DRY'ST THE MOURNER'S TEAR.

from

A SELECTION OF

SACRED SONGS,

BY

THOMAS MOORE ESQ.

Arranged with Symphonies

AND ACCOMPANIMENT, BY

SIR JOHN STEVENSON, Mus. Doc.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

Price 2s

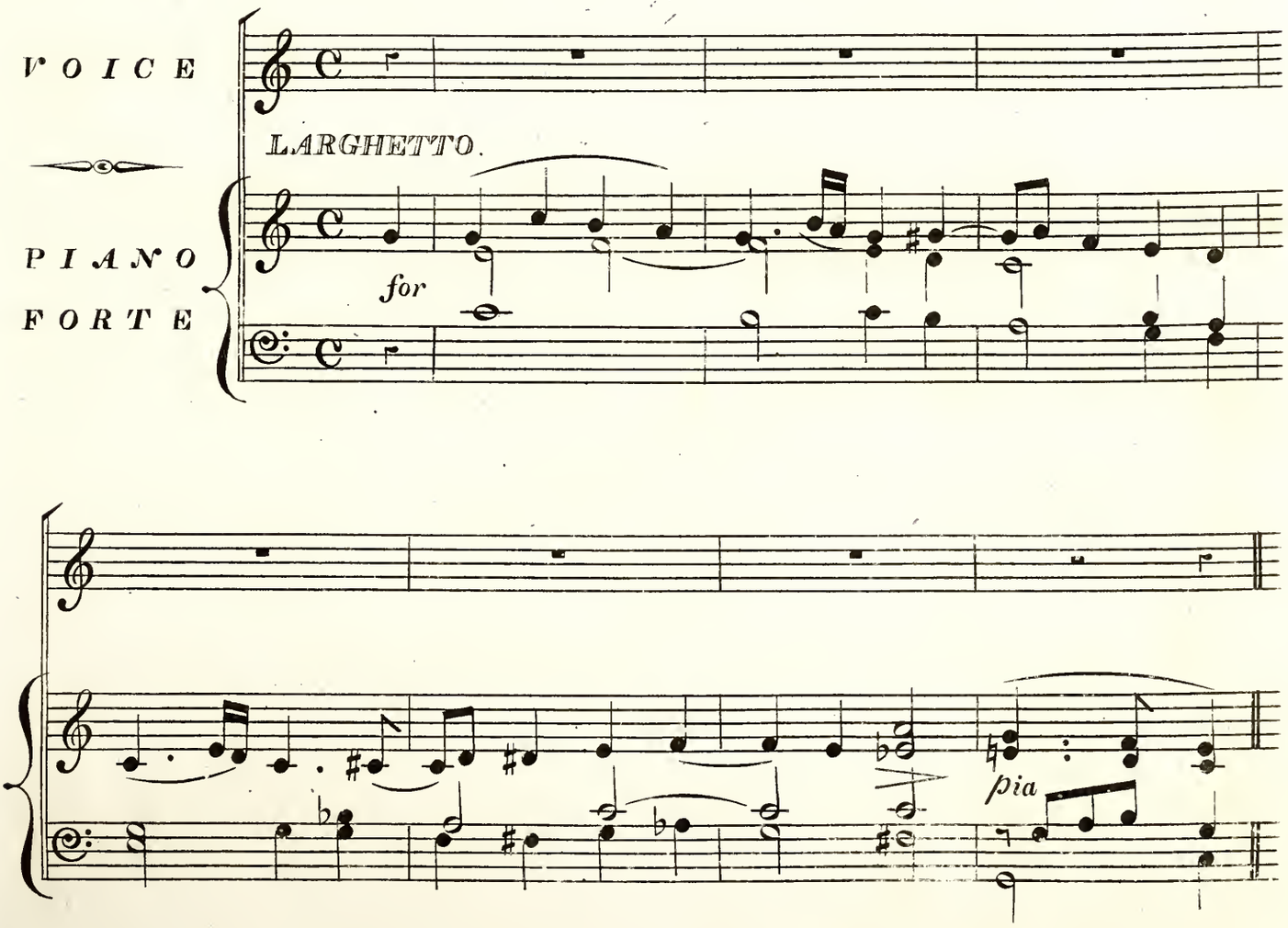
LONDON,

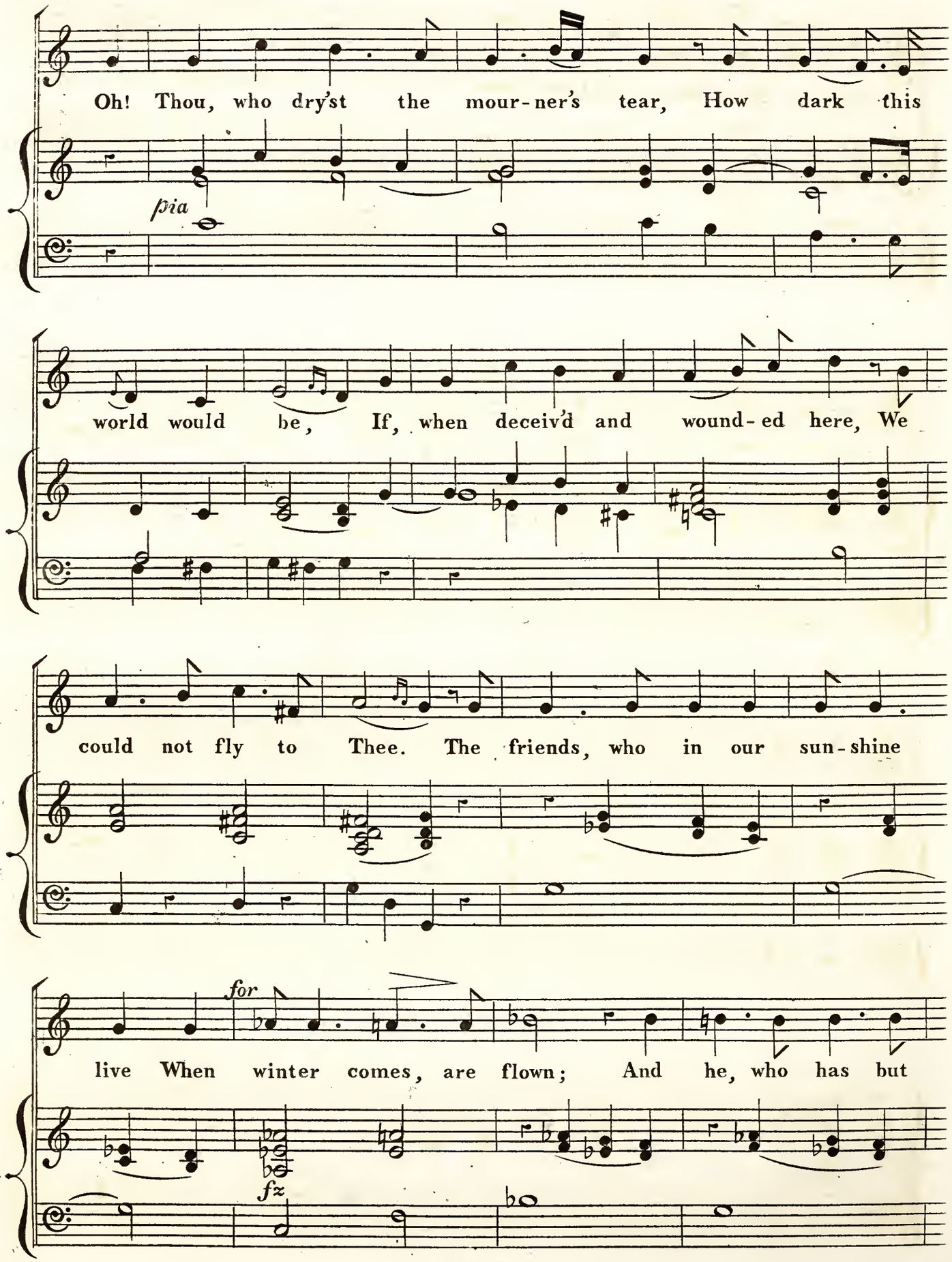
PUBLISHED BY J. POWER,

34, STRAND.

OH! THOU WHO DRY'ST THE MOURNER'S TEAR.

Written by Thomas Moore Esq.....Arranged by Sir John Stevenson Mus. Doc.




Oh! Thou, who dry'st the mour-ner's tear, How dark this
pia
world would be, If, when deceiv'd and wound-ed here, We
could not fly to Thee. The friends, who in our sun-shine
for
live When winter comes, are flown; And he, who has but
fz

ad lib. *a Tempo* *espress.*

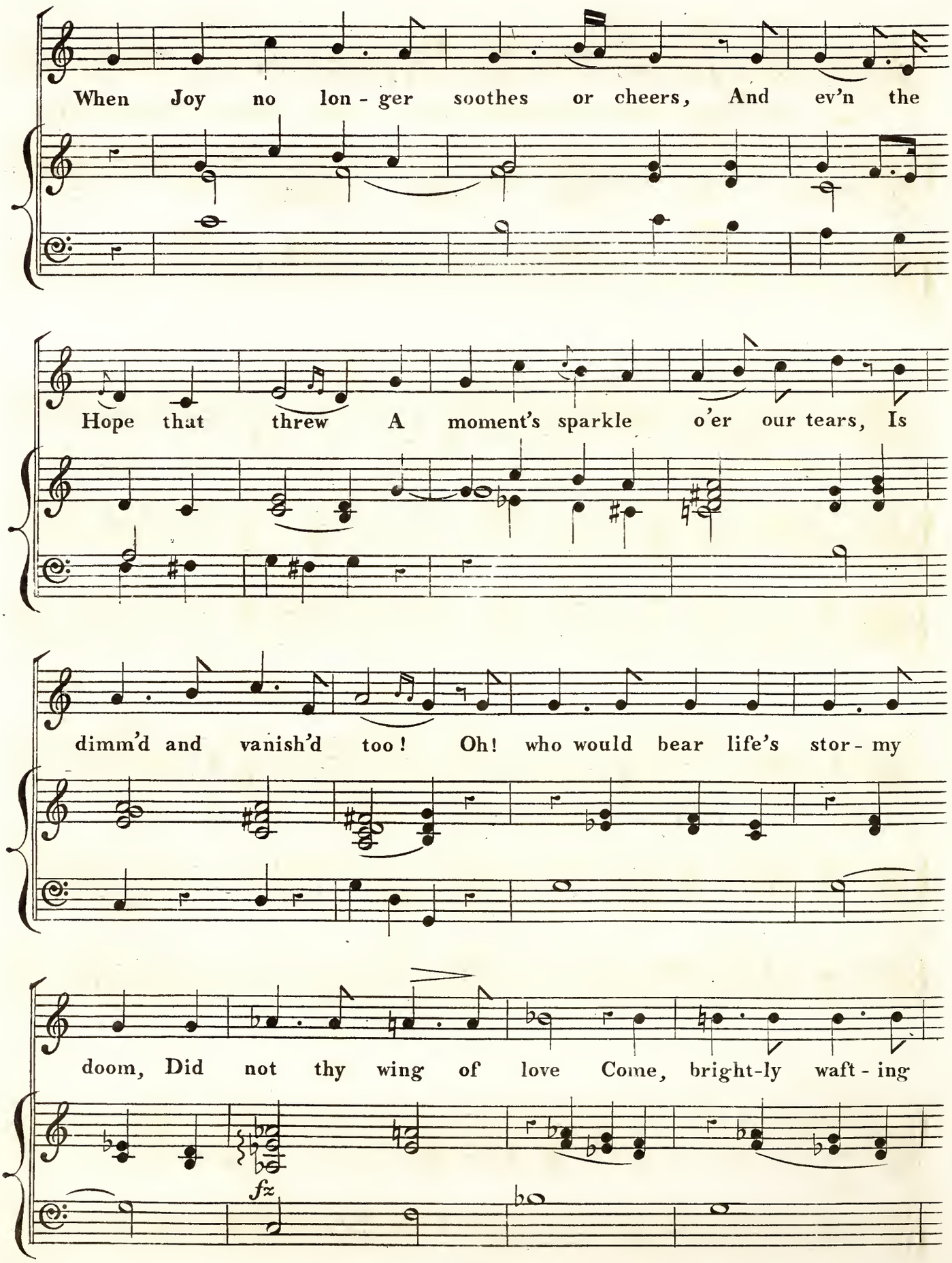
tears to give, Must weep those tears a - lone. But Thou wilt heal that

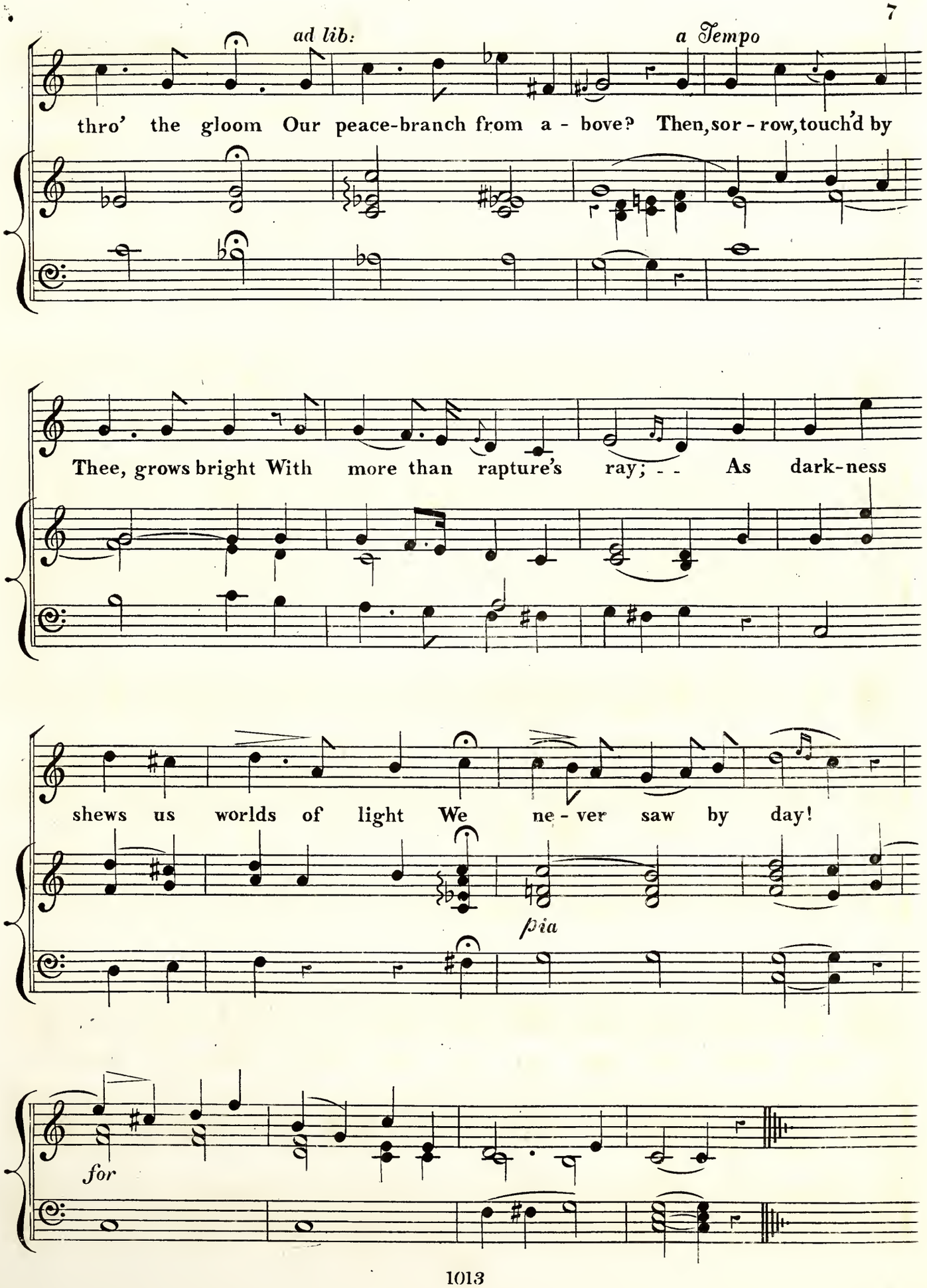
broken heart, Which, like the plants that throw Their fragrance

from the wounded part, Breathes sweetness out of woe.

pia

for


When Joy no lon - ger soothes or cheers, And ev'n the
Hope that threw A moment's sparkle o'er our tears, Is
dimm'd and vanish'd too! Oh! who would bear life's stor - my
doom, Did not thy wing of love Come, bright-ly waft - ing
fz


ad lib:
a Tempo
thro' the gloom Our peace-branch from a - bove? Then, sor - row, touch'd by
Thee, grows bright With more than rapture's ray; - - As dark-ness
shews us worlds of light We ne - ver saw by day!
pia
for

N. 3. 1

I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH,

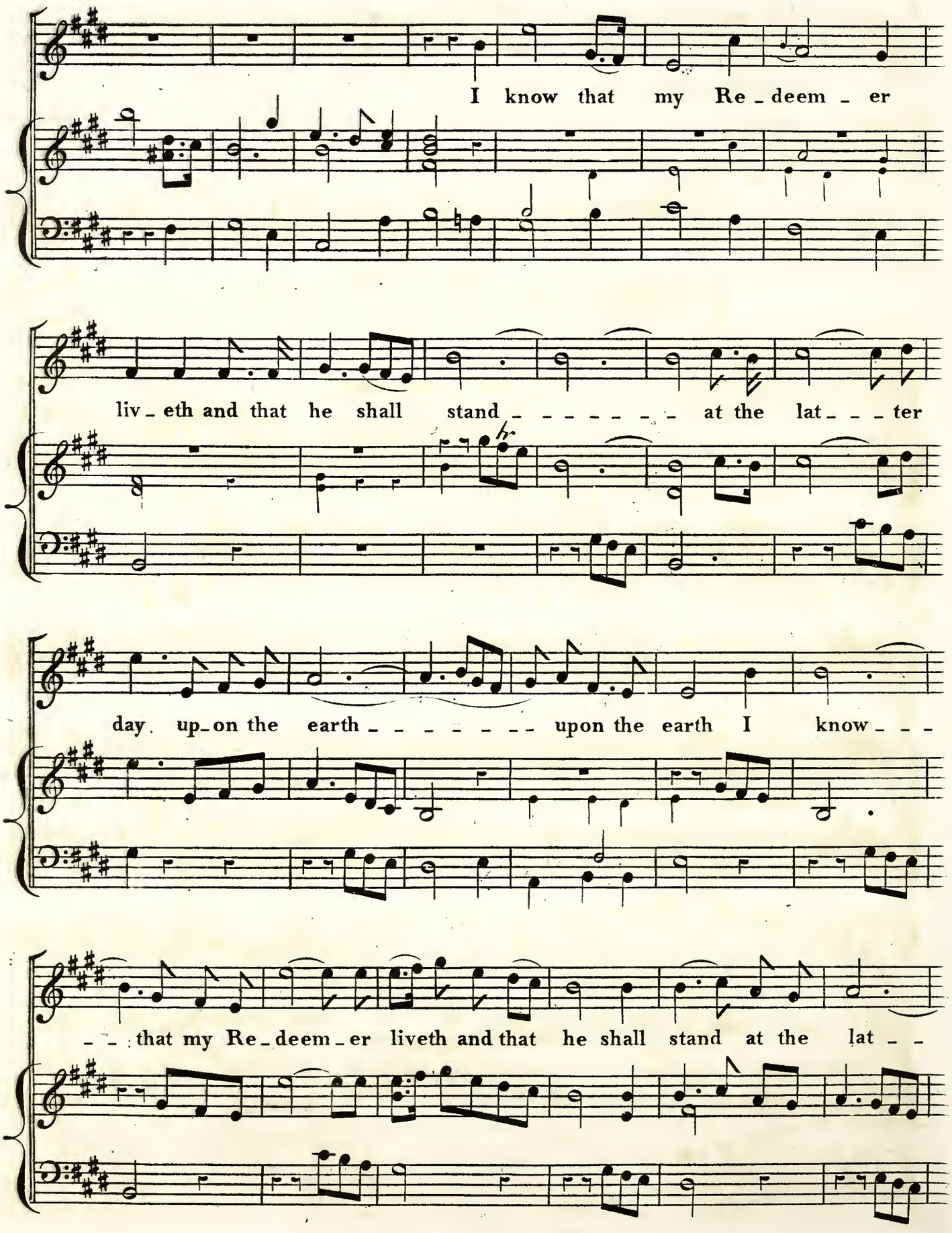
Composed by Handel. *Arranged by Sir J. A. Stevenson Mus. Doc.*

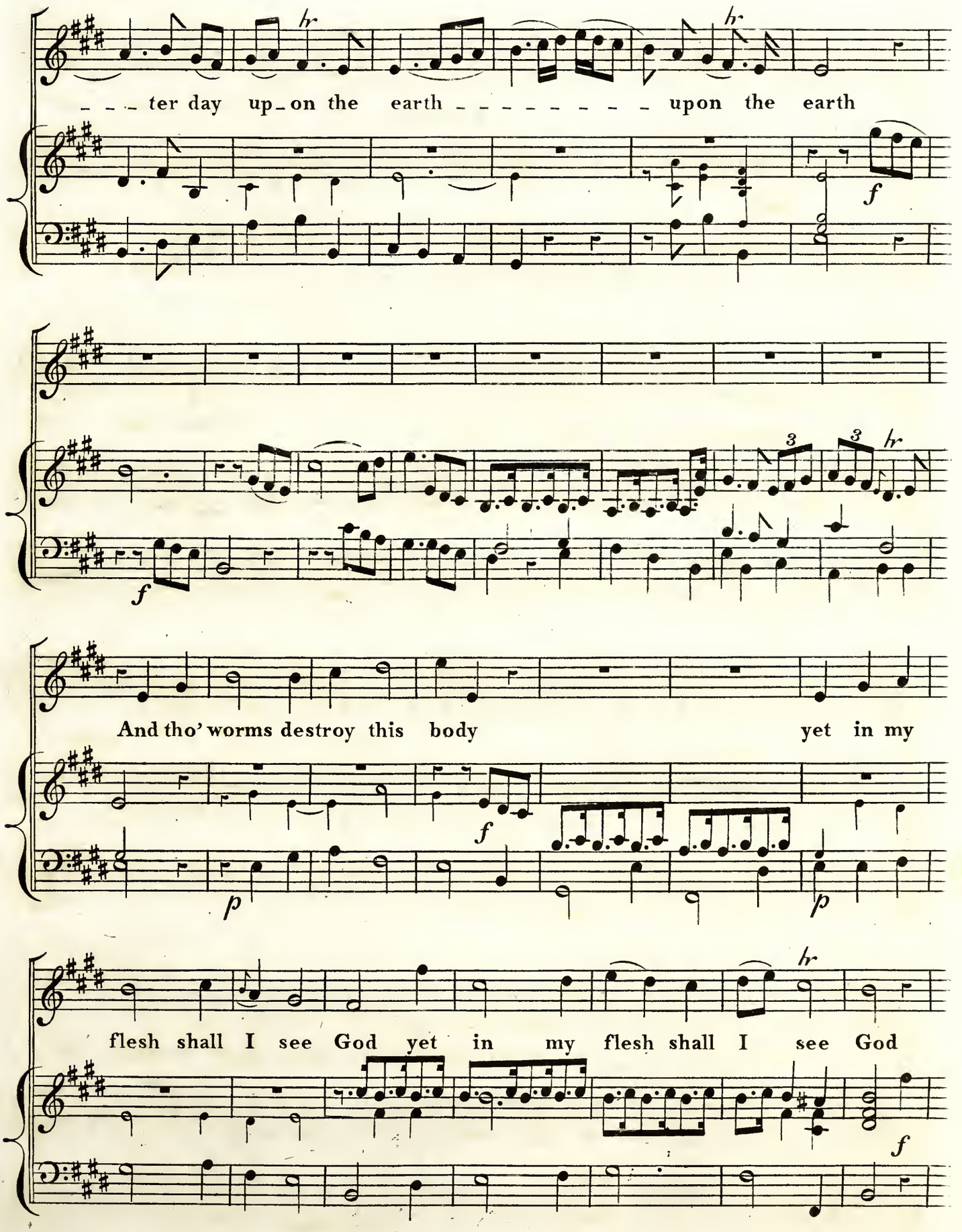
Ent. at Sta. Hall. *London, Published by J. Power, 34, Strand.* *Price 1/-*

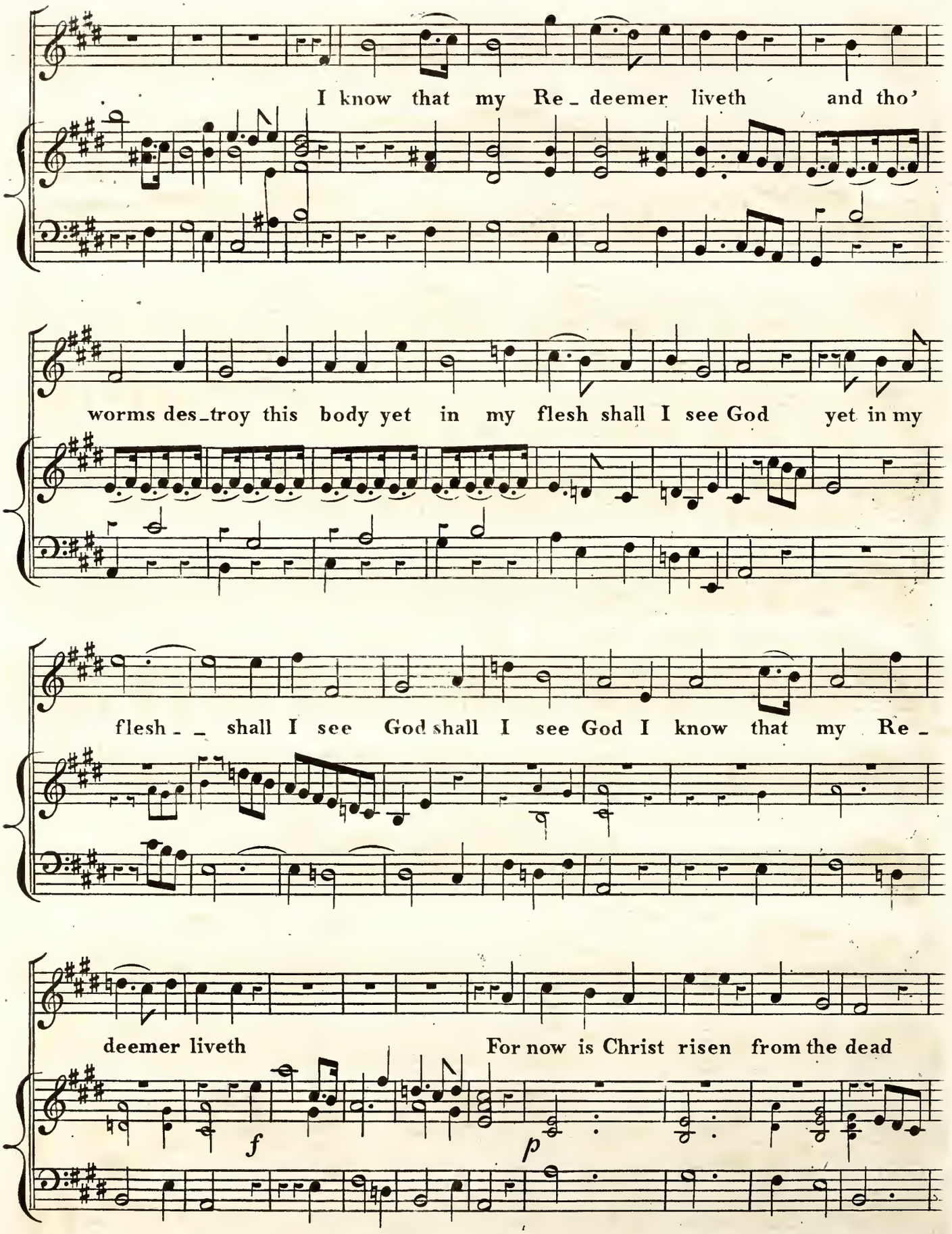
LARGHETTO.

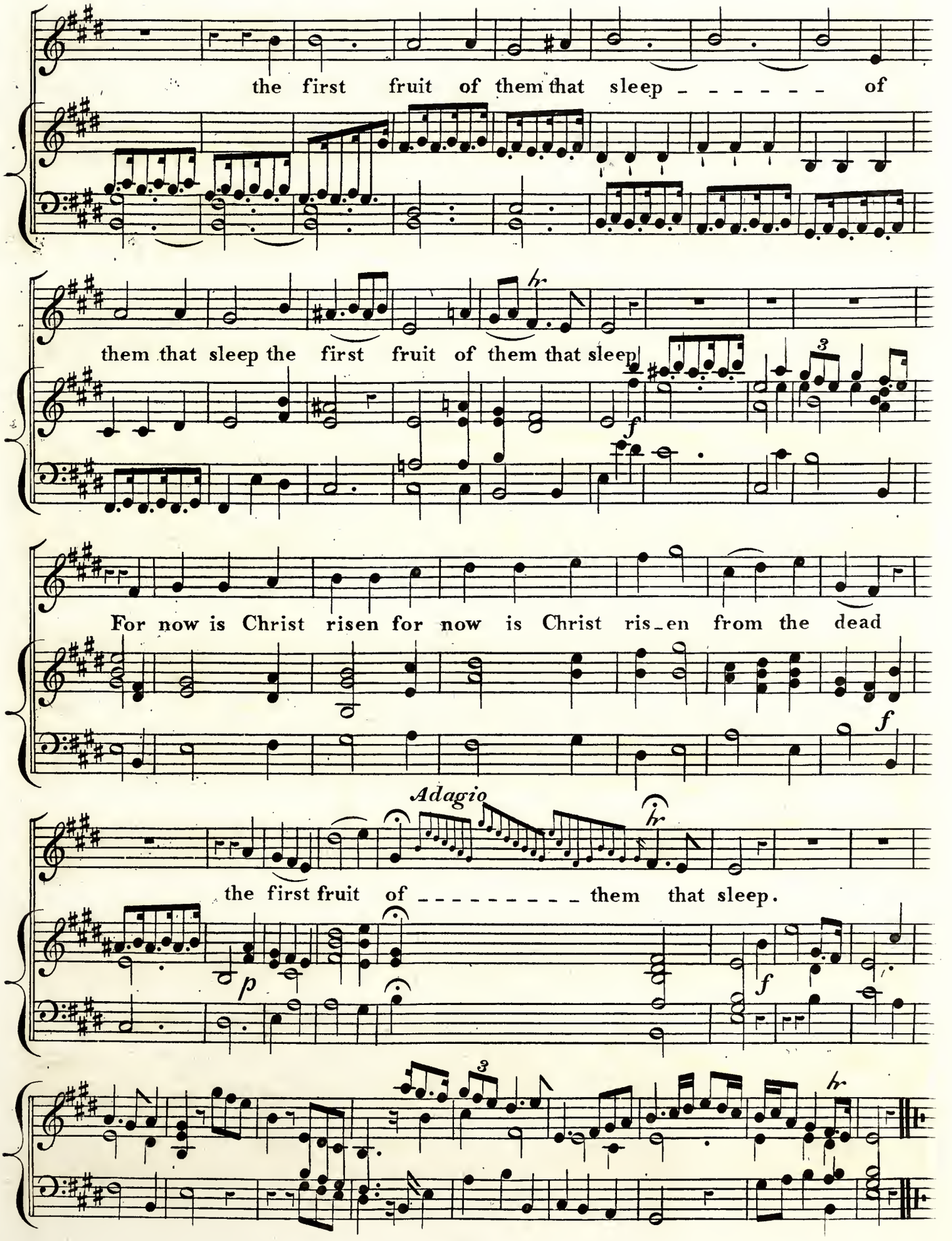
I know that my Re_deem_er liveth and that he shall

stand _ _ at the lat _ _ _ _ ter day _ _ _ _ _ _ _ upon the earth


I know that my Re_deem_er
liv_eth and that he shall stand_ _ _ _ _ _ _ at the lat_ _ _ter
day up_on the earth_ _ _ _ _ _ _ upon the earth I know_ _ _
_ _ that my Re_deem_er liveth and that he shall stand at the lat_ _


ter day up_on the earth upon the earth
And tho' worms destroy this body yet in my
flesh shall I see God yet in my flesh shall I see God


I know that my Re_deemer liveth and tho'
worms des_troy this body yet in my flesh shall I see God yet in my
flesh_ _ shall I see God shall I see God I know that my Re_
deemer liveth
For now is Christ risen from the dead
f
p


the first fruit of them that sleep _ _ _ _ _ _ of
them that sleep the first fruit of them that sleep
For now is Christ risen for now is Christ ris_en from the dead
Adagio
the first fruit of _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ them that sleep.

AVE SANCTISSIMA

OR

Evening Song to the Virgin!

(AT SEA,)

A Duett,

The Words from

THE FOREST SANCTUARY,

BY

Mrs. HEMANS

The Music by

Her Sister.

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The Captive Knight,	Ballad,	2/-
The Tyrolese Hymn,	do.	2/-
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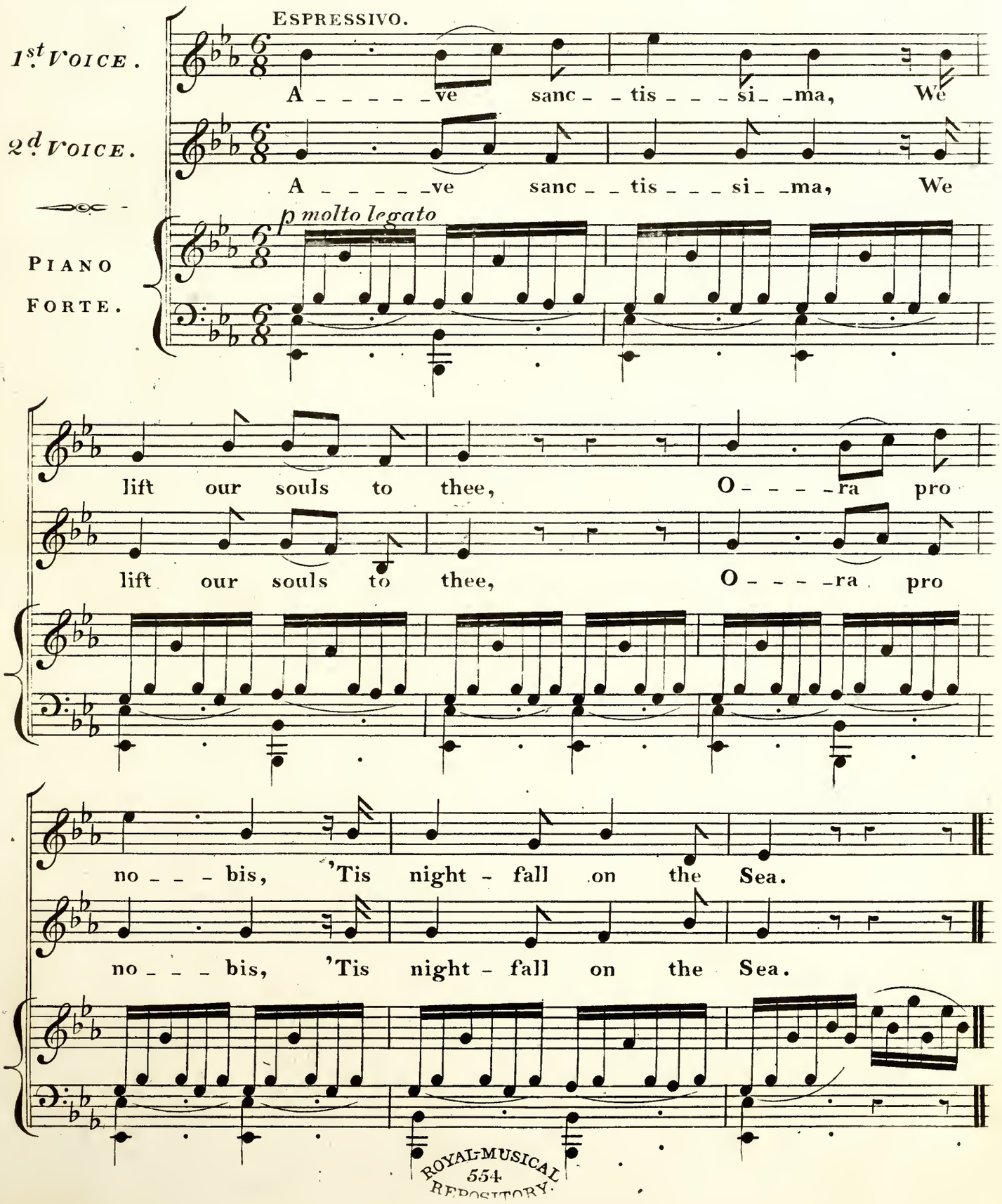
EVENING HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

THE WORDS BY Mrs HEMANS. (AT SEA) THE MUSIC BY HER SISTER.



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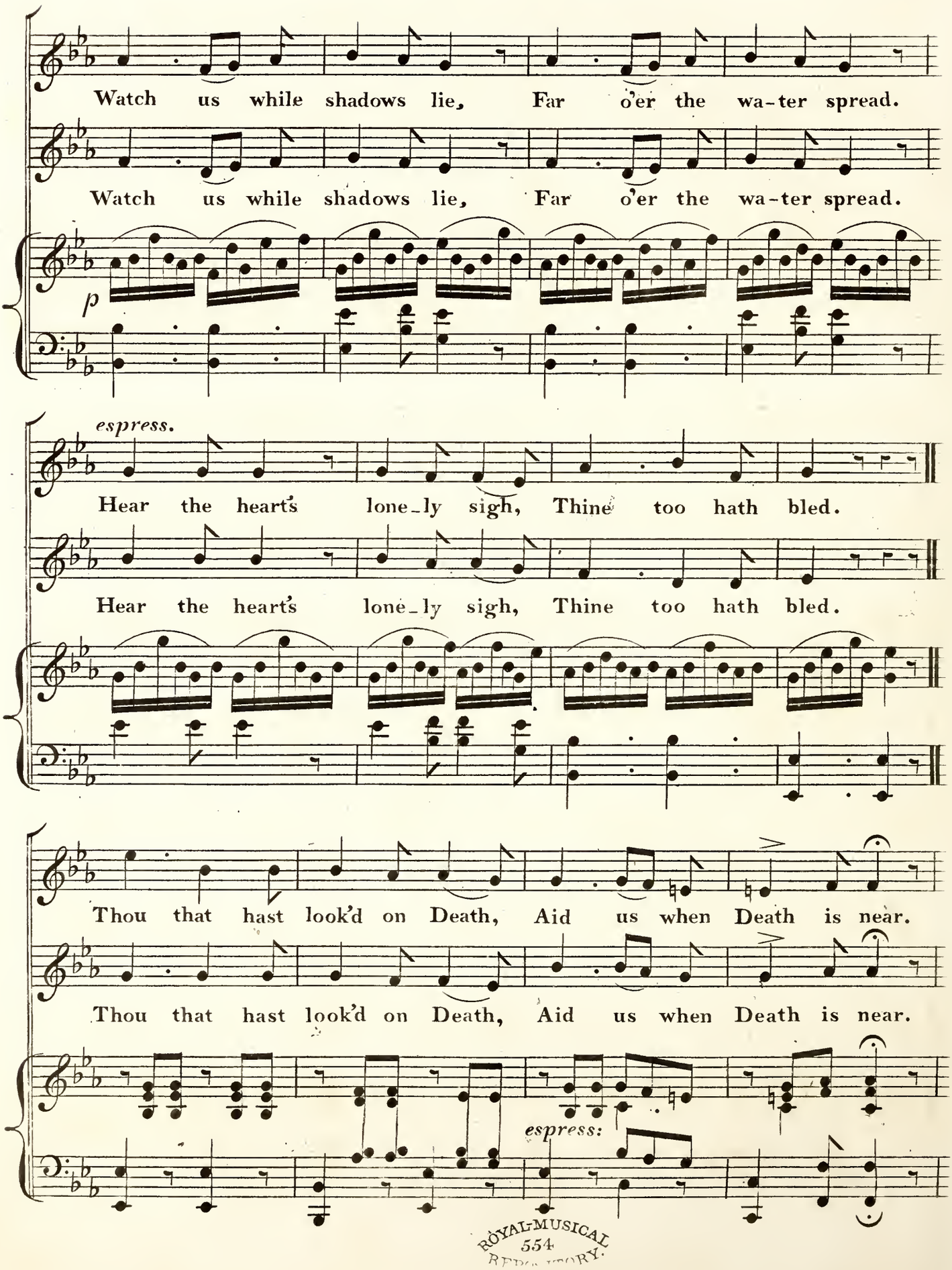
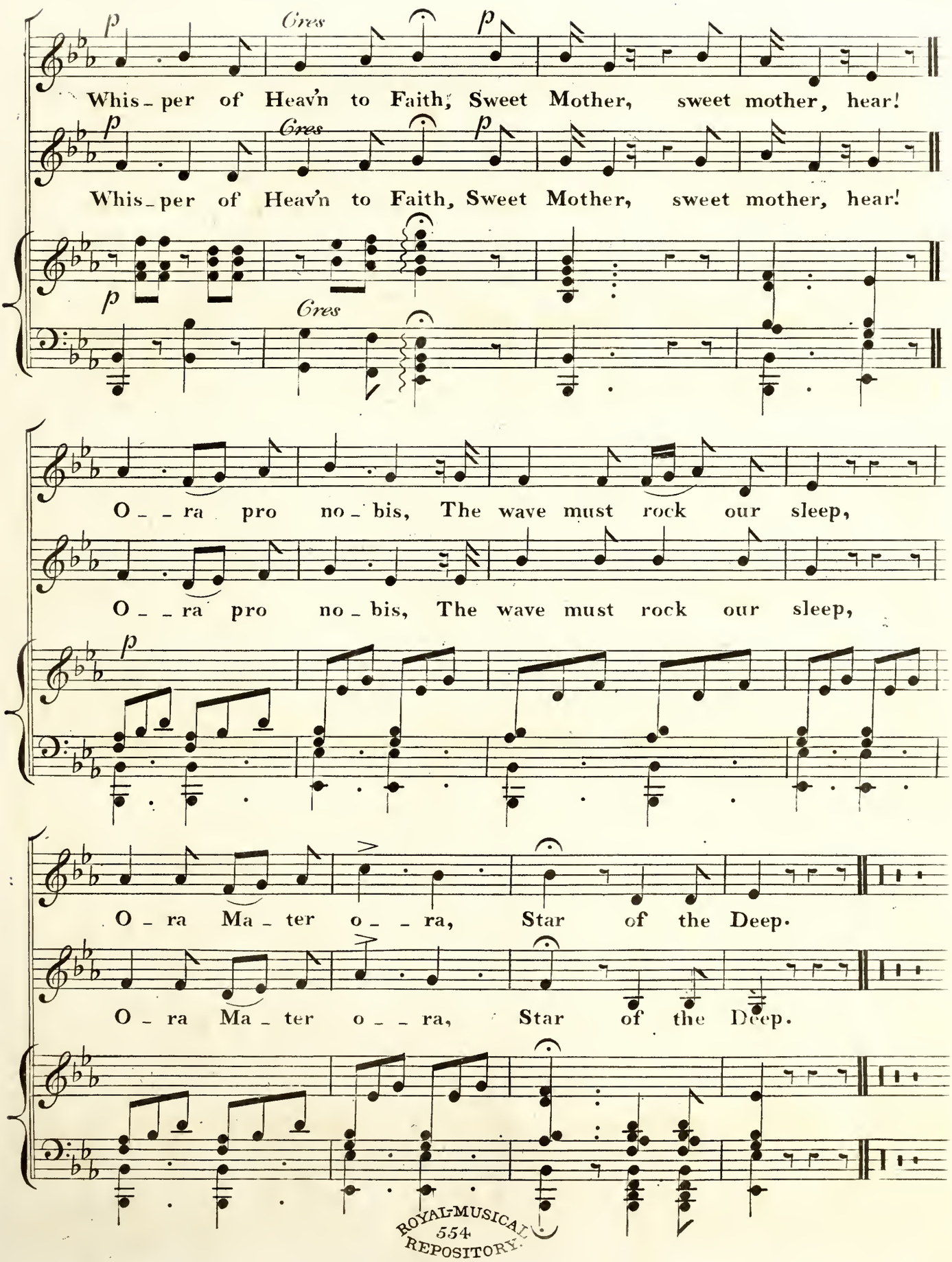


ROYAL MUSICAL
554
REPERTORY



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554
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A Shepherd Swain	Doyle	A. Donovan, Esq.	1	6
A twofold care	Cianchettini		2	6
Ah! yes this sad heart	Meyerbeer	C. Shannon, Esq.	2	0
And are those hours	Doyle	Mrs. Opie	2	0
Blue eyed Bess	Philipps		2	0
Blythe as the hours in May	Storace		1	0
Bonnie Highland Laddie	A. Lee		1	6
*Bridal Day (Der Freischütz)	Von Weber	W. Logan, Esq.	1	0
Britain, Queen of the Isles	Reisseger		2	0
Bruce's Address to his Army	Braham	R. Burns	1	0
Budding Rose	Dupont	A. T. Bridge, Esq.	2	0
Butterfly (The)	A. Lee		2	0
Can Love be controll'd by advice	Holden		1	0
Cherubino	T. Philipps	T. Philipps, Esq.	2	0
Child's wish for May	Mozart		1	0
Chit Chat	Southwell	P. J. Hodgson, Esq.	1	6
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Cupid, God of soft persuasion	Philipps		1	6
Daughters of Love	Ditto	Dr. Walcot	1	0
Dear Maiden I vow	C. E. Horn	M. J. Sullivan, Esq.	2	0
Dear Native Land	A. Lee		1	6
December's the Month	Ditto		1	6
Doff thy hat	Von Weber	W. Logan, Esq.	1	0
Donald	Thompson		1	0
*Drinking Song in Der Freischütz	Von Weber	W. Logan, Esq.	1	0
Each twinkling star	Carafa	C. Shannon, Esq.	2	0
Echo Songstress	Blencowe	From the "TorHill"	2	0
Eddy's my name	D'Alton	E. F. D'Alton	1	6
E'er morning beam	Sir J. Stevenson	F. Morrison, Esq.	2	0
Fairest Flowers	Ditto	Rev. G. Austin	2	0
Fair Summer Roses	T. Magrath		2	0
Fate if 'tis thy decree	Meyerbeer	C. Shannon, Esq.	1	6
Flow, flow, thou river fair	Sir J. Stevenson	F. Morrison, Esq.	2	0
Freely lives the Mountaineer	Dunois	M. Dunois, Esq.	2	0
From this lone rock	Dr. Essex		1	6
Gentle Youth (new edition)	Philipps		1	0
Gifts I here present you	Meyerbeer	C. Shannon, Esq.	2	0
*God save the King (new words)	Stevenson	G. Colman, Esq.	2	0
Gondola glides	Gibsone	T. K. Hervey, Esq.	1	6
Good night, dear Mother	Ball	W. Ball, Esq.	1	6
Go, sweet Enchantress	I. Willis	Wm. Smith, Esq.	2	0
Grierson's Address	Scots' Air	G. Grierson, Esq.	1	0
Guardian Spirit	Boieldieu	W. Ball, Esq.	2	0
Guitar Song	St. Leger		1	6
*Happy Huntsman (Der Freischütz)	Von Weber	W. Logan, Esq.	1	0
Haste roseate hours	J. Watson		1	6
Here's a health to thee, Tom Moore	Kelly	Lord Byron	2	0
Home, dear home	Vidall	B. Barton	1	6
How blest the Maid	Sir J. Stevenson		1	0
Hunter's Horn	Philipps		2	0
I ask no tender parting kiss	Sir J. Stevenson		1	0
I'm too young to marry	C. E. Horn	T. Dibdin, Esq.	1	0
If any white wing'd power	Doyle		1	6
If love make me forsworn	Hughes	Shakspeare	2	0
In fierce combat	Meyerbeer	C. Shannon, Esq.	2	0
*Invitation (Der Freischütz)	Von Weber	W. Logan, Esq.	1	0
In joy and in sadness	Sir J. Stevenson	F. Morrison, Esq.	2	0
Josephine	Philipps		2	0
Joy after joy	Barrett	E. Bonham, Esq.	1	6
Julia loves	Philipps	E. S. Barrett, Esq.	1	6
Lament	Doyle	Mrs. Opie	1	6
Let the lasses merry be	A. Lee		2	6
Let no such man be trusted	T. Cooke	Shakspeare	2	0
Liberty	Holden	(From the Spanish)	1	6
Light of the looks we love	Sullivan	M. J. Sullivan, Esq.	2	0
Little Bo-peep	A. Lee		1	6
Lo where divinely beaming	Rossini	W. Ball, Esq.	2	0
Long Summers	Doyle		1	6
*Love and Sorrow (Der Freischütz)	Von Weber	W. Logan, Esq.	1	0
Love breathes a magic spell	C. E. Horn	M. Sullivan, Esq.	1	6
*Love-sick Frog	Cooke	W. Sherwin, Esq.	1	0
Love can teach the soul	A. Lee		2	6

SONGS.

	COMPOSERS.	AUTHORS.	s.	d.
Love like a bird	Turnbull		2	0
Love's Paradise	J. Braham	Shakspeare	2	0
Lover's oaths	T. Attwood	J. Fitzadam	2	0
Love's soft illusion	Sir J. Stevenson		2	0
Love's sweet souvenir	A. Lee	S. Lover, Esq.	2	0
Love turned ballad singer	Holden		1	6
Love and May	T. Cooke	Shakspeare	2	6
Maid of Lodi	Braham		1	6
Maid of Merrion	Ditto	G. Lysaght, Esq.	1	6
*May Day (Der Freischütz)	Von Weber	W. Logan, Esq.	1	0
May no sorrow or fear	T. Philipps		1	6
Molly Astore (new edition)	Irish Melody		1	0
Morn on the Mountain	A. Lee		2	6
Mournful Queen	Cianchettini		2	6
My heart is young	M. Kelly	James Kenney, Esq.	1	6
My heart's my own	Sir J. Stevenson		1	0
My heart with love is beating	Braham		1	6
*Night Scene (Der Freischütz)	Von Weber	W. Logan, Esq.	1	0
Now the sorrow drowning bowl	Morn	M. Sullivan, Esq.	1	0
Oh! come where those Roses	Sir J. Stevenson	F. Morrison, Esq.	2	0
Oh! I ne'er shall forget	Ditto	Henry Noblet, Esq.	2	0
Oh! Nanny (song and duet)	Ditto and Carter		2	0
Oh! had I been by fate decreed	Philipps		1	0
Oh! talk not to me	Ditto		1	0
Oh! how shall I in language weak	Ditto		1	0
Oh! come dear Love	J. Wade, Esq.	J. A. Wade, Esq.	1	6
Oh! sweet were the notes	Holden		1	6
Oh! still where'er	Von Weber	W. Logan, Esq.	1	0
Pieree this bosom	Meyerbeer	C. Shannon, Esq.	3	0
Ripe cherries I sell	Hickman	N. Hickman	1	6
Robin Adair (with variations)	Cianchettini		2	0
Sappho's Ode	Shannon	C. Shannon, Esq.	2	0
Sappho's Hymn	Mayer		2	6
Say not I must leave thee	Shannon	C. Shannon, Esq.	2	0
Say you my love	S. Watts	M.G.Dowling, Esq.	1	6
*Serenade (Der Freischütz	Von Weber	W. Logan, Esq.	1	6
So bright the ray around thee	Scarlett		1	6
Still his image hovers round me	Von Weber	W. Logan, Esq.	1	6
Still in hopes to get the better	Philipps		1	0
Sweet silver stream (song and duet)	Stevenson	F. Morrison, Esq.	1	6
Sweat dream of peace	Mercadante	C. Shannon, Esq.	1	6
Sweetly ring on	Dunois	Dunois	1	6
Sylvia, the moon-beam dying	Stevenson	F. Morrison, Esq.	2	0
Sylvia's Sighs	C. E. Horn	M. Sullivan, Esq.	1	6
Teddy O'Rourke	Blewitt		1	6
Then I'll come and woo thee	A. Lee	O.C.Sherwood, Esq.	1	6
Then farewell my trim-built	Corri	Dibdin	1	6
There is a pleasing sadness	Mehul	J. H. Esq.	2	0
This dear hand	Meyerbeer	C. Shannon, Esq.	2	0
Those Eyes around	Sir J. Stevenson		2	0
Thou art gone awa'	Mayer		1	6
Thou Sun of the Spirit	Nield		2	0
Thro' the wave's blue mist	J. Wade, Esq.	J. A. Wade, Esq.	1	6
'Tis that dear Song	Blewitt		2	0
'Tis not in the radiant eye	Vidall		1	6
'Tis where thou art	Ditto	Josiah Conder	1	6
To my Zelia	Devin	James Walker, Esq.	2	0
Virgins are like the fair Flower	Holden	Gay	1	0
Vive la Compagnie (song & chorus)	May		1	6
Waters of Elle	H. Corri	(From Glenarvon)	2	0
Welcome as the Flowers	Sir J. Stevenson	H. B. C.	1	0
What chilling looks	Doyle		1	6
When the bright Sun of Love	A. Lee		1	0
When the matin bell	I. Moschèles	W. Ball, Esq.	2	0
When thou shalt dwell	Doyle		1	6
When my hero in court appears	Holden	Gay	1	6
When youth and love	I. Willis	Lady Clarke	1	6
When Delia on the plain appears	Sir J. Stevenson	Sir G. Alley	1	6
When the lute and pipe	Dunois	Dunois	1	6
Where are you going my pretty	A. Lee		1	6
Whither my love	Philipps		1	0
Why ask me the cause	Doyle	Mrs. Opie	1	6
Willow (The) Cabin	J. Braham	Shakspeare	3	0
Wilt thou have music	T. Cooke	Ditto	2	0
Young Jemmy	Blewitt	Miss G———	1	0
Young Troubador	Smith	J. A. Wade, Esq.	1	6

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TUNERS OF THE HIGHEST CELEBRITY, ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

Send home those long stray'd Eyes,

Duett.

COMPOSED

BY

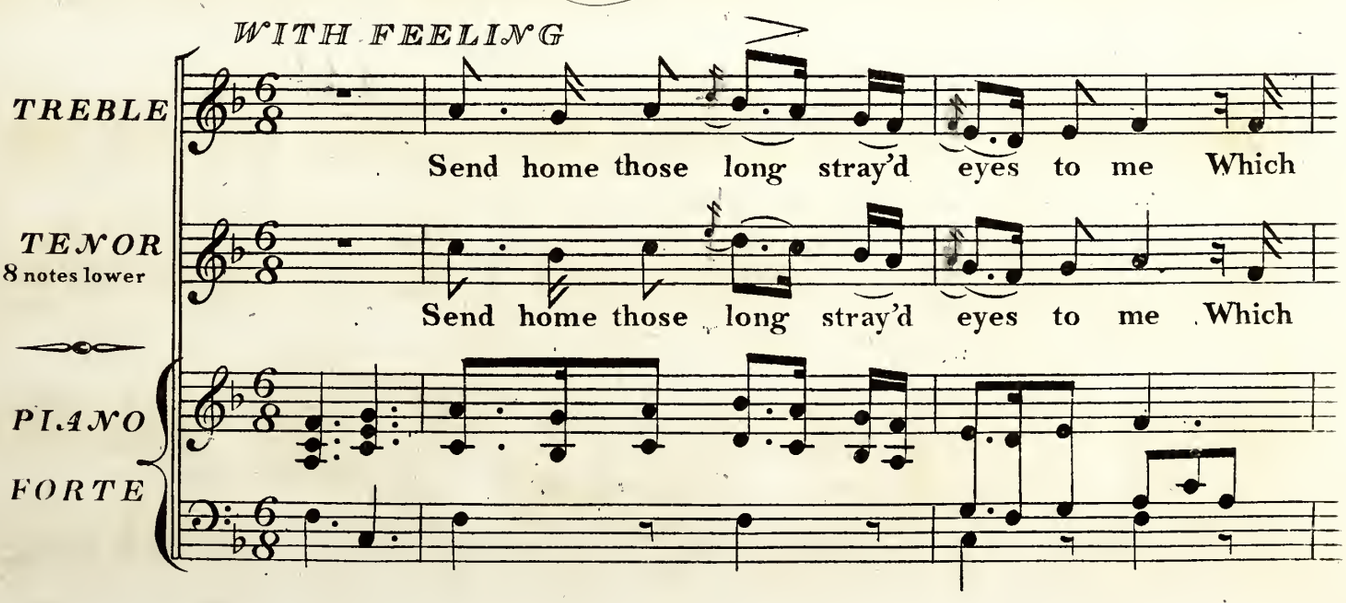
Sir John Stevenson,

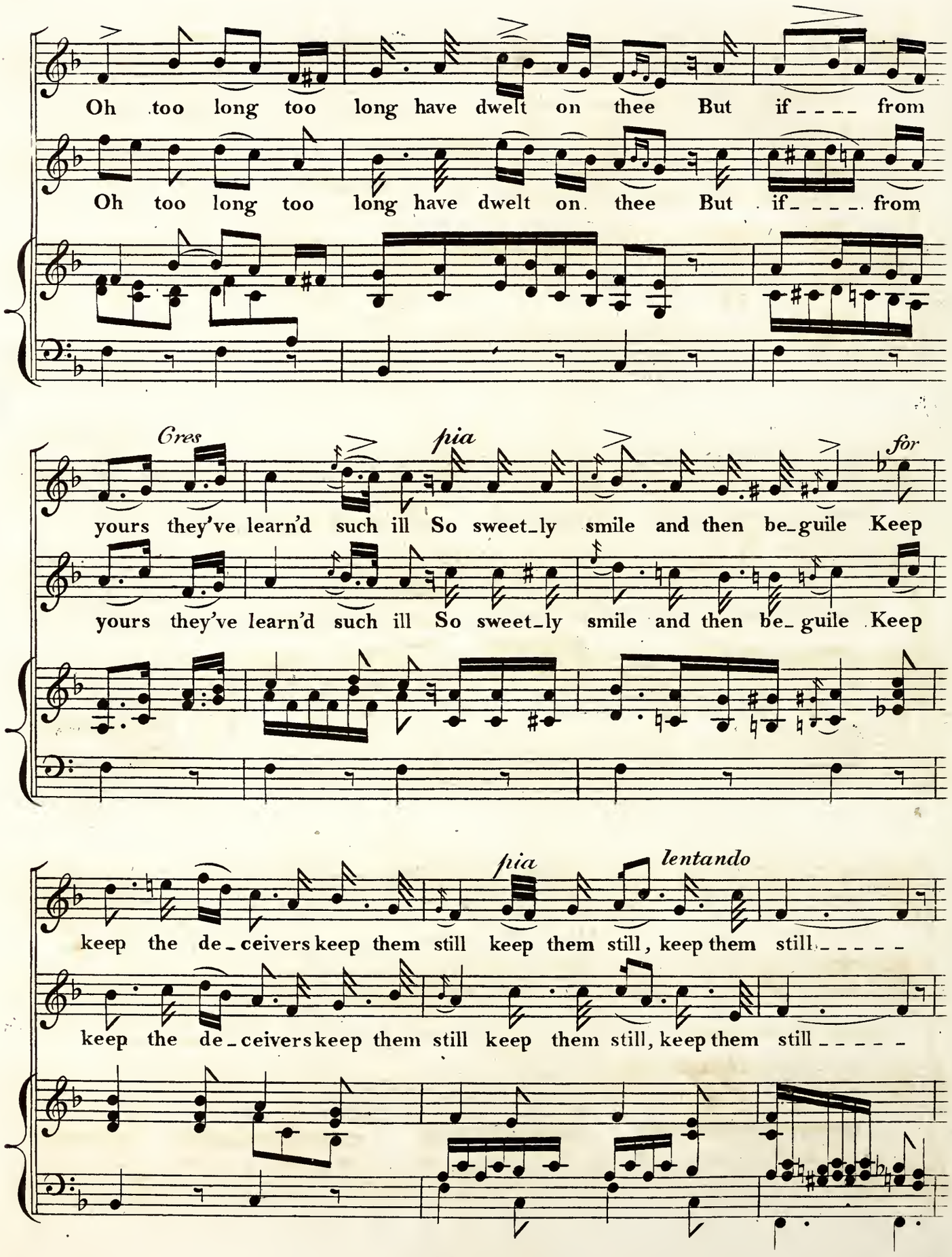
Mus. Doc.

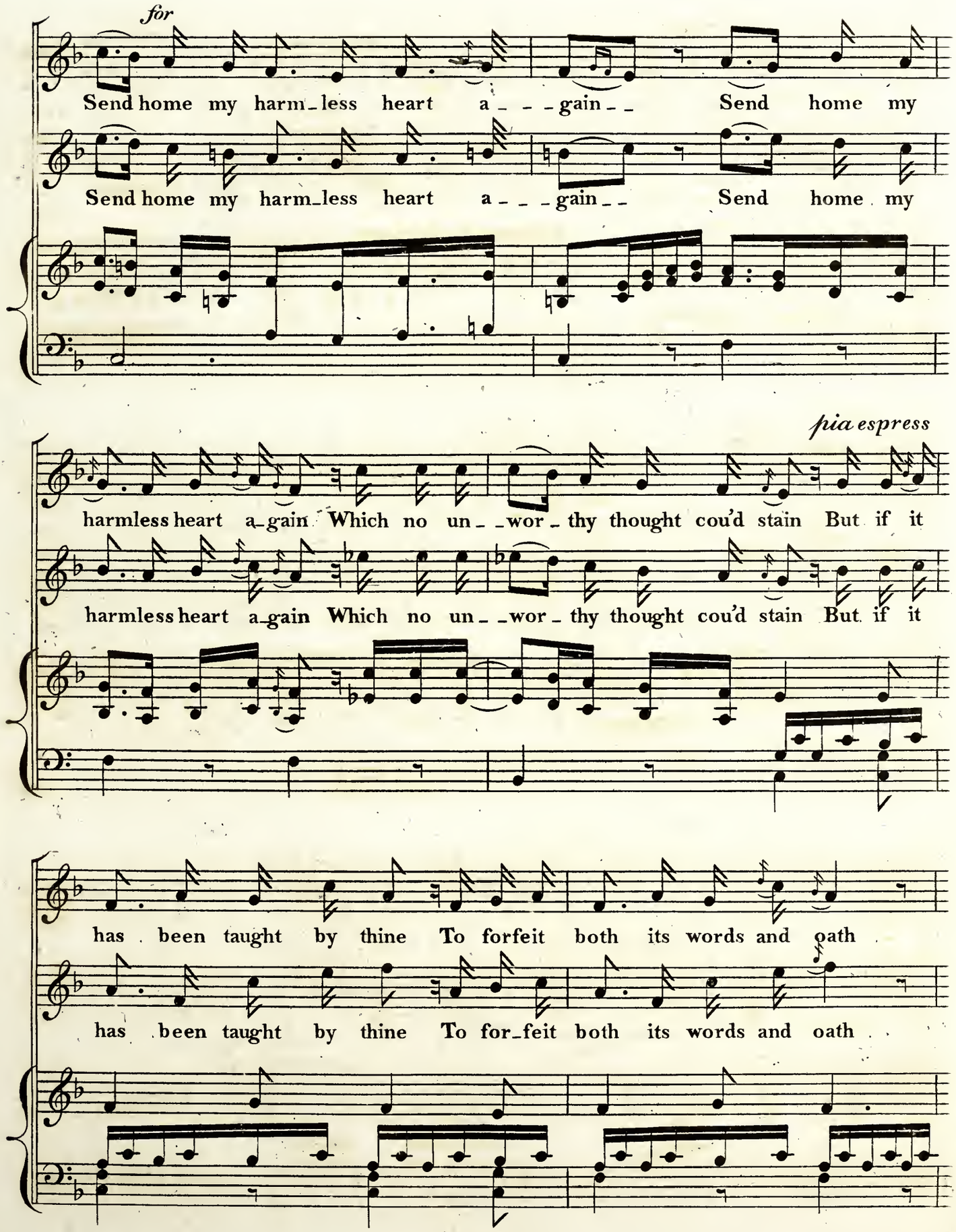
Ent. at Sta. Hall.

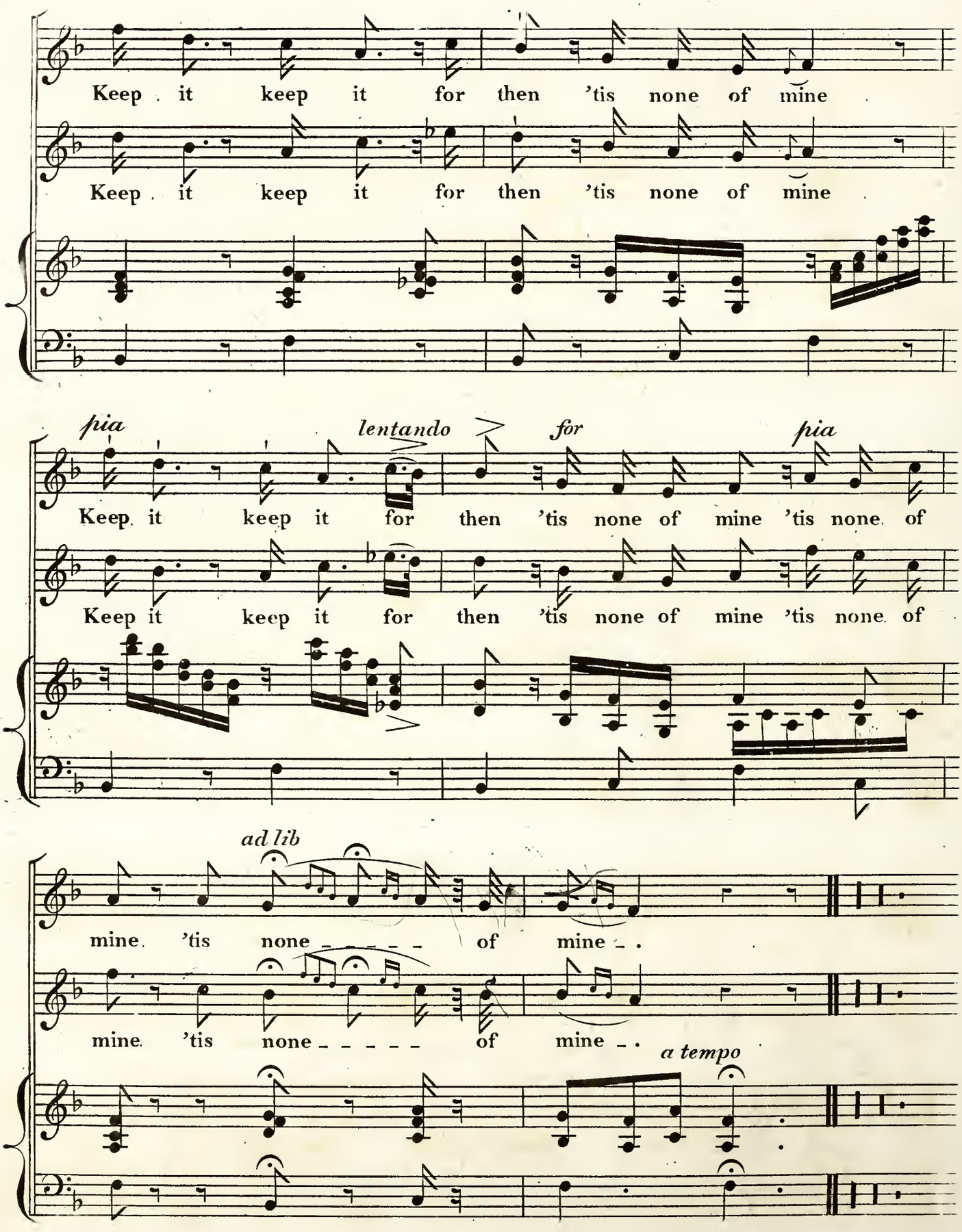
Price 1/6

London, Published by J. Power, 34, Strand.



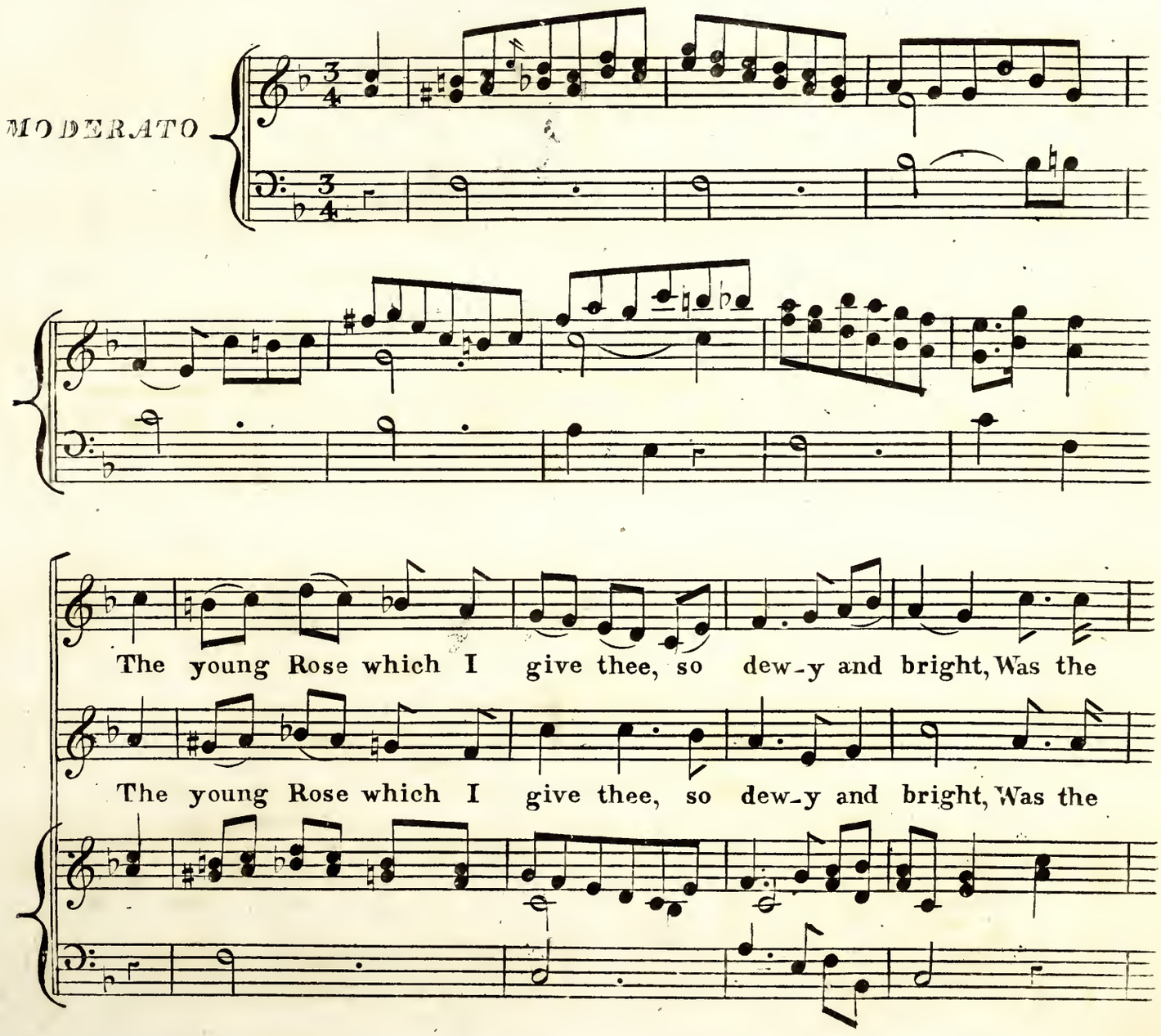

Oh too long too long have dwelt on thee But if_ _ _ _ from
Oh too long too long have dwelt on thee But if_ _ _ _ from
Cres
pia
for
yours they've learn'd such ill So sweet_ly smile and then be_guile Keep
yours they've learn'd such ill So sweet_ly smile and then be_ guile Keep
pia
lentando
keep the de_ceivers keep them still keep them still, keep them still_ _ _ _ _
keep the de_ceivers keep them still keep them still, keep them still_ _ _ _ _

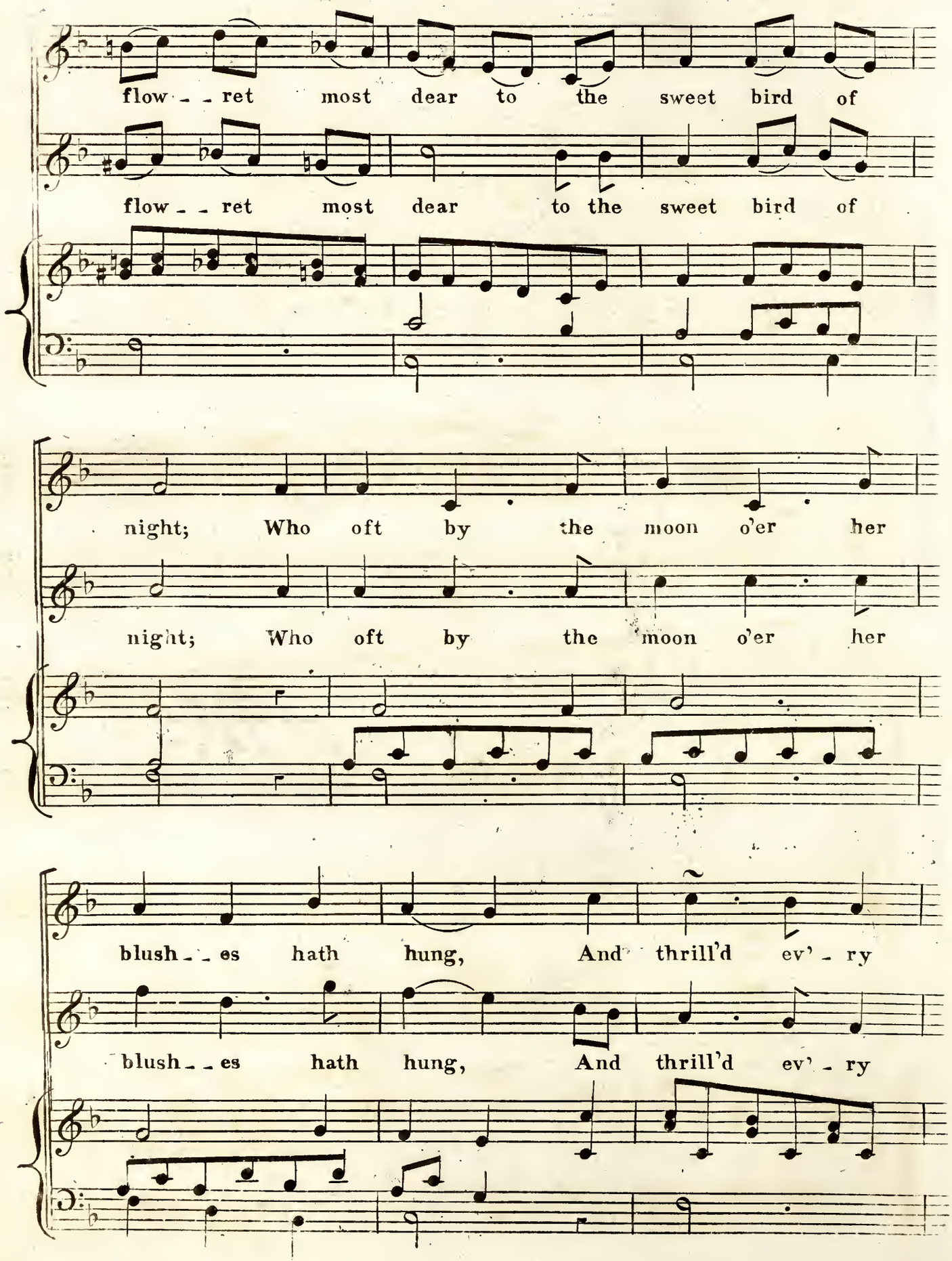

for
Send home my harm_less heart a_ _ _gain_ _ Send home my
Send home my harm_less heart a_ _ _gain_ _ Send home my
pia espress
harmless heart a_gain Which no un_ _wor_ thy thought cou'd stain But if it
harmless heart a_gain Which no un_ _wor_ thy thought cou'd stain But if it
has been taught by thine To forfeit both its words and oath
has been taught by thine To for_feit both its words and oath

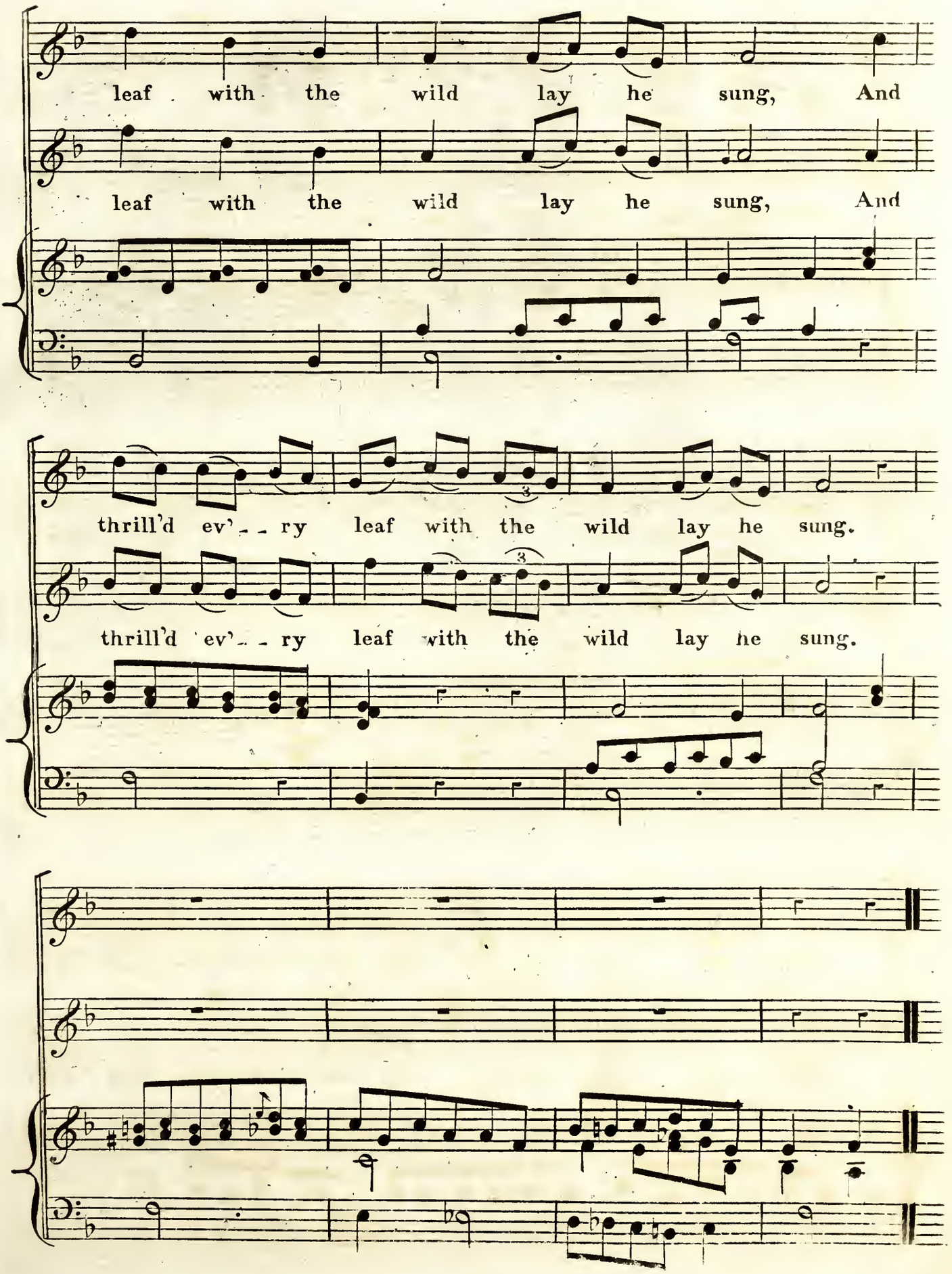

Keep it keep it for then 'tis none of mine
Keep it keep it for then 'tis none of mine
pia
lentando
for
pia
Keep it keep it for then 'tis none of mine 'tis none of
Keep it keep it for then 'tis none of mine 'tis none of
ad lib
mine 'tis none of mine
mine 'tis none of mine
a tempo

THE YOUNG ROSE.

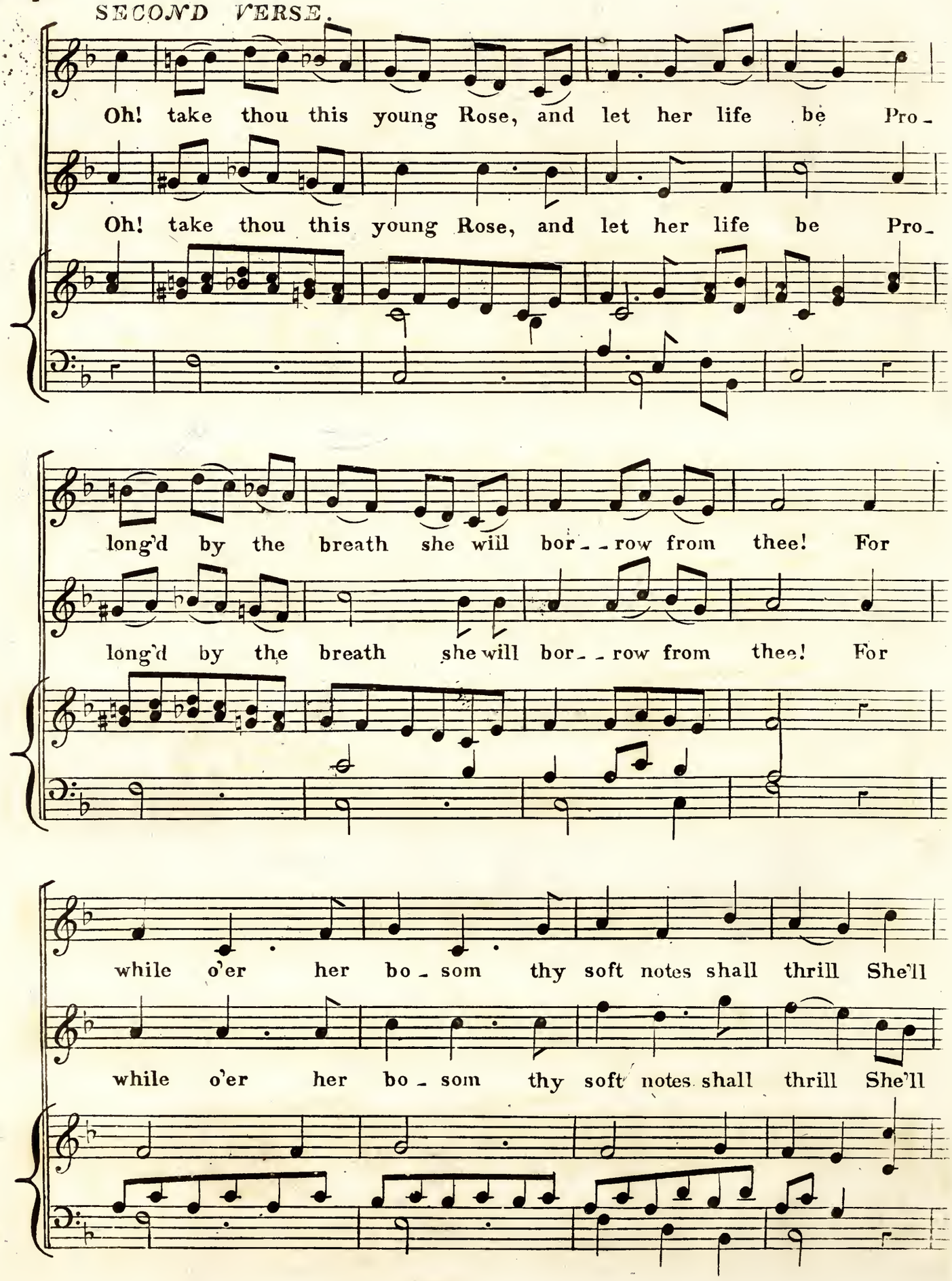
(The Subject from Mozart) *by Thomas Moore, Esq.*

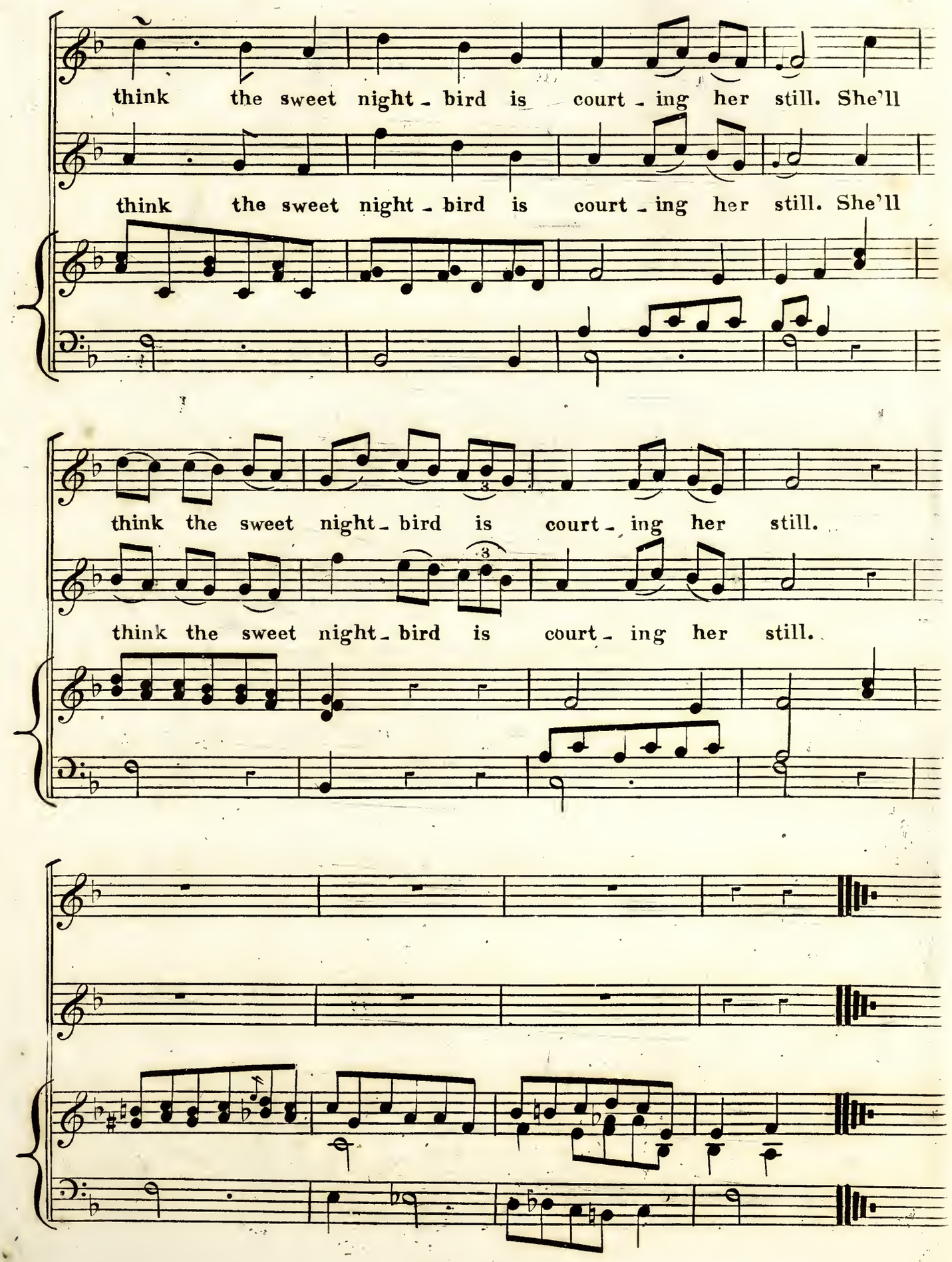



flow - - ret most dear to the sweet bird of
flow - - ret most dear to the sweet bird of
night; Who oft by the moon o'er her
night; Who oft by the moon o'er her
blush - - es hath hung, And thrill'd ev' - ry
blush - - es hath hung, And thrill'd ev' - ry


leaf with the wild lay he sung, And
leaf with the wild lay he sung, And
thrill'd ev'ry leaf with the wild lay he sung.
thrill'd ev'ry leaf with the wild lay he sung.

SECOND VERSE.




think the sweet night - bird is court - ing her still. She'll
think the sweet night - bird is court - ing her still. She'll
think the sweet night - bird is court - ing her still.
think the sweet night - bird is court - ing her still.

8

Italian Notturno,

FOR

Two Voices,

with an Accompaniment for the

Piano Forte,

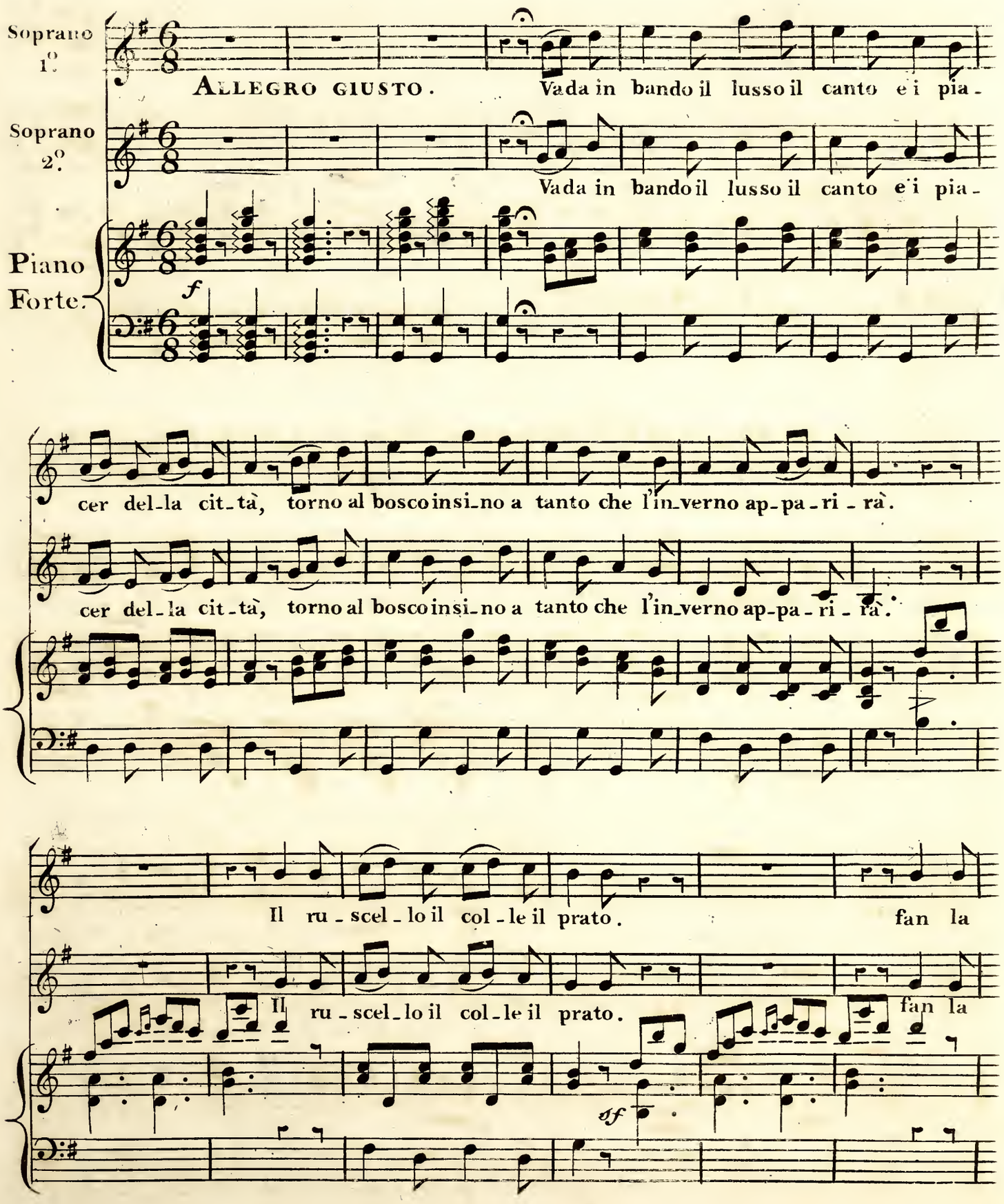
Composed by

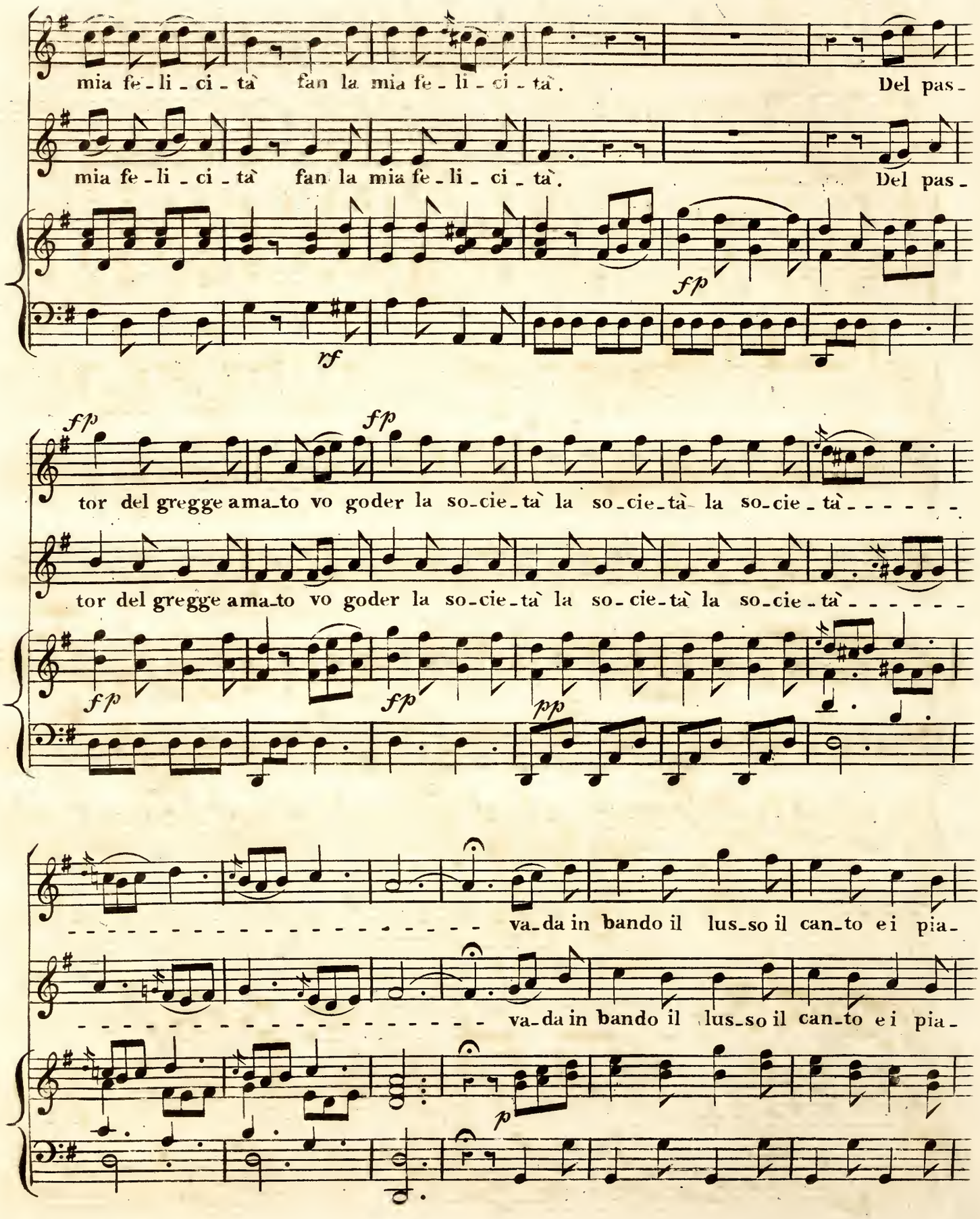
SIGNOR F. PAER.

Price 2/6

LONDON,

Printed & Sold by Birchall & Cº 140, New Bond Street.


Soprano 1.o
Soprano 2.o
Piano Forte.
ALLEGRO GIUSTO.
Vada in bando il lusso il canto e i pia-
Vada in bando il lusso il canto e i pia-
f
cer del-la cit-tà, torno al bosco insi-no a tanto che l'in-verno ap-pa-ri-rà.
cer del-la cit-tà, torno al bosco insi-no a tanto che l'in-verno ap-pa-ri-rà.
Il ru-scel-lo il col-le il prato. fan la
Il ru-scel-lo il col-le il prato. fan la
sf


mia fe-li-ci-tà fan la mia fe-li-ci-tà. Del pas-
mia fe-li-ci-tà fan la mia fe-li-ci-tà. Del pas-
fp
rf
fp fp
tor del gregge ama-to vo goder la so-cie-tà la so-cie-tà la so-cie-tà
tor del gregge ama-to vo goder la so-cie-tà la so-cie-tà la so-cie-tà
fp fp pp
va-da in bando il lus-so il can-to e i pia-
va-da in bando il lus-so il can-to e i pia-
p

cer del-la cit-tà, torno al bosco in-si-no a tanto che l'in-verno appa-ri-rà.

cer del-la cit-tà, torno al bosco in-si-no a tanto che l'in-verno appa-ri-rà.

f

f

ff

Buona caccia fiori frutta son te-sori per se-

fresco latte e li-ber-tà e co-sè fatte

dur buona caccia fio-ri frutta buona

l'u-ma-ni-tà fresco lat-te fresco latte

MAGGIORE.

caccia son te - - - so - ri e cose fatte per sedur l'umani - tà son te - so - ri son te -

e li - ber - tà son te - sori e co - se fatte pur sedur l'umani - tà son te -

Sotto voce

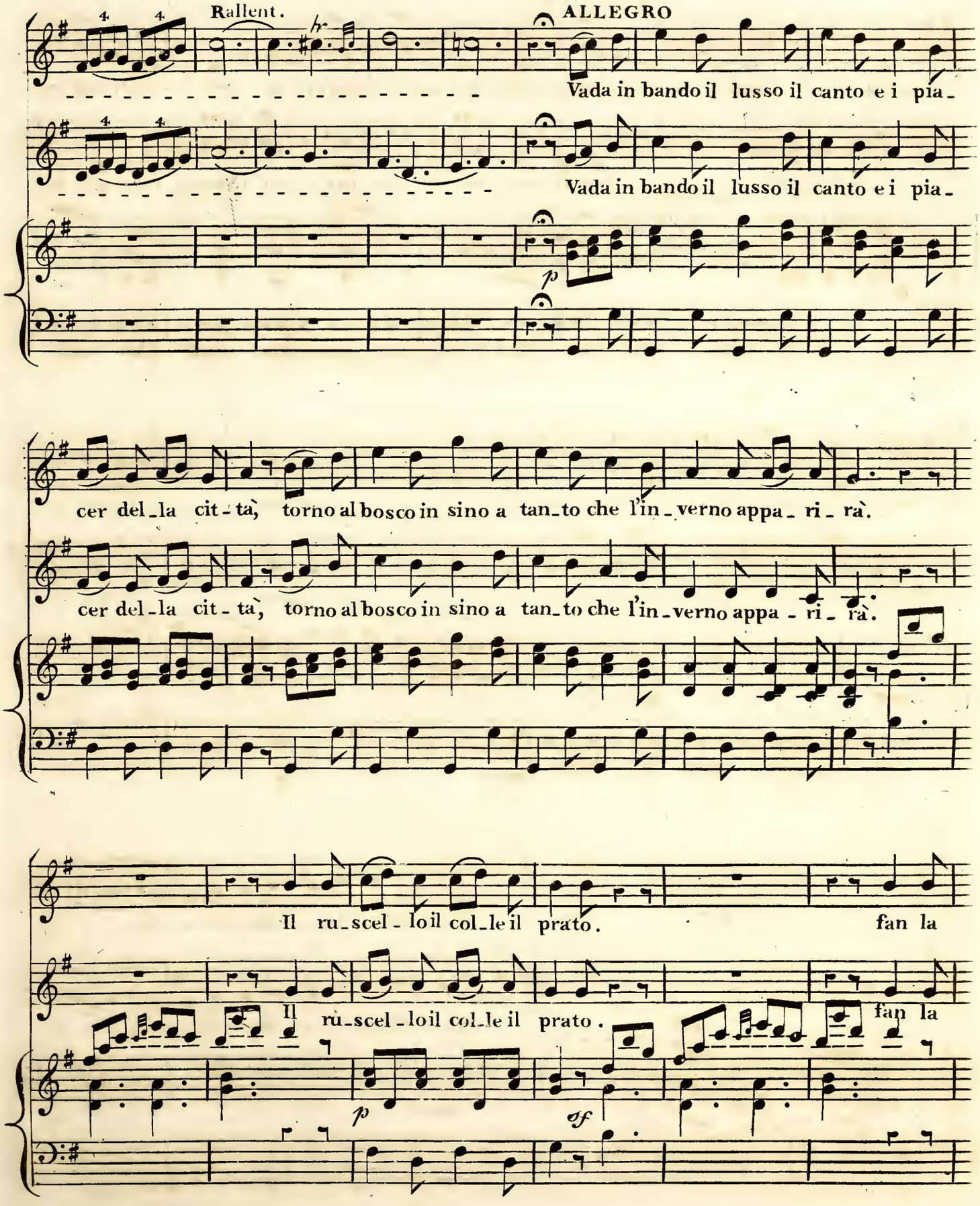
so - ri per sedur l'uma - ni - tà l'uma - ni - tà. per se - dur l'uma - ni

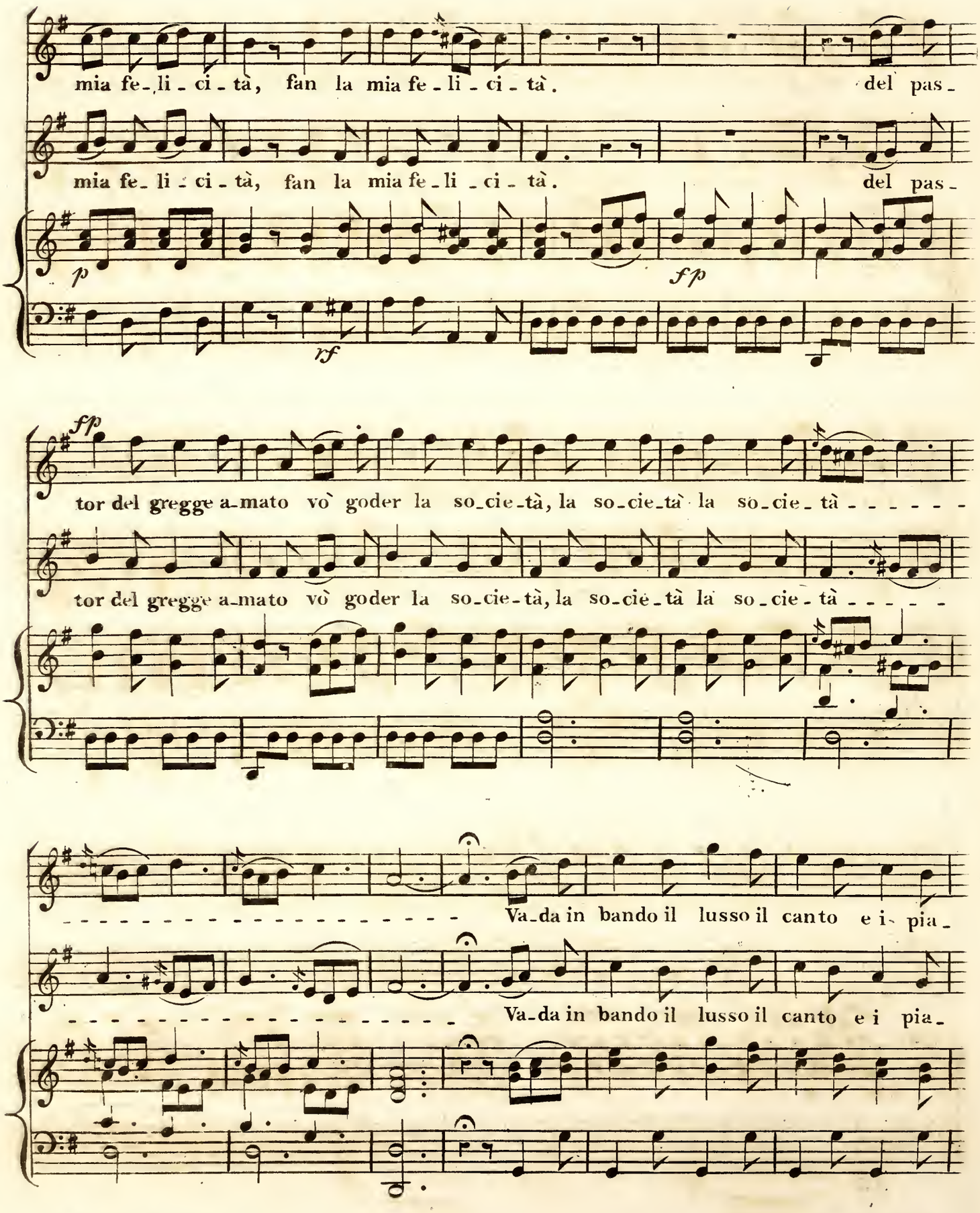
so - ri son te - so - ri per sedur l'uma - ni - tà. per se - dur l'uma - ni

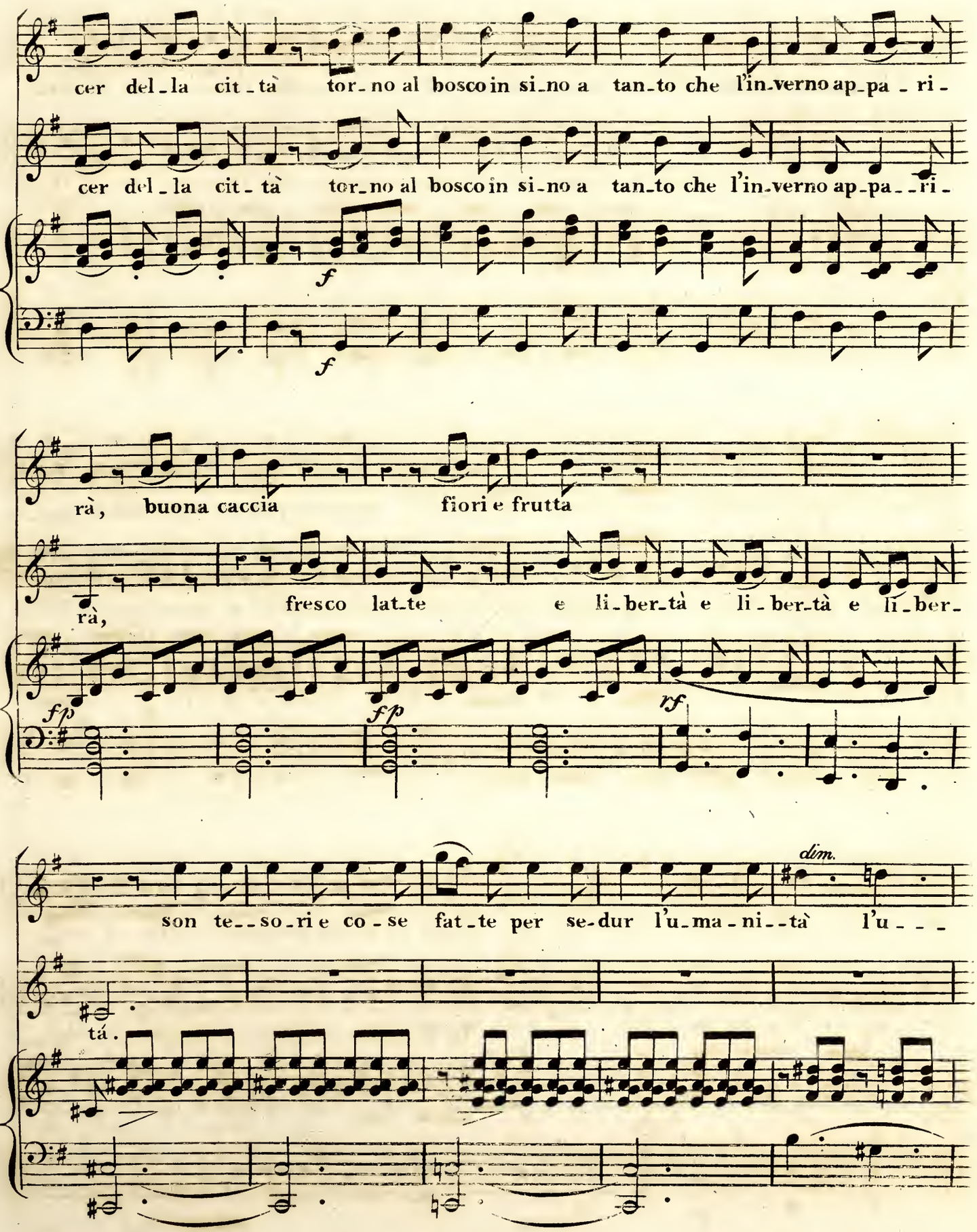
tà. per - - - se - - - dur l'u - - ma - - ni - - tà, - - - - -

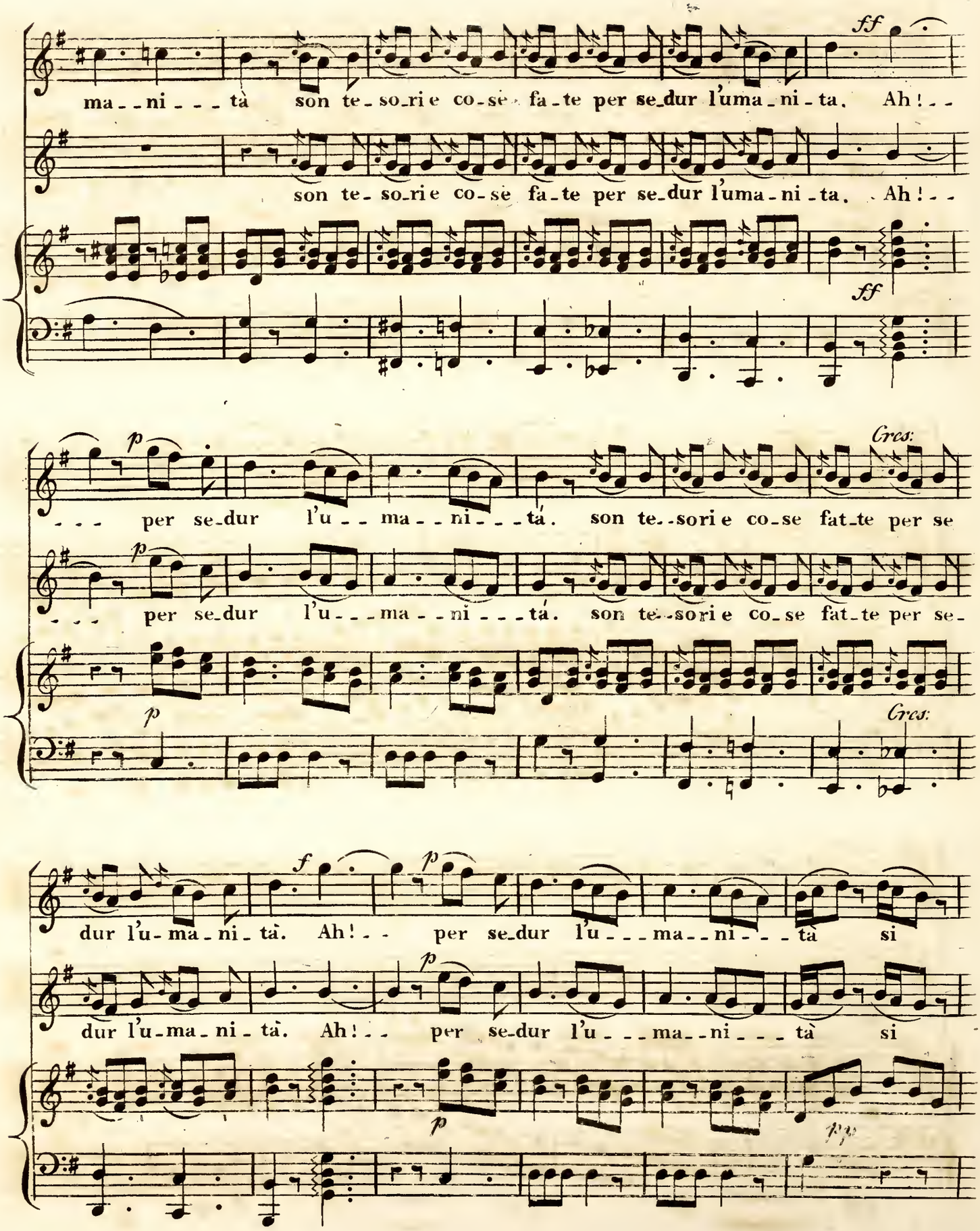
tà. per - - - se - - - dur l'u - - ma - - ni - - tà, - - - - -

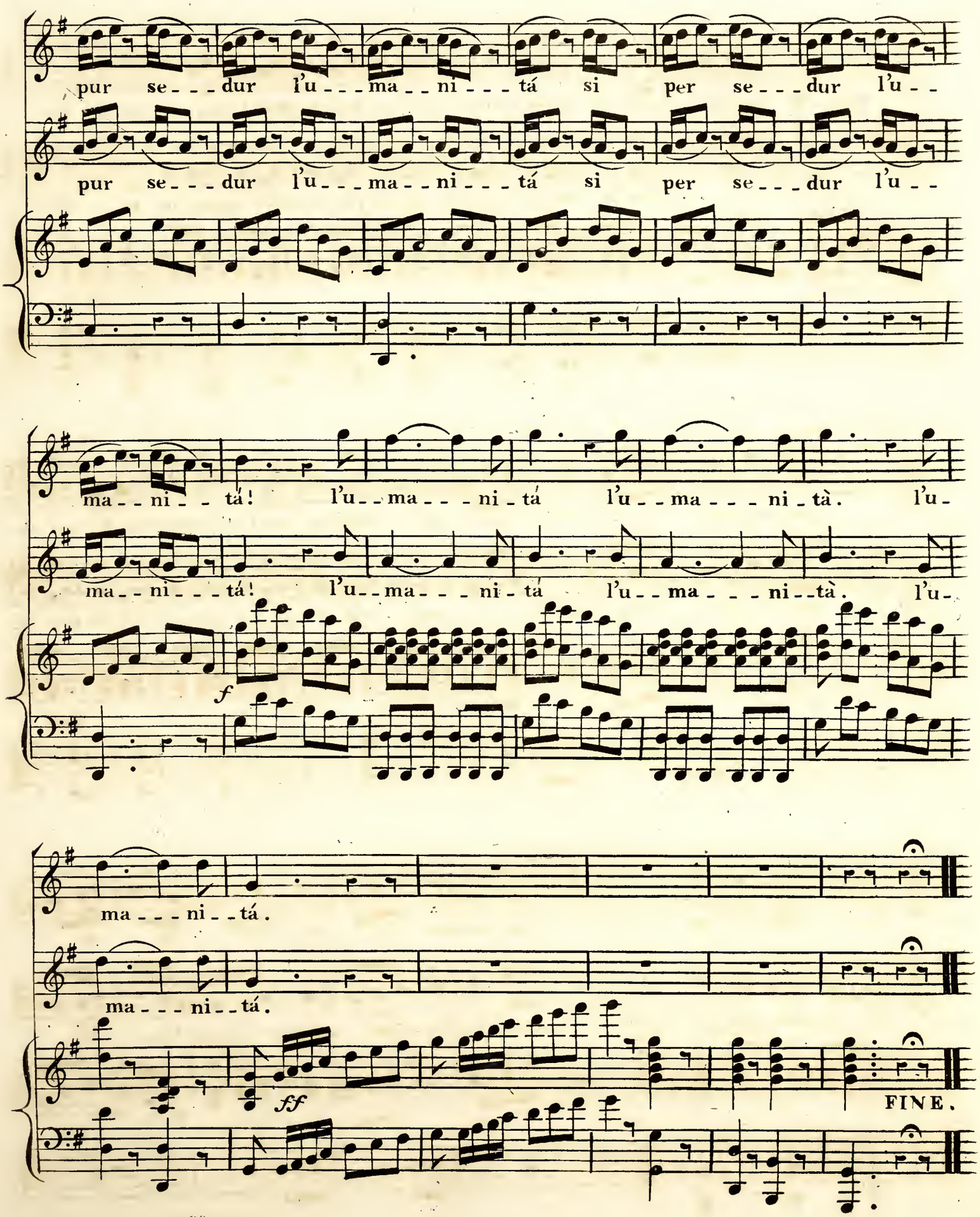
rf


Rallent.
ALLEGRO
Vada in bando il lusso il canto e i pia-
Vada in bando il lusso il canto e i pia-
p
cer del-la cit-tà, torno al bosco in sino a tan-to che l'in-verno appa-ri-rà.
cer del-la cit-tà, torno al bosco in sino a tan-to che l'in-verno appa-ri-rà.
Il ru-scel-lo il col-le il prato. fan la
Il ru-scel-lo il col-le il prato. fan la
p
sf


mia fe_li_ci_tà, fan la mia fe_li_ci_tà. del pas_
mia fe_li_ci_tà, fan la mia fe_li_ci_tà. del pas_
p
fp
rf
fp
tor del gregge a_mato vò goder la so_cie_tà, la so_cie_tà la so_cie_tà
tor del gregge a_mato vò goder la so_cie_tà, la so_cie_tà la so_cie_tà
Va_da in bando il lusso il canto e i pia_
Va_da in bando il lusso il canto e i pia_


cer del_la cit_tà tor_no al bosco in si_no a tan_to che l'in_verno ap_pa_ri_
cer del_la cit_tà tor_no al bosco in si_no a tan_to che l'in_verno ap_pa_ri_
f
f
rà, buona caccia fiori e frutta
rà, fresco lat_te e li_ber_tà e li_ber_tà e li_ber_
fp
fp
rf
dim.
son te_so_ri e co_se fat_te per se_dur l'u_ma_ni_tà l'u_
tá.


ma--ni---tà son te-so-ri e co-se fa-te per se-dur l'uma-ni-ta. Ah!--
son te-so-ri e co-se fa-te per se-dur l'uma-ni-ta. Ah!--
ff
ff
p
Cres:
--- per se-dur l'u--ma--ni---tà. son te--sori e co-se fat-te per se
--- per se-dur l'u---ma--ni---tá. son te--sori e co-se fat-te per se-
p
Cres:
f
p
dur l'u-ma-ni-tà. Ah!-- per se-dur l'u---ma--ni---tà si
dur l'u-ma-ni-tà. Ah!-- per se-dur l'u---ma--ni---tà si
p
pp


pur se - - - dur l'u - - - ma - - ni - - - tá si per se - - - dur l'u - -
pur se - - - dur l'u - - - ma - - ni - - - tá si per se - - - dur l'u - -
ma - - ni - - tá! l'u - - ma - - - ni - tá l'u - - ma - - - ni - tà. l'u -
ma - - ni - - tá! l'u - - ma - - - ni - tá l'u - - ma - - - ni - - tà. l'u -
f
ma - - - ni - - tá.
ma - - - ni - - tá.
ff
FINE.

9

Italian Notturno,

FOR TWO VOICES,

with an Accompaniment for the

Piano Forte.

COMPOSED

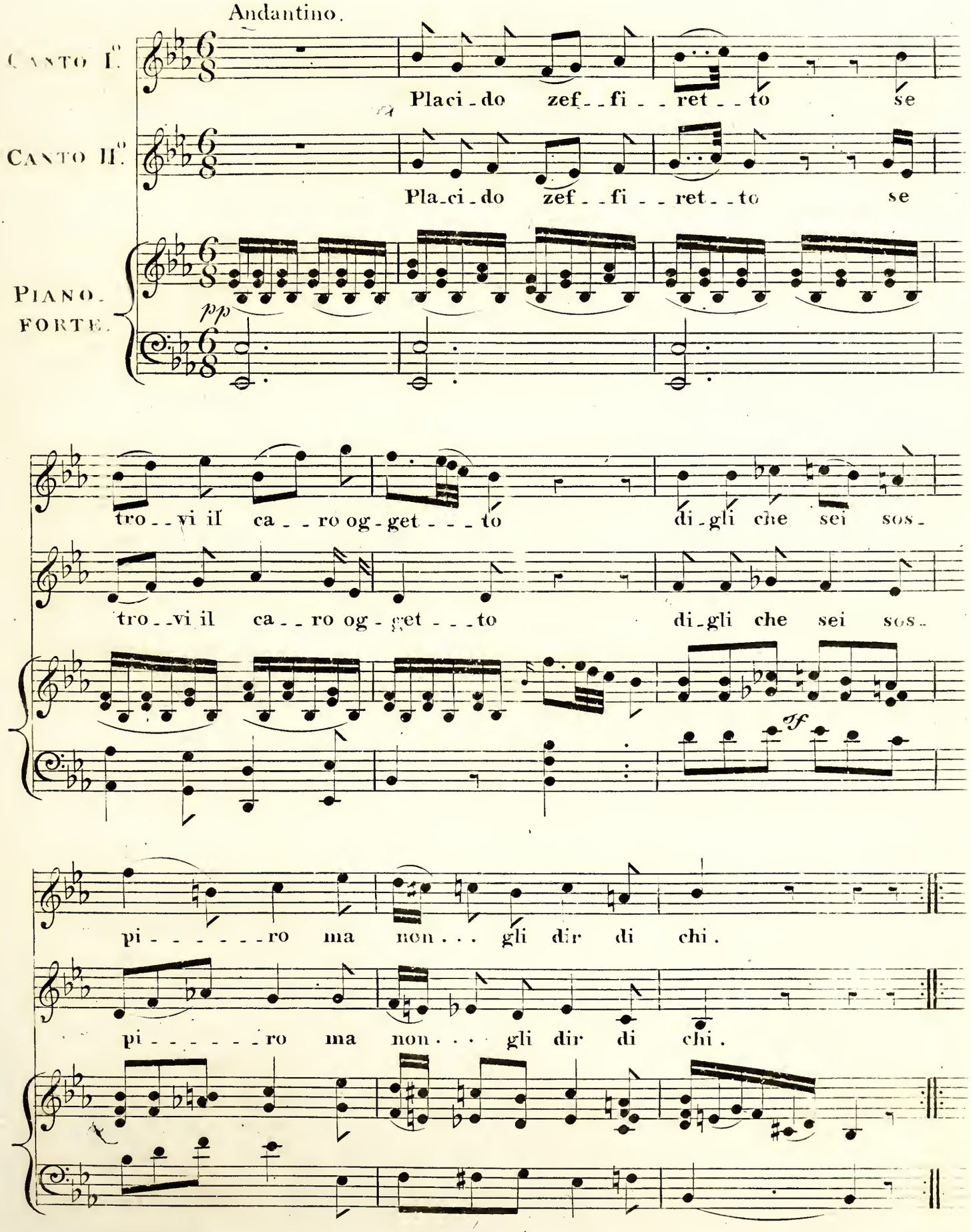
BY

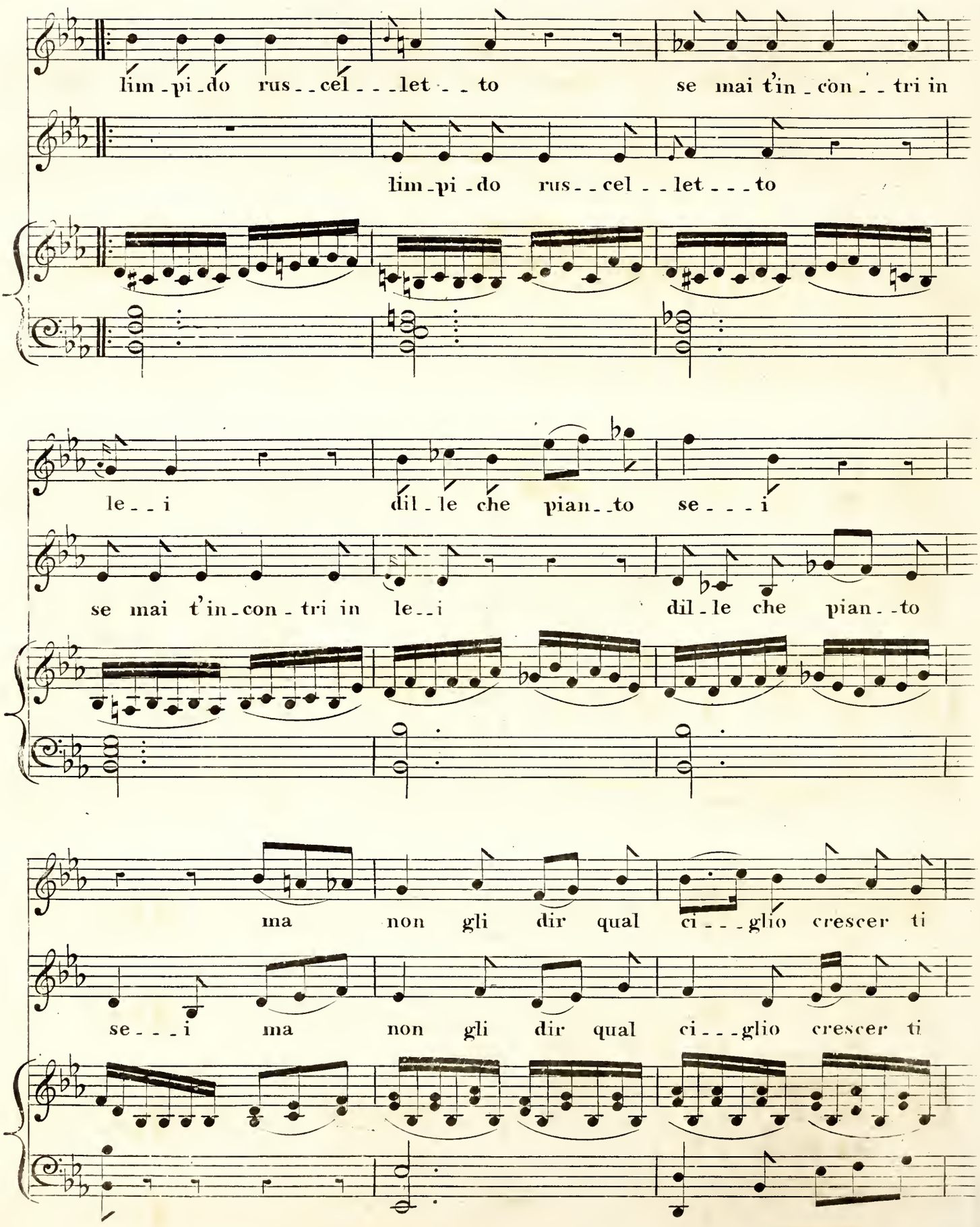
Felice Blangini

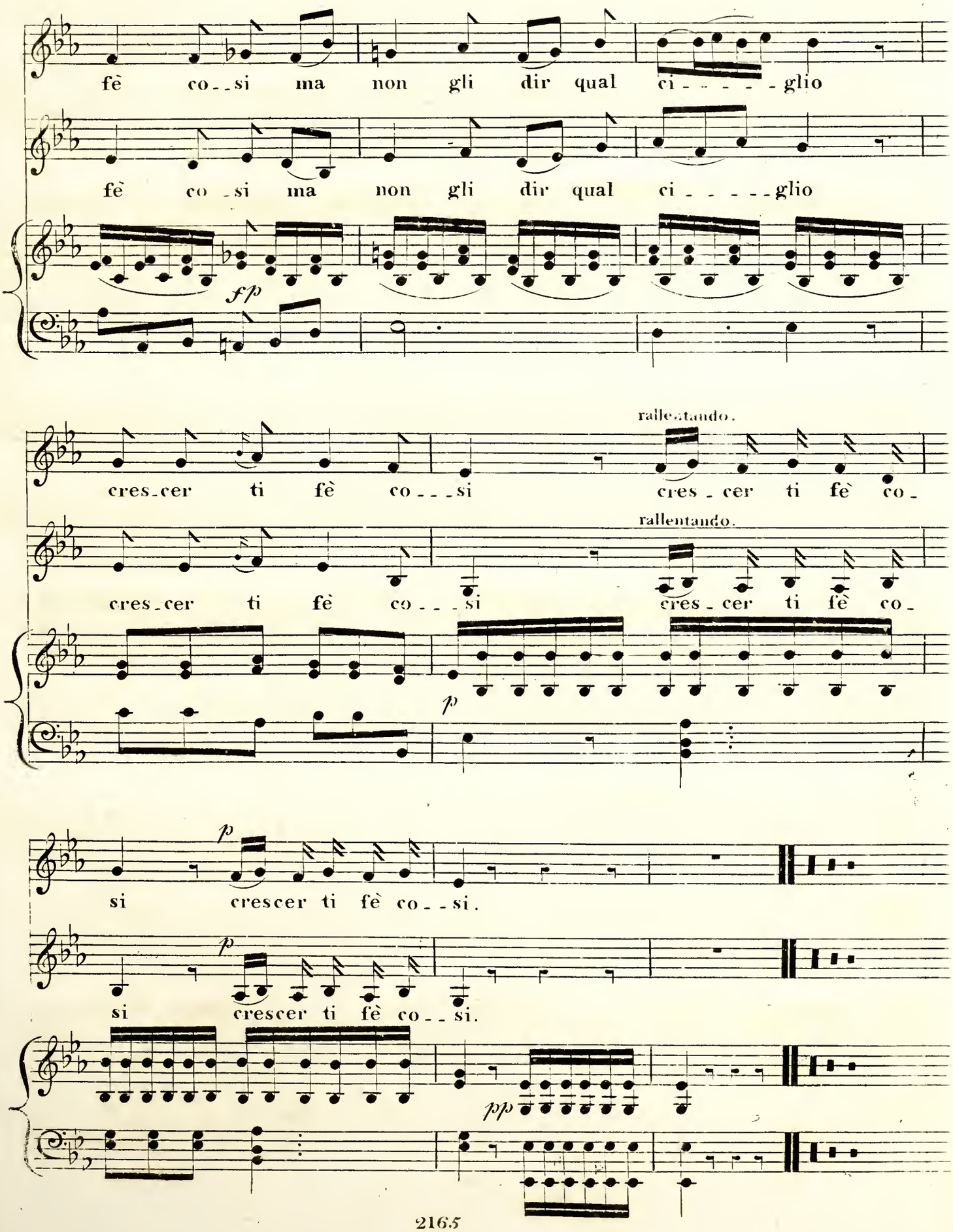
No. 15 Price 1/-

LONDON,

Printed & Sold by Messrs. Birchall & Co. 140 New Bond Street.


Andantino.
Canto I.°
Placi-do zef--fi--ret--to se
Canto II.°
Placi-do zef--fi--ret--to se
Piano-forte.
pp
tro--vi il ca--ro og-get---to di-gli che sei sos-
tro--vi il ca--ro og-get---to di-gli che sei sos-
ff
pi-------ro ma non... gli dir di chi.
pi-------ro ma non... gli dir di chi.


lim - pi - do rus - - cel - - - let - - to
se mai t'in - con - - tri in
lim - pi - do rus - - cel - - let - - - to
le - - i
dil - le che pian - - to
se - - - i
se mai t'in - con - tri in le - - i
dil - le che pian - - to
ma non gli dir qual ci - - - glio crescer ti
se - - - i ma non gli dir qual ci - - - glio crescer ti


fè co_si ma non gli dir qual ci_____glio
fè co_si ma non gli dir qual ci_____glio
fp
cres_cer ti fè co_si cres_cer ti fè co_
rallentando.
cres_cer ti fè co_si cres_cer ti fè co_
rallentando.
p
si crescer ti fè co_si.
p
si crescer ti fè co_si.
pp

ROSE! THOU ART THE SWEETEST FLOWER,

A Ballad.

BY

THOMAS MOORE ESQ.R

The Music by

Mrs. ROBERT ARKWRIGHT.

Ent. at Sta. Hall. Price 2/-

London, Published by J. Power, 31, Strand;

Where may be had the following Songs Composed by

Mrs. Arkwright.

The Words Selected by Permission from the Poems of

MRS HEMANS, MRS OPIE, SIR WALTER SCOTT BART

WILLM SPENCER, THOS CAMPBELL, and THOS MOORE ESQRS

Beth Gelert.

Greek Exile.

One hour with thee!

Poor Louise.

Roland the brave.

Then be it so.

ROSE! THOU ART THE SWEETEST FLOWER.

The Music by
Wm. Robt. Arkwright.

Arranged by
T. Cooke.

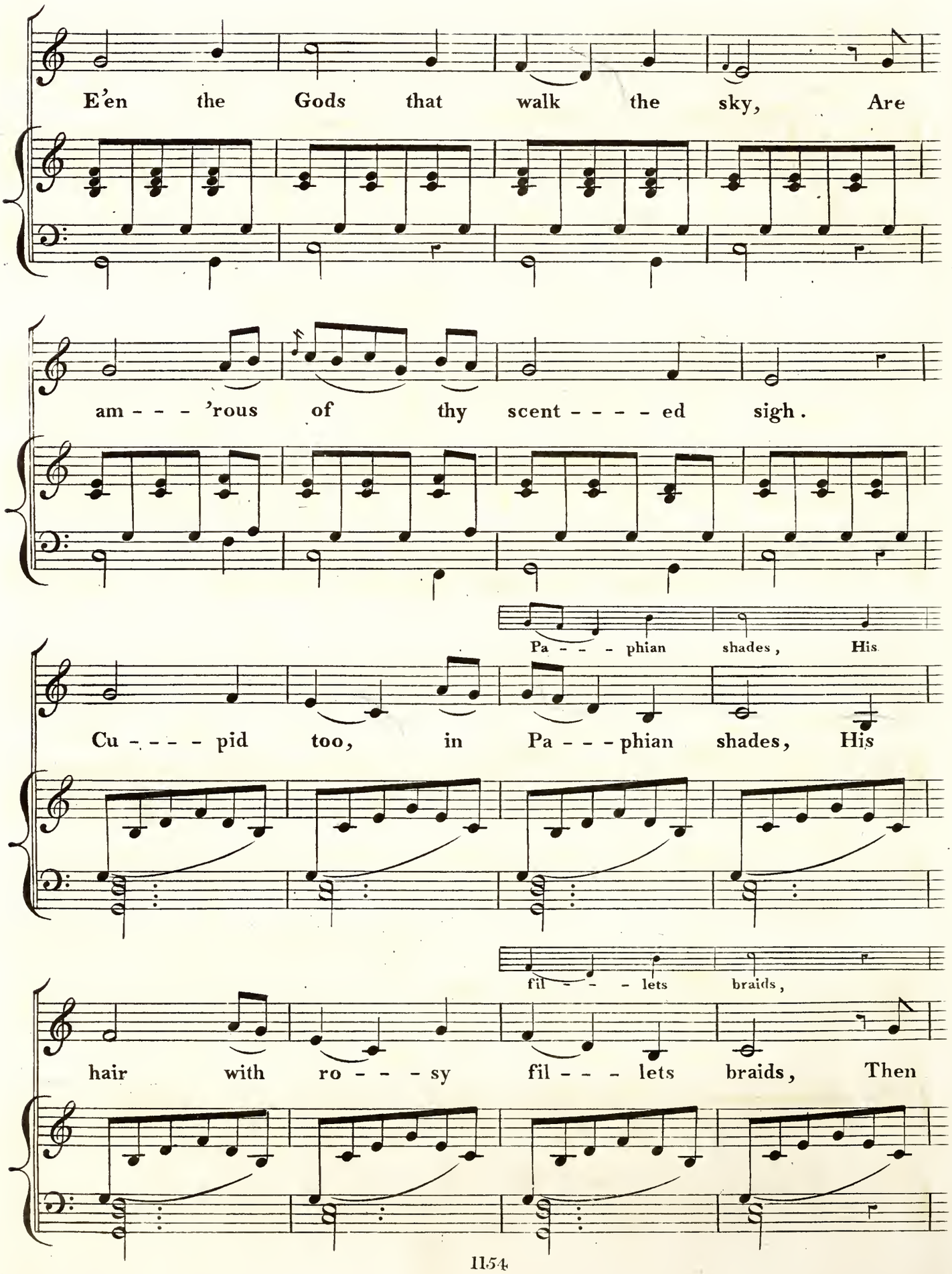
PLAYFULLY.

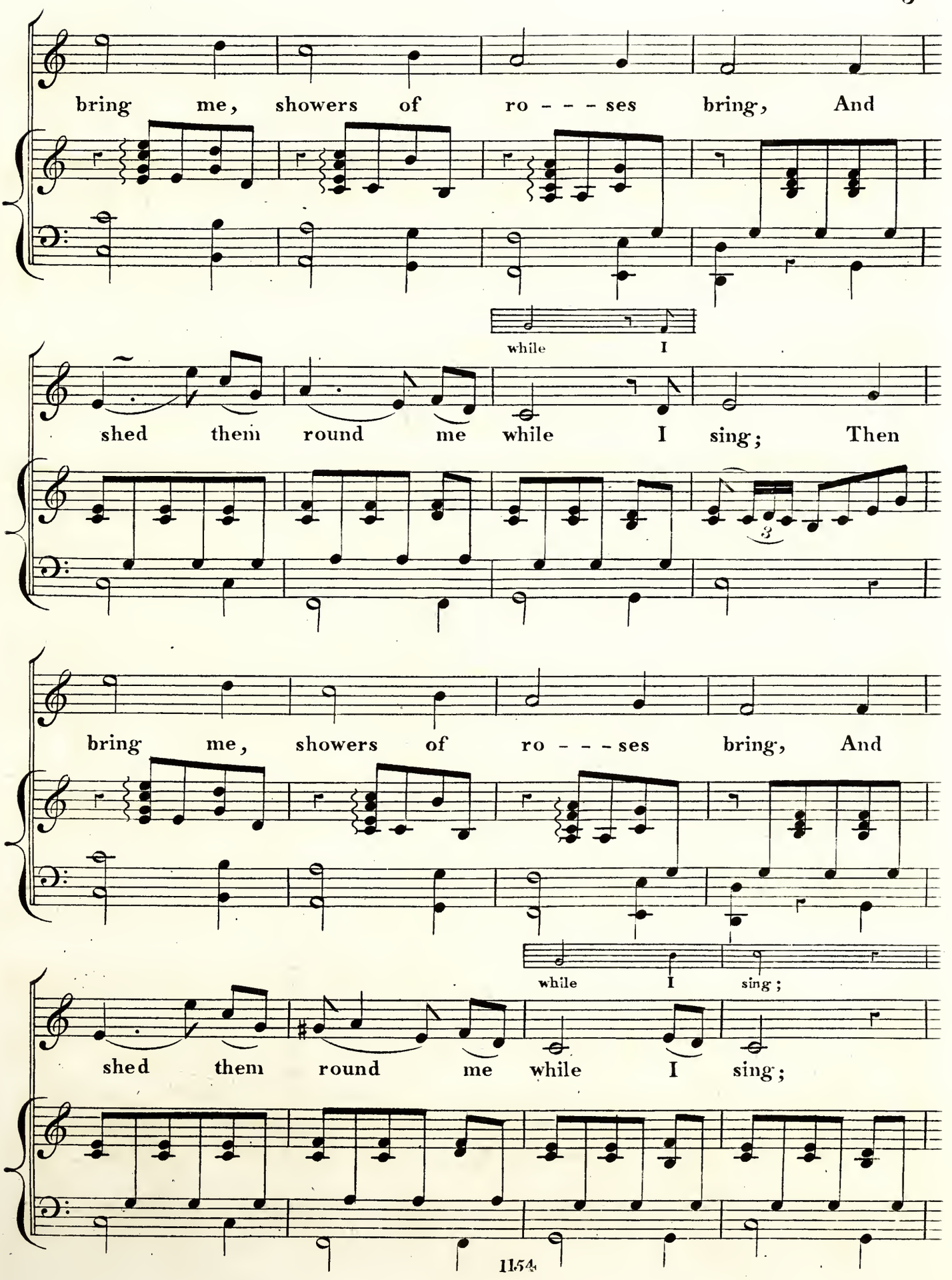
VOCE.

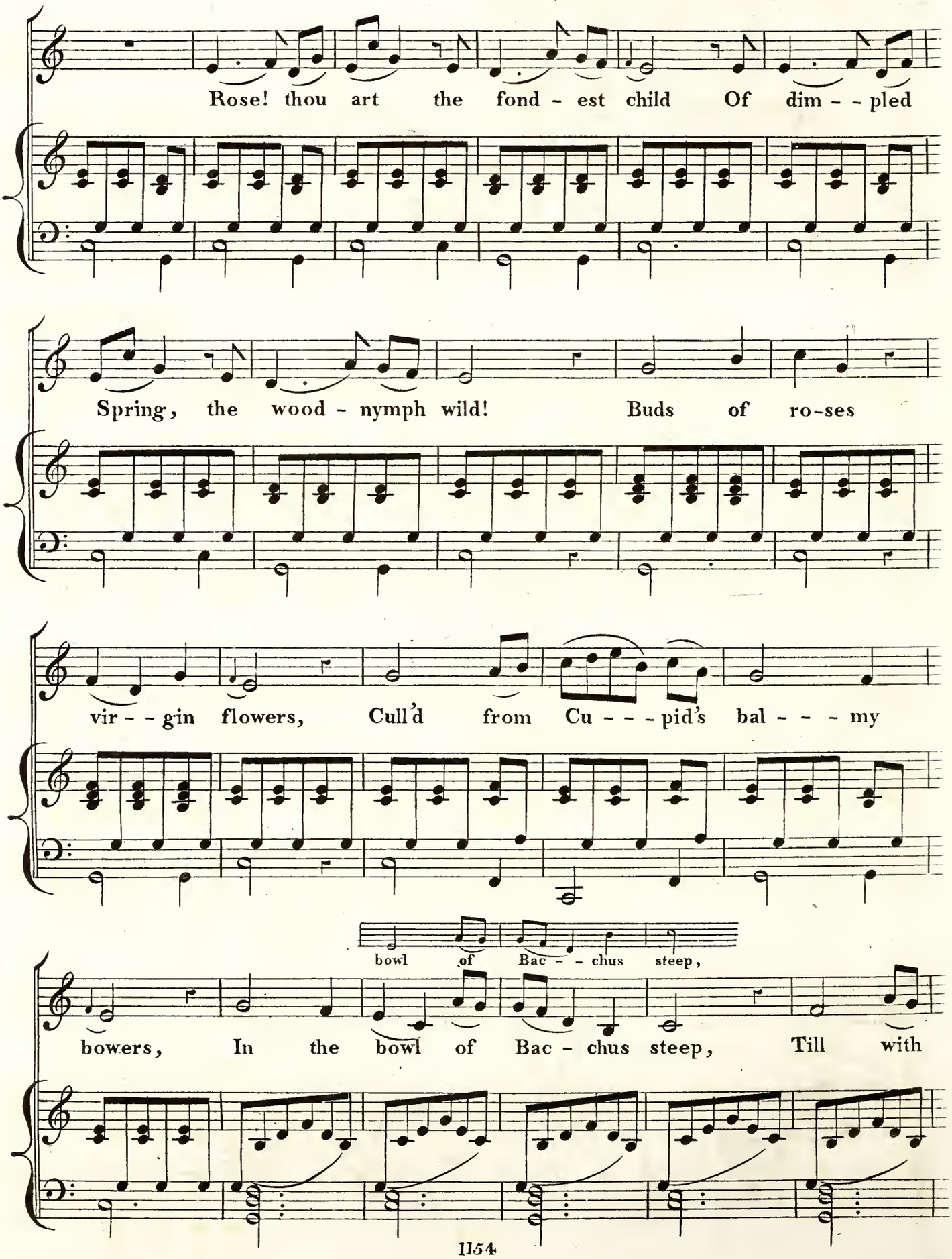
PIANO-
FORTE.

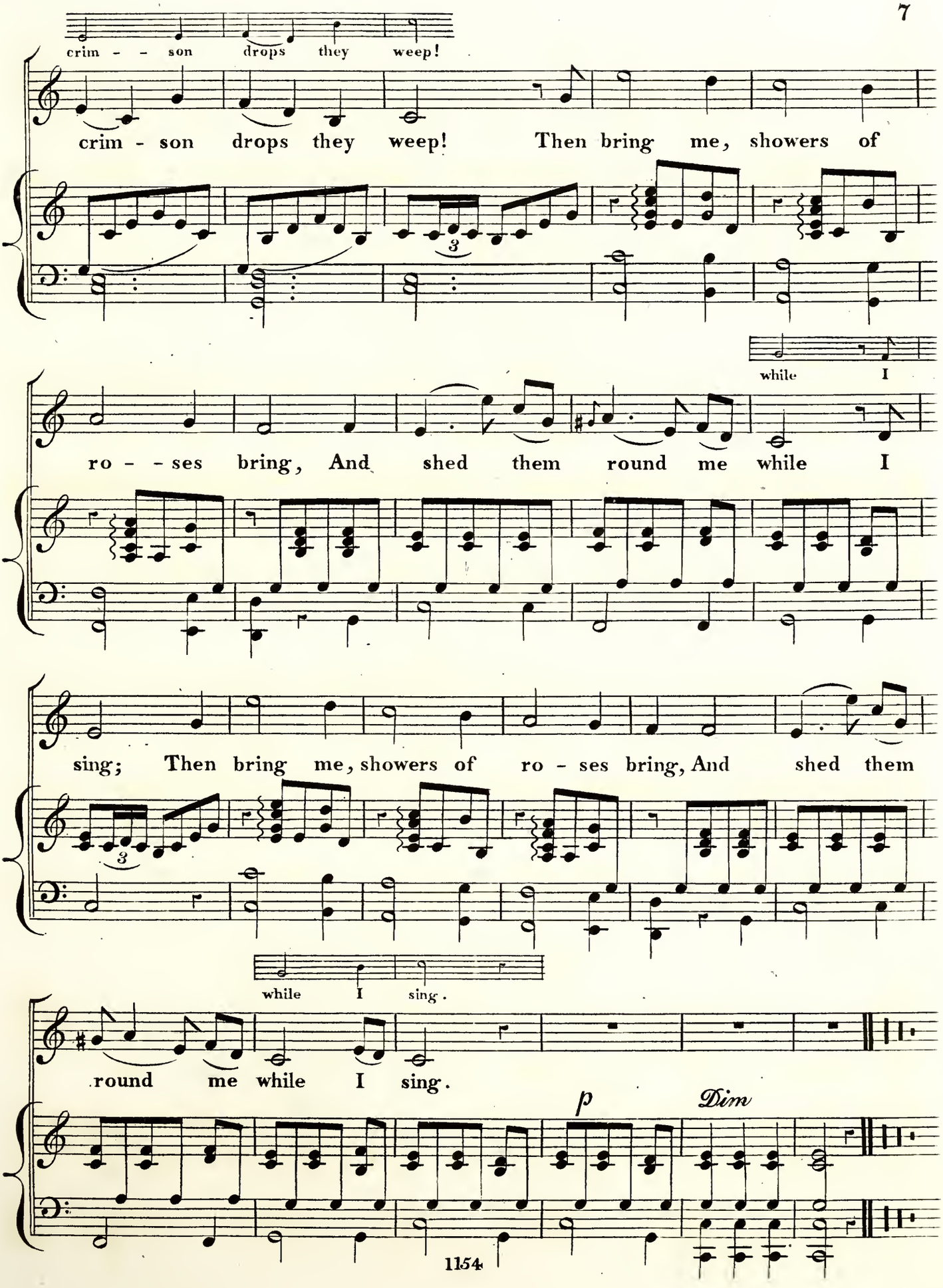
Rose! thou art the sweet - est

flower That e - - - - ver drank the am - - ber shower;


E'en the Gods that walk the sky, Are
am - - - 'rous of thy scent - - - - ed sigh.
Pa - - - phian shades, His
Cu - - - - pid too, in Pa - - - phian shades, His
fil - - - lets braids,
hair with ro - - - sy fil - - - lets braids, Then


bring me, showers of ro - - - ses bring, And
while I
shed them round me while I sing; Then
bring me, showers of ro - - - ses bring, And
while I sing;
shed them round me while I sing;


Rose! thou art the fond - est child Of dim - - pled
Spring, the wood - nymph wild! Buds of ro-ses
vir - - gin flowers, Cull'd from Cu - - - pid's bal - - - my
bowl of Bac - - chus steep,
bowers, In the bowl of Bac - chus steep, Till with


crim - - son drops they weep!
crim - son drops they weep! Then bring me, showers of
while I
ro - - ses bring, And shed them round me while I
sing; Then bring me, showers of ro - ses bring, And shed them
while I sing.
round me while I sing.
p
Dim

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP,

A Ballad

The Words by

MRS. HEMANS,

The Music by

HER SISTER.

Ent. Sta: Hall. Price 2s.

London, Published by I. Willis & Co. Royal Musical Repository, 55, St. James's Street.

7, Westmorland Street, Dublin, W. 1, Rue de la Paix, Paris,

where may be had by the same composer

The Captive Knight	Ballad	2	Zara's Ear-rings	Ballad	2 6
The Tyrolese Evening Hymn	Do.	2	He never smiled again	Do.	2
The Sleeper	Do.	2	Ave Sanctissima, or Evening Hymn to the Virgin	DUET	2
The Homes of England	Do.	2			
The Cimarosa Quadrilles		4	The Welsh Quadrilles		4

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

WORDS BY Mrs HEMANS. *MUSIC BY HER SISTER.*

ESPRESSIVO.

VOCE.

PIANO-FORTE

What hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells, Thou e-ver

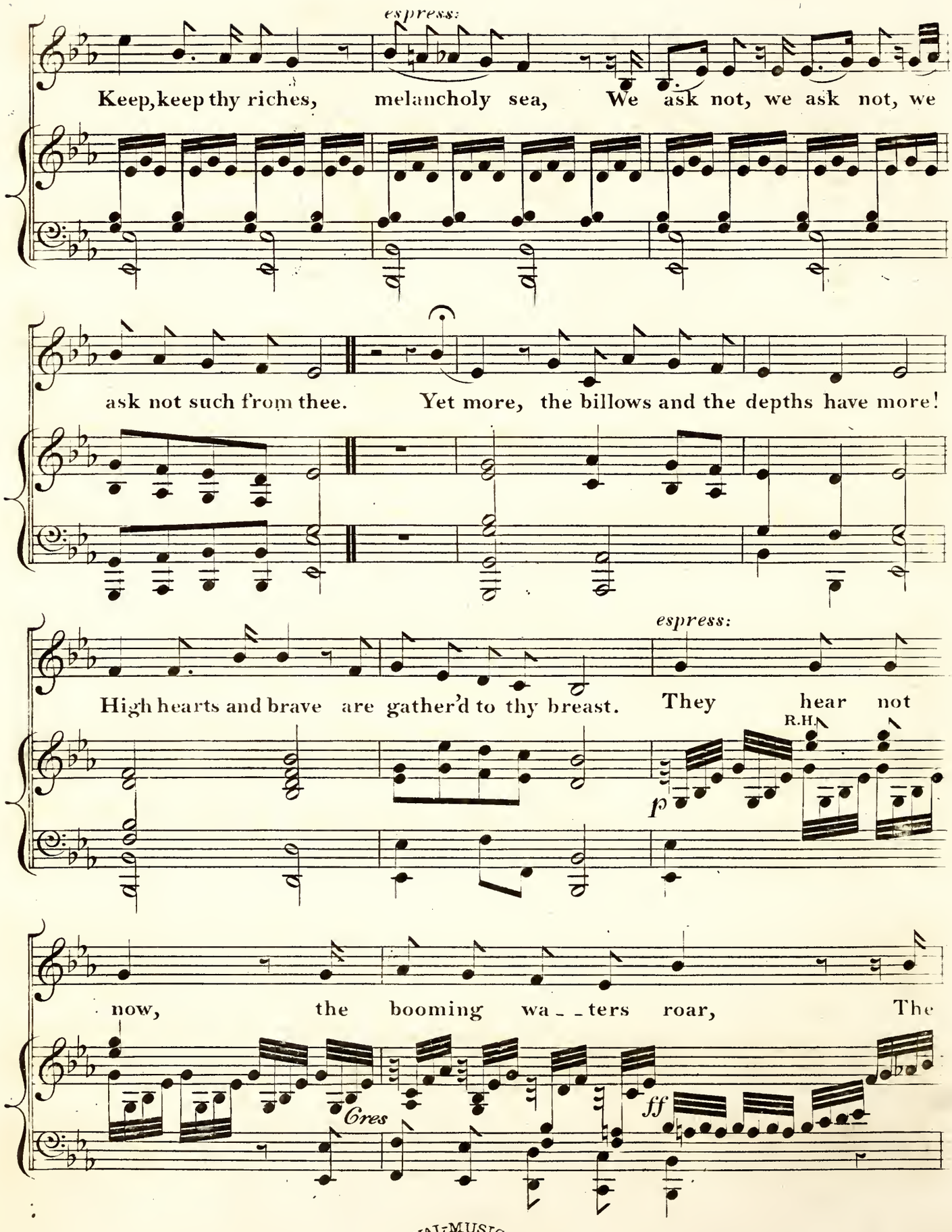
sounding and mysterious main? Pale glist'ning pearls, and

p

p

rainbow-co_lor'd shells, Bright things which gleam unreck'd of, and in vain.

ROYAL MUSICAL 645 REPOSITORY.



ROYAL MUSICAL
645
REPOSITORY.

p espress:

ra - ging Bat-tle's thunders will not break their rest.

con forza. *dim:*

Keep thy red gold, and gems, thou stormy grave! Give back, give back, give

Affettuoso.

back the true and brave. Give back the lost and love_ _ _ly, Those for

p espres:

whom, the place was kept At board and hearth so long, The

ROYAL-MUSICAL
645
REPOSITORY.

p

prayer went up, through midnight's breathless gloom, And the vain

Animato.

yearn - - ing, woke 'midst fes - tal song. Hold fast thy buried isles, thy

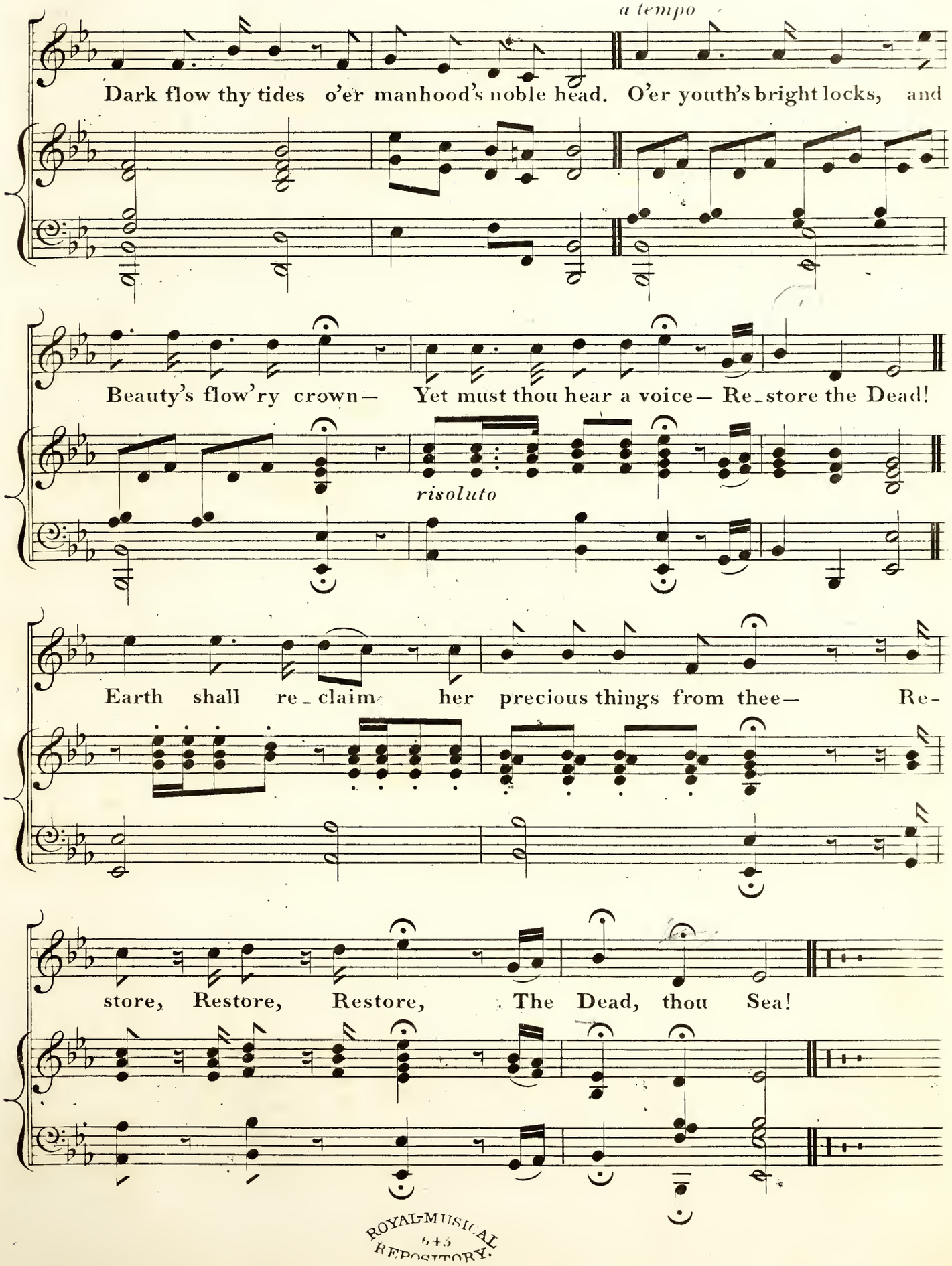
Animato.

towers o'erthrown, But all, but all, but all is not thine own.

ad lib:

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,

ROYAL MUSICAL
645
REPOSITORY.



ROYAL MUSICAL
545
REPOSITORY.

Mi manca la voce,

THE

Celebrated Quartetto, in

THE ORATORIO, OF

Mose' in Egitto.

Composed by G. Rossini,

Arranged with an Accompaniment for the

Harp or Piano Forte.

and Dedicated to

Mrs R. Wynne Williams,

BY

C. M. SOLA.

Ent. Sta. Hall. *Price 2s.*

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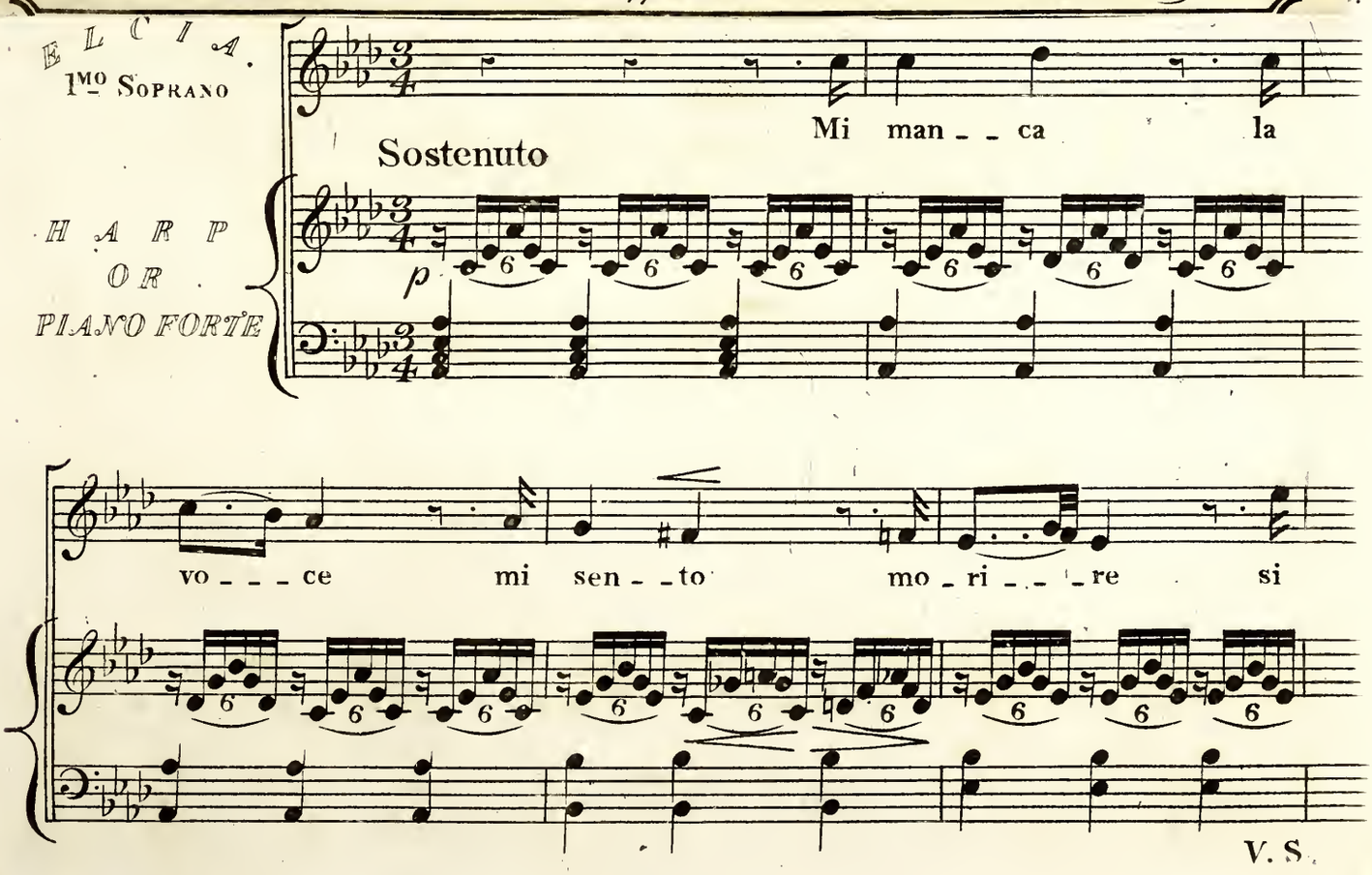
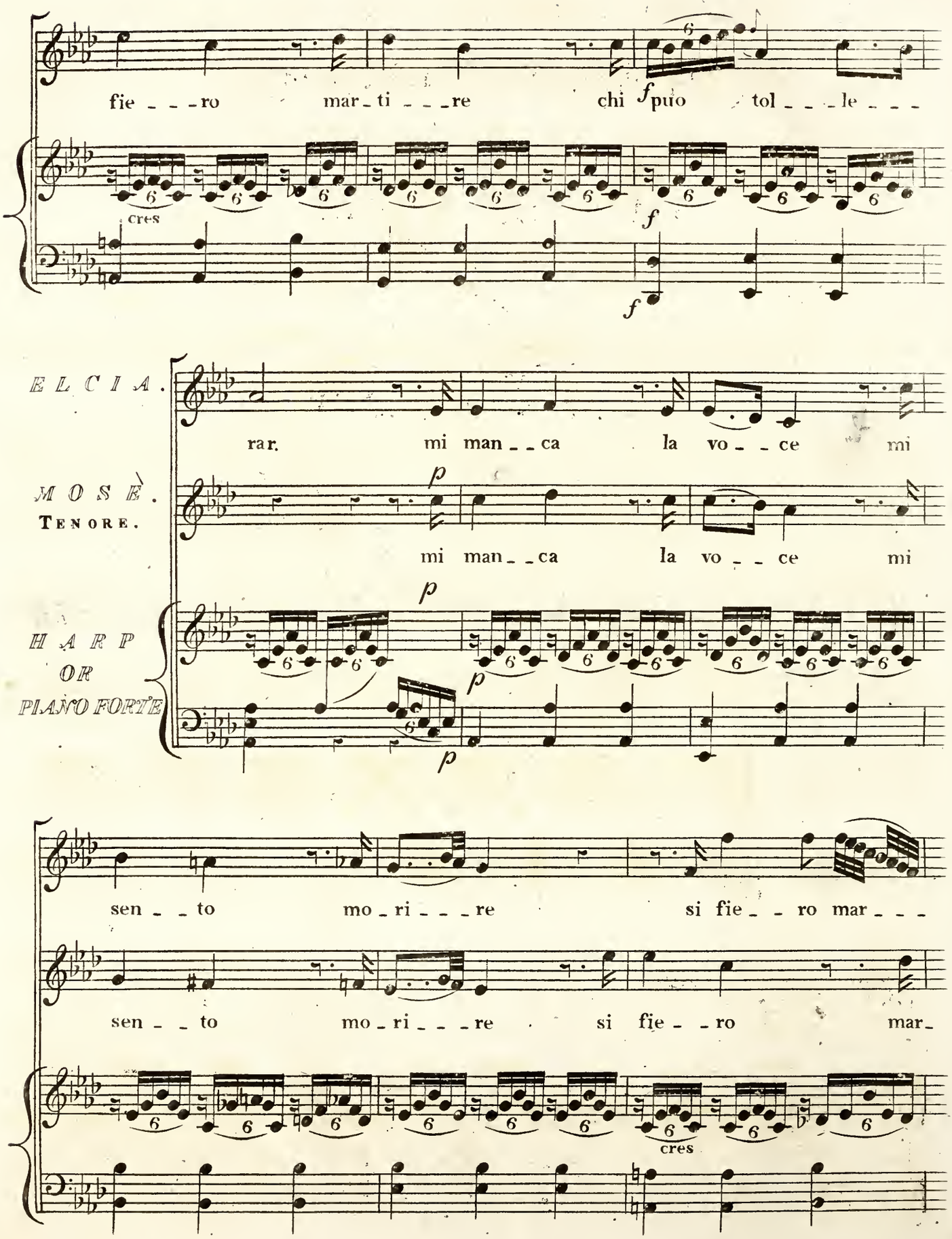




Mi manca la voce

ELCIA

_tir chi può chi può tol _ _ le _ _ _ rar. mi

AMALTEA
2DO SOPRANO

f

mi

MOSÈ
TENORE

_ _ ti _ _ _ _ re chi può tol _ _ le _ _ _ rar. mi

HARP OR PIANO FORTE

f f

diminuendo

man _ ca la vo _ _ ce mi sen _ _ to mo _

man _ ca la vo _ _ ce mi sen _ _ to mo _

man _ ca la vo _ _ ce mi sen _ _ to mo _

p p

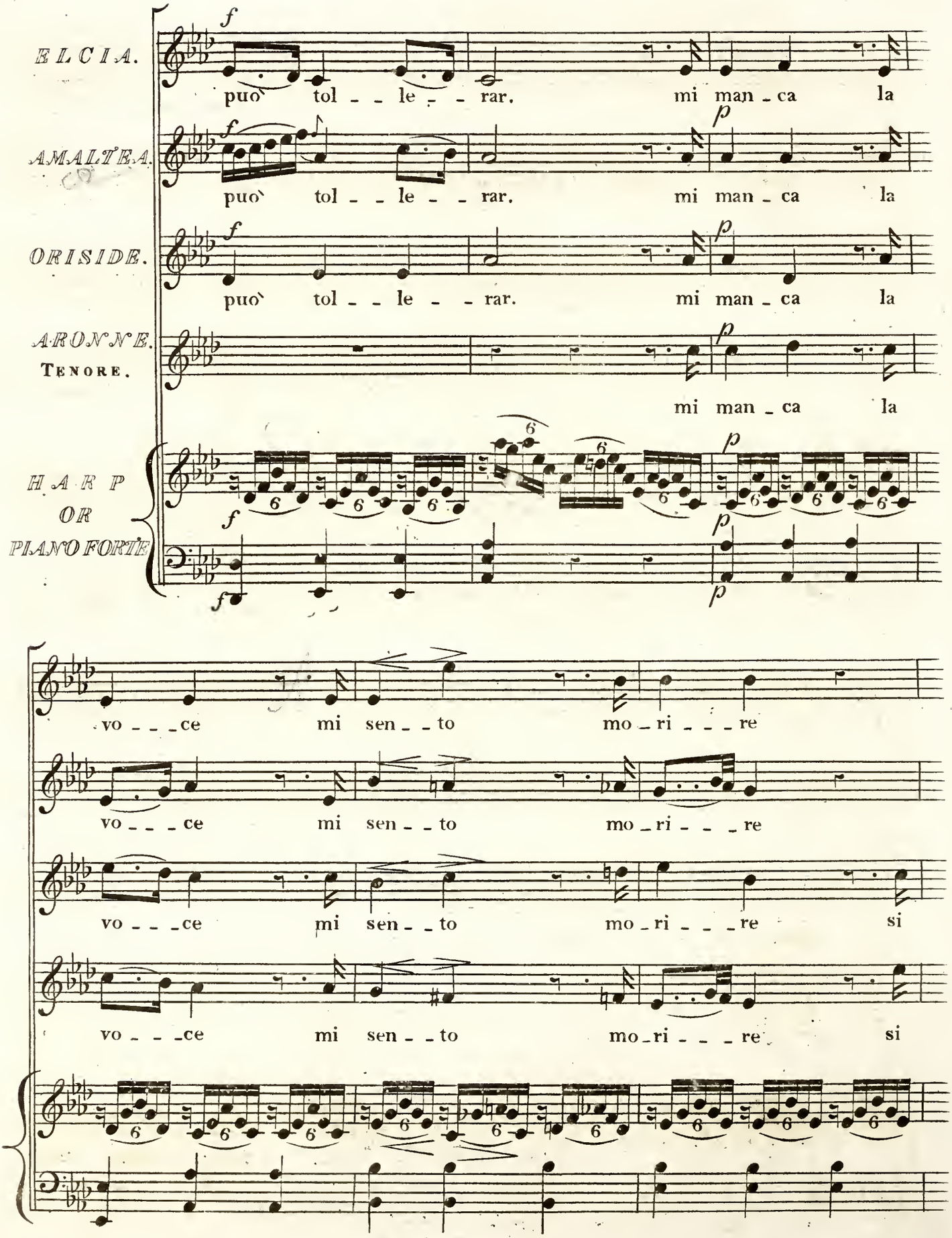
ri _ _ _ re si fie _ _ _ ro mar _ ti _ _ _ re chi

ri _ _ _ re si fie _ _ _ ro mar _ ti _ _ _ re chi

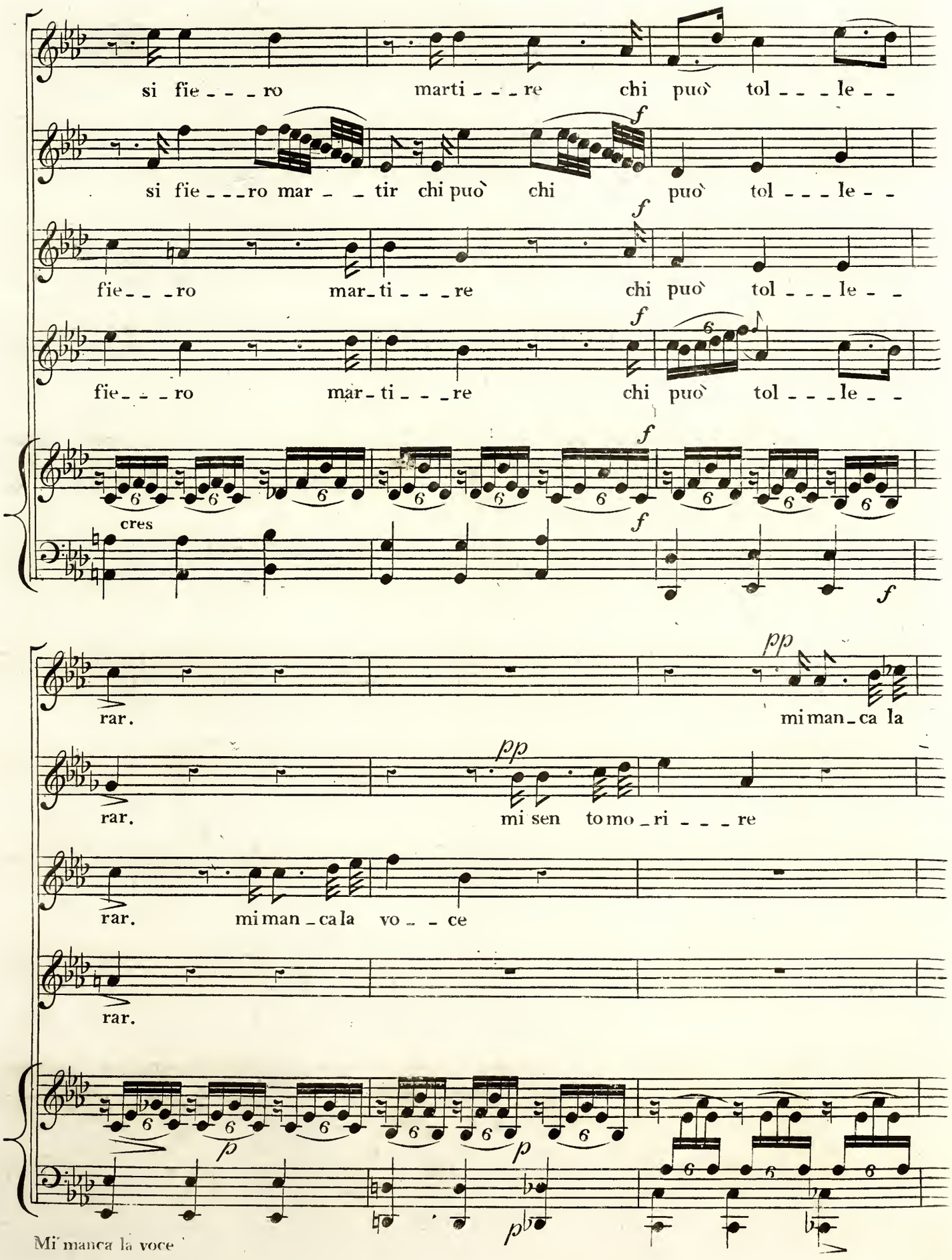
ri _ _ _ re si fie _ _ _ ro mar _ _ tir chi può chi

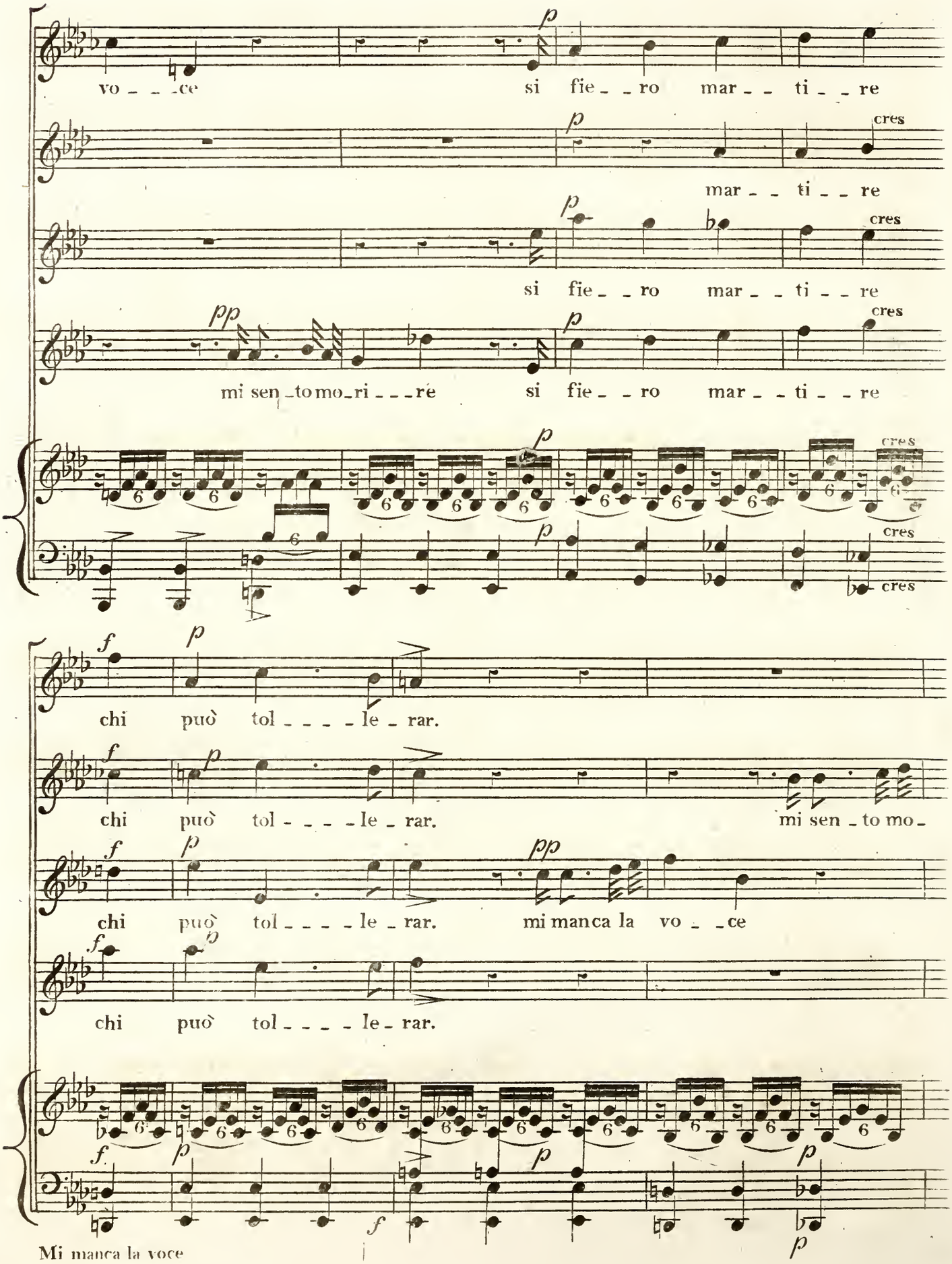
cres

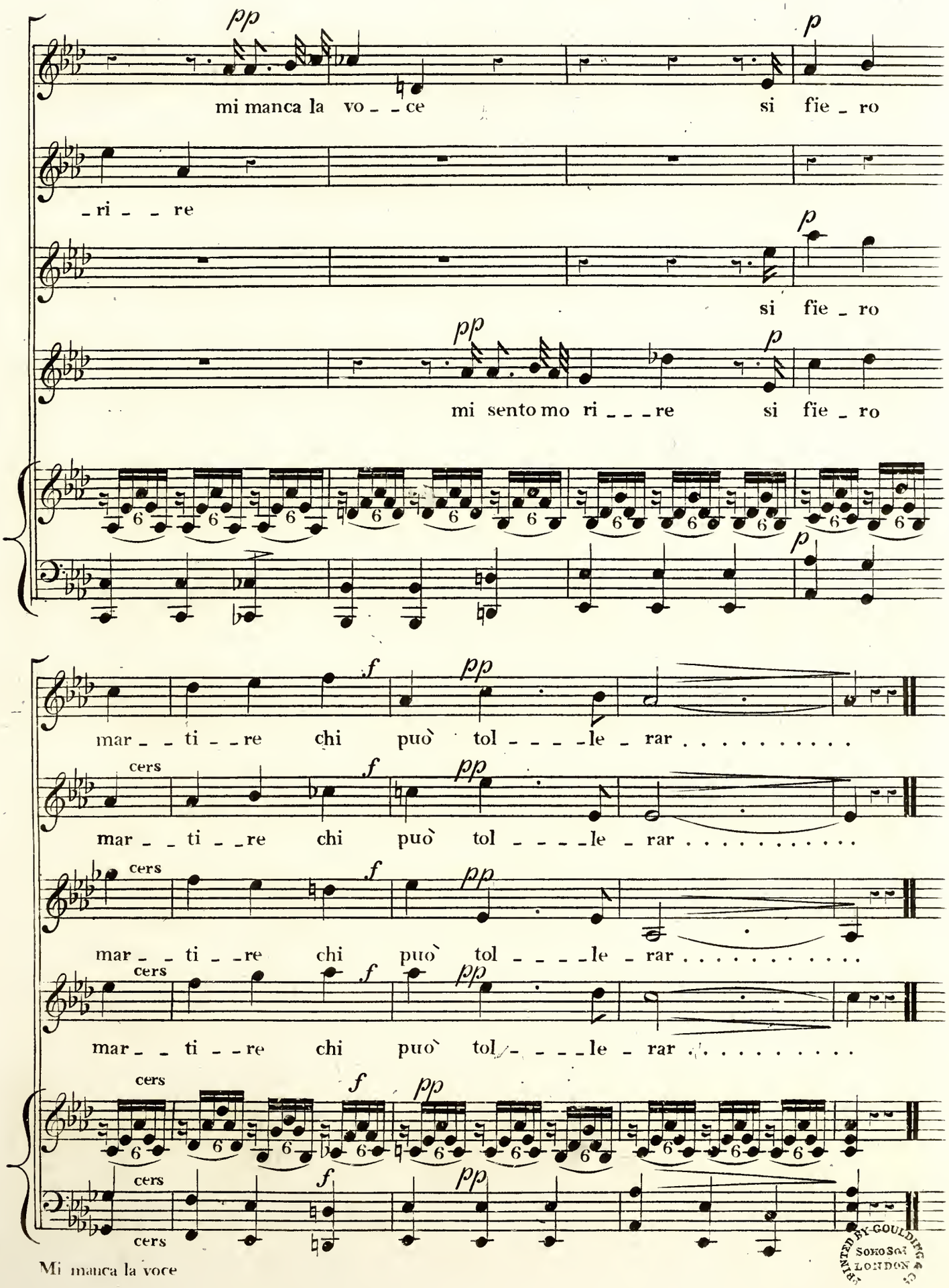
Mi manca la voce



Mi manca la voce


si fie - - - ro marti - - - re chi può tol - - - le - -
si fie - - - ro mar - - tir chi può chi può tol - - - le - -
fie - - - ro mar - ti - - - re chi può tol - - - le - -
fie - - - ro mar - ti - - - re chi può tol - - - le - -
cres
rar.
mi man - ca la
rar.
mi sen to mo - ri - - - re
rar.
mi man - ca la vo - - ce
rar.
Mi manca la voce


vo _ _ _ce
si fie _ _ ro mar _ _ ti _ _ re
mar _ _ ti _ _ re
si fie _ _ ro mar _ _ ti _ _ re
mi sen _ to mo _ ri _ _ _ re
si fie _ _ ro mar _ _ ti _ _ re
cres
chi può tol _ _ _ _ le _ rar.
chi può tol _ _ _ _ le _ rar.
mi sen _ to mo _
chi può tol _ _ _ _ le _ rar.
mi manca la vo _ _ ce
chi può tol _ _ _ _ le _ rar.
Mi manca la voce



Mi manca la voce

PRINTED BY GOULDING SOHO SQ LONDON

Povero cor, perchè tu palpiti così?

Cavatina,

Composed by

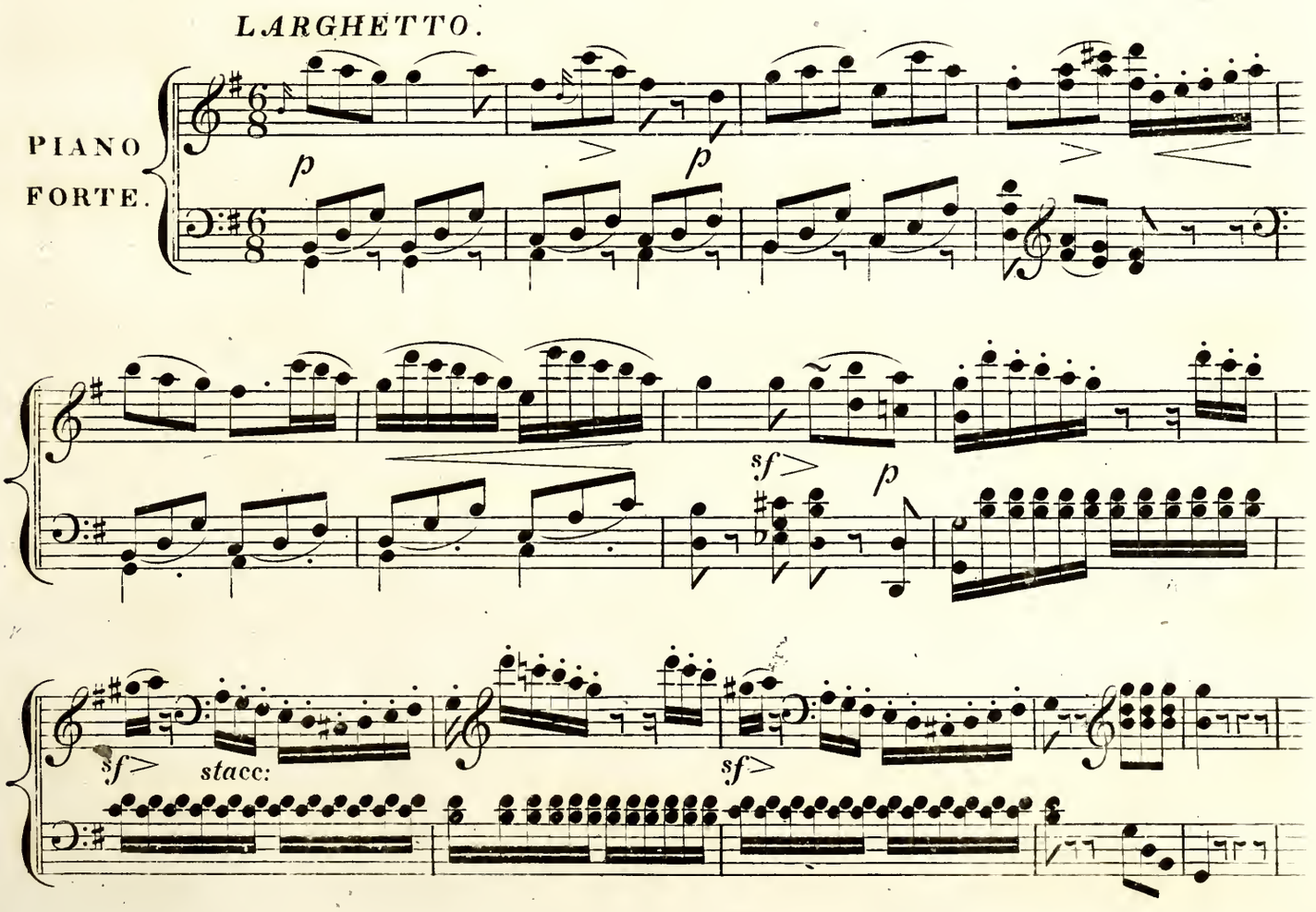
SIGNOR MANFROCI.

Arranged by M. Rophino Lacy.

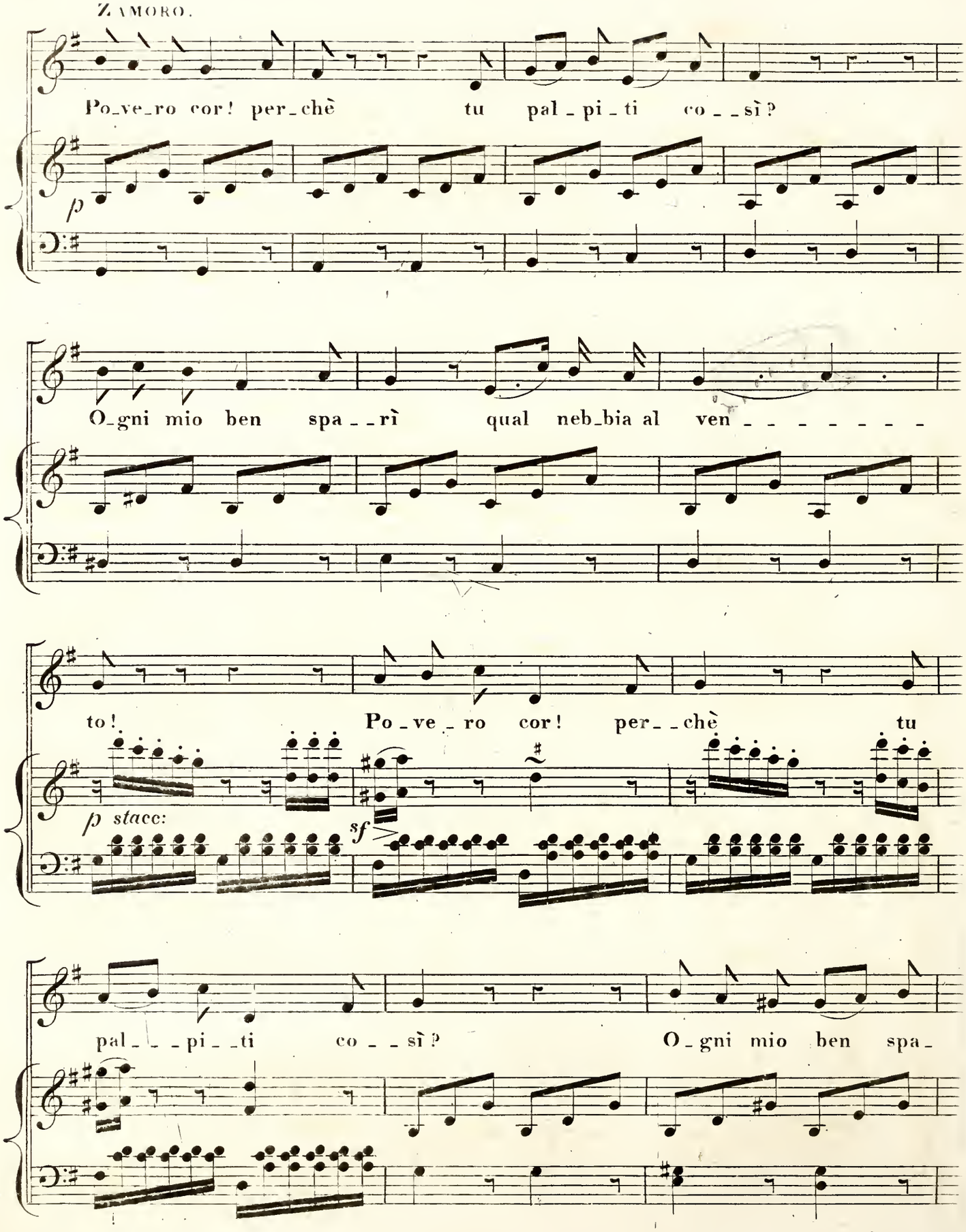
Price 1s.

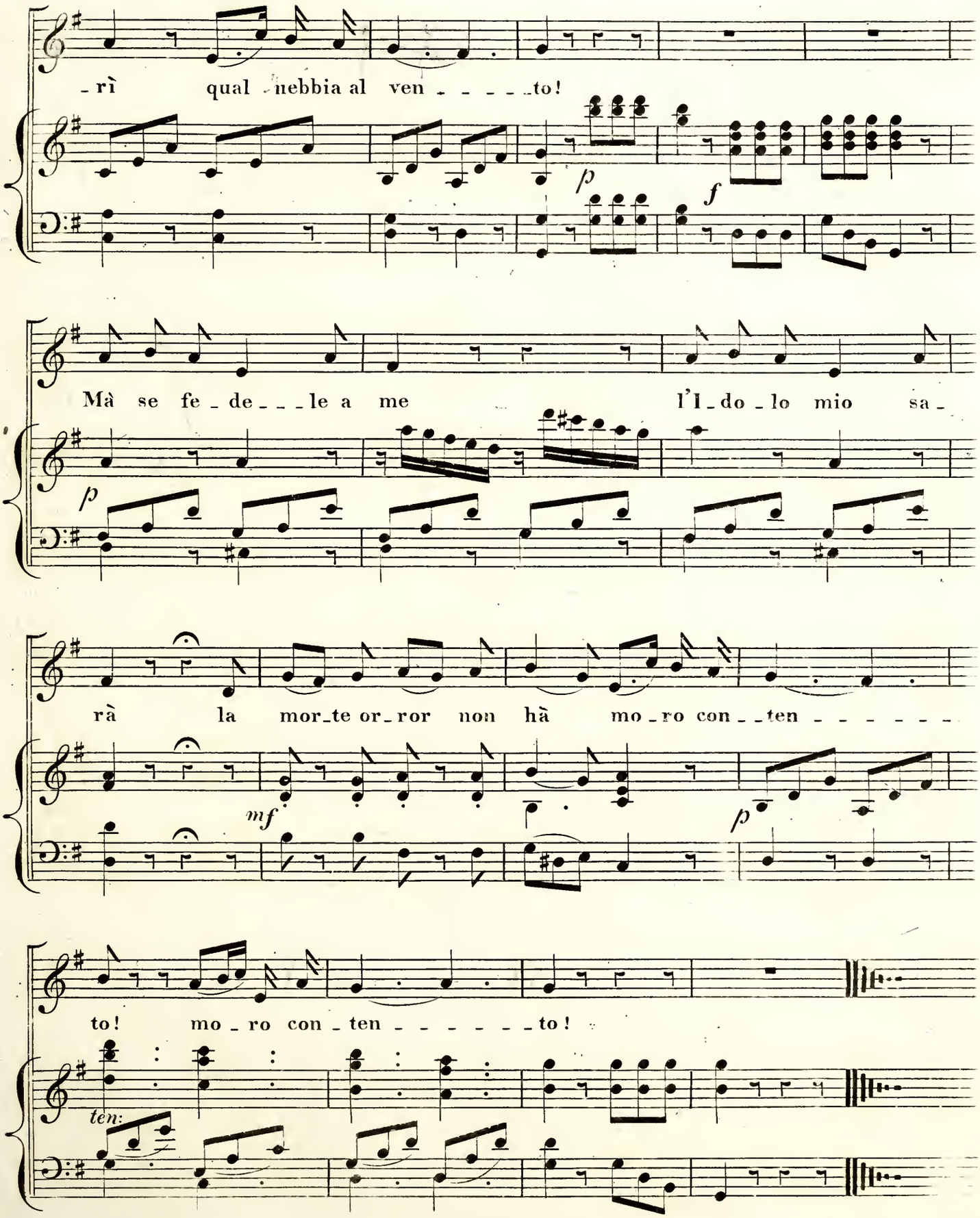
London, Printed & Sold by Birchall & Co. 140, New Bond Street.

LARGHETTO.



ZAMORO.


Po_ve_ro cor! per_chè tu pal_pi_ti co__sì?
p
O_gni mio ben spa__rì qual neb_bia al ven_____
to! Po_ve_ro cor! per__chè tu
p stacc:
sf
pal_____pi__ti co__sì? O_gni mio ben spa_


-rì qual nebbia al ven - - - - - to!
p
f
Mà se fe - de - - - le a me l'I - do - lo mio sa -
p
rà la mor - te or - ror non hà mo - ro con - - ten - - - - - - -
mf
p
to! mo - ro con - ten - - - - - - - to!
ten:

Lucy Drew

Augusta

15

DUETTINO.

NELL' AURELIANO IN PALMIRA.

Musica del MAESTRO ROSSINI.

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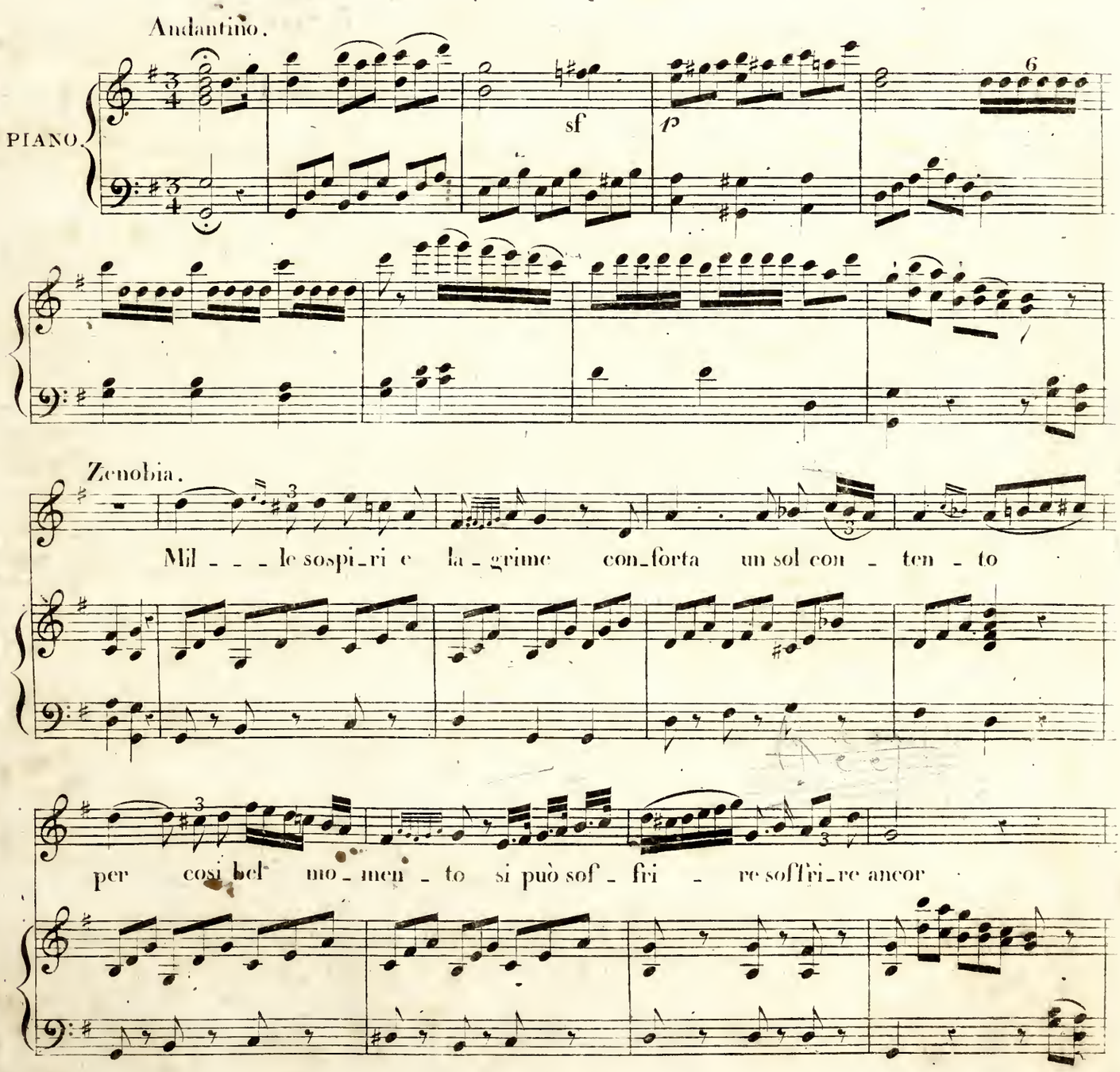


Arsace.

ca - ri mi so - no i ge - mi_ti spar_si da te lon - ta - no

ah che non piansi in va - no se a te mi rende a_mor

colla parte.

a tempo.

Zen:

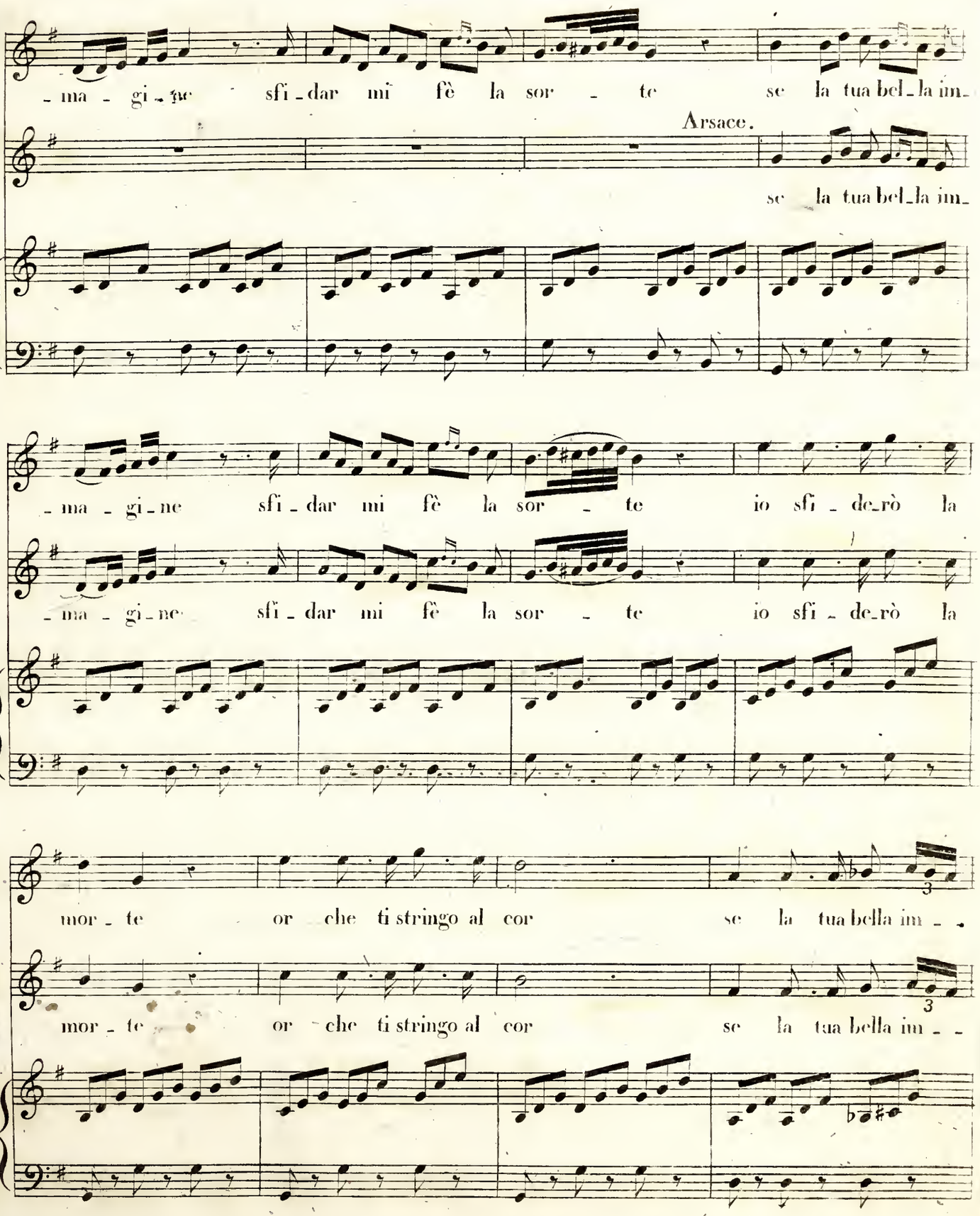
dol - ce not_te sem_pre ins_ie_me

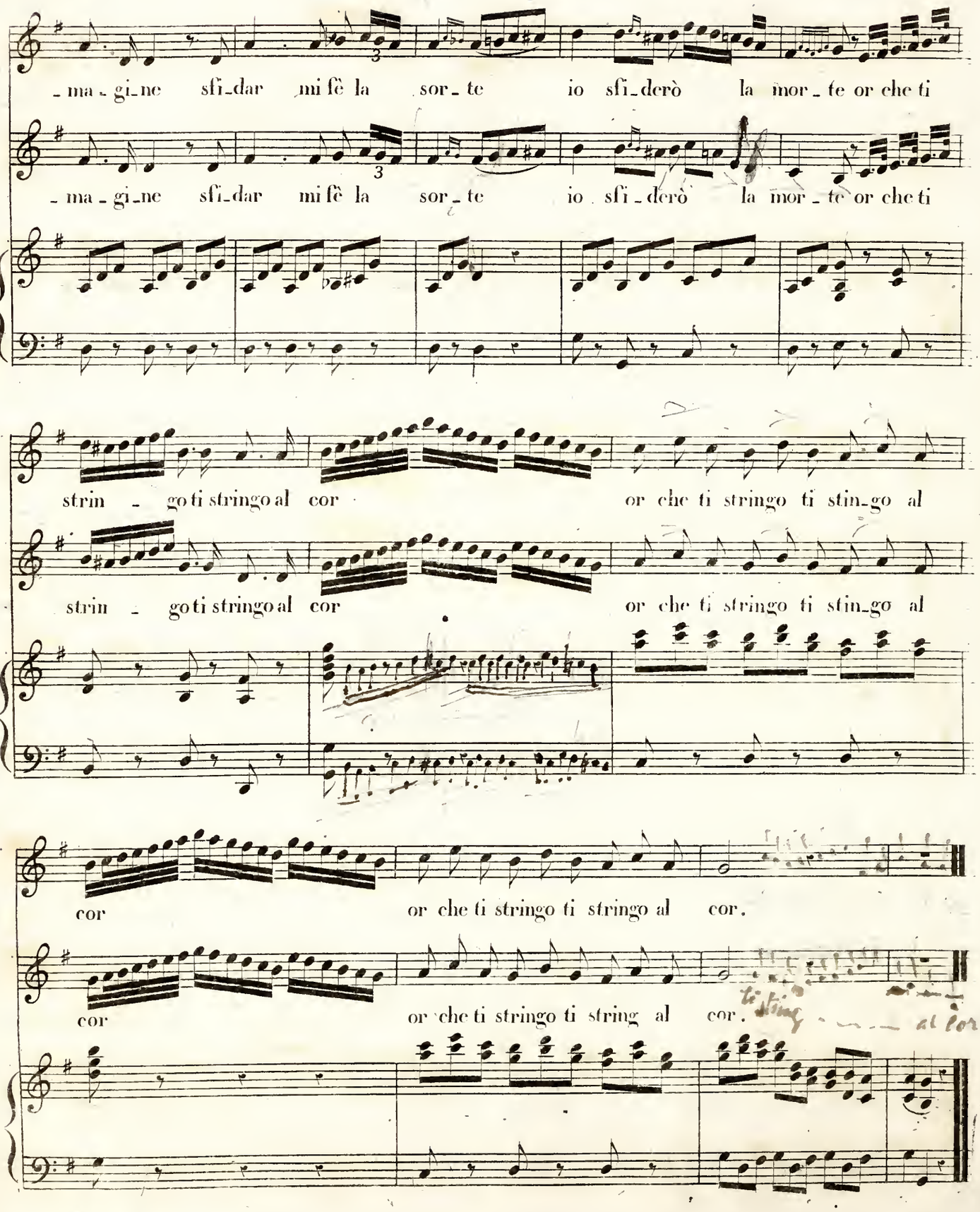
Ars:

a_mi - che te_nebre teco o_

sempre in_sie_me se la tua bel - la im_

_gnor te_co o_gnor


-ma - gi - ne sfi - dar mi fè la sor - te se la tua bel - la im -
Arsace.
se la tua bel - la im -
-ma - gi - ne sfi - dar mi fè la sor - te io sfi - de - rò la
-ma - gi - ne sfi - dar mi fè la sor - te io sfi - de - rò la
mor - te or che ti stringo al cor se la tua bella im - -
mor - te or che ti stringo al cor se la tua bella im - -


ma - gi - ne sfi - dar mi fè la sor - te io sfi - derò la mor - te or che ti
ma - gi - ne sfi - dar mi fè la sor - te io sfi - derò la mor - te or che ti
strin - go ti stringo al cor or che ti stringo ti stin - go al
strin - go ti stringo al cor or che ti stringo ti stin - go al
cor or che ti stringo ti stringo al cor.
cor or che ti stringo ti string al cor.

IL SOGNO

Quando in Ciel, l'alba fresca s'infiora,

DUETTINO NOTTURNO,

with an Accompaniment for the Harp or Piano Forte,

Composed by

Sig.r Paër.

Price 1/6

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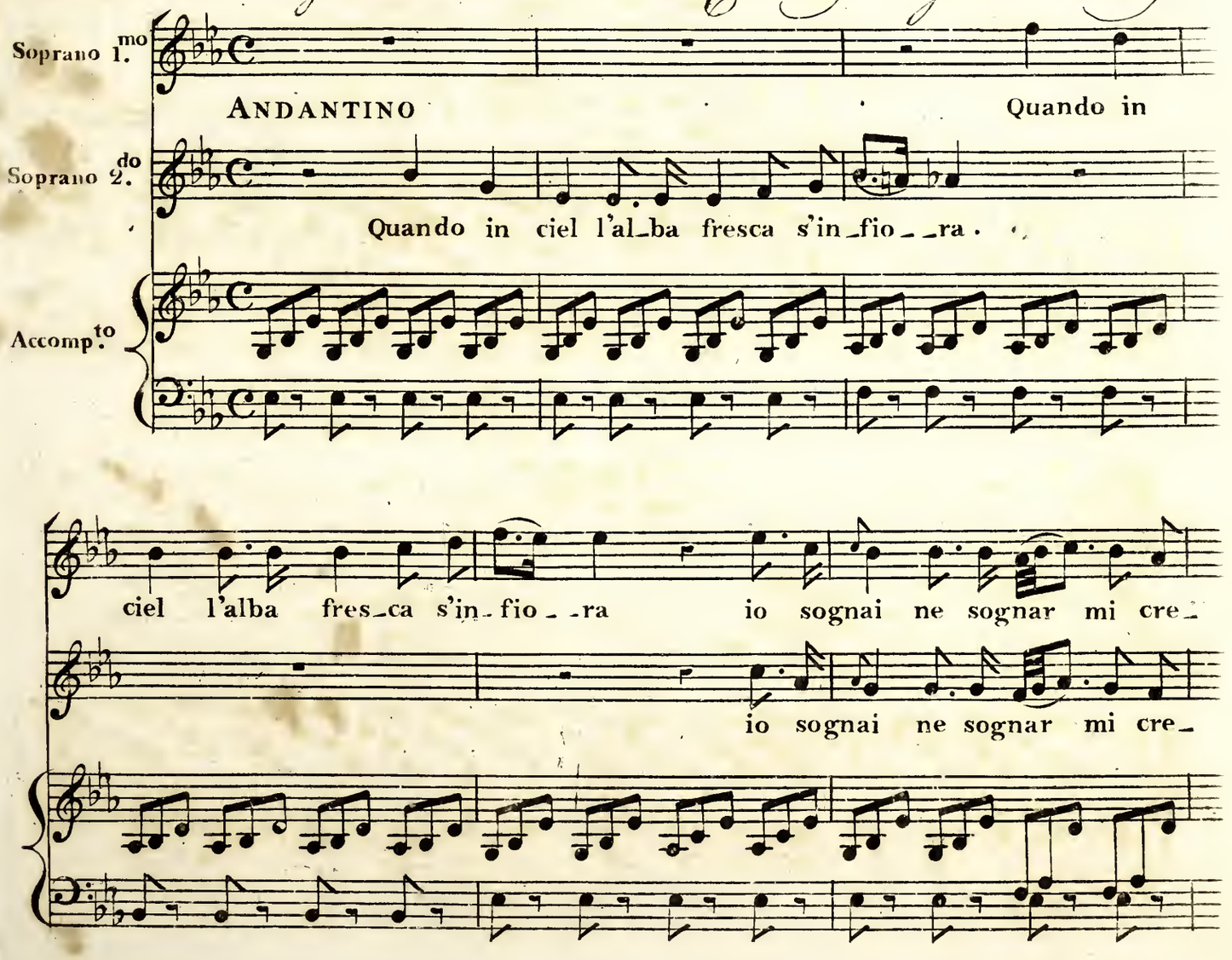
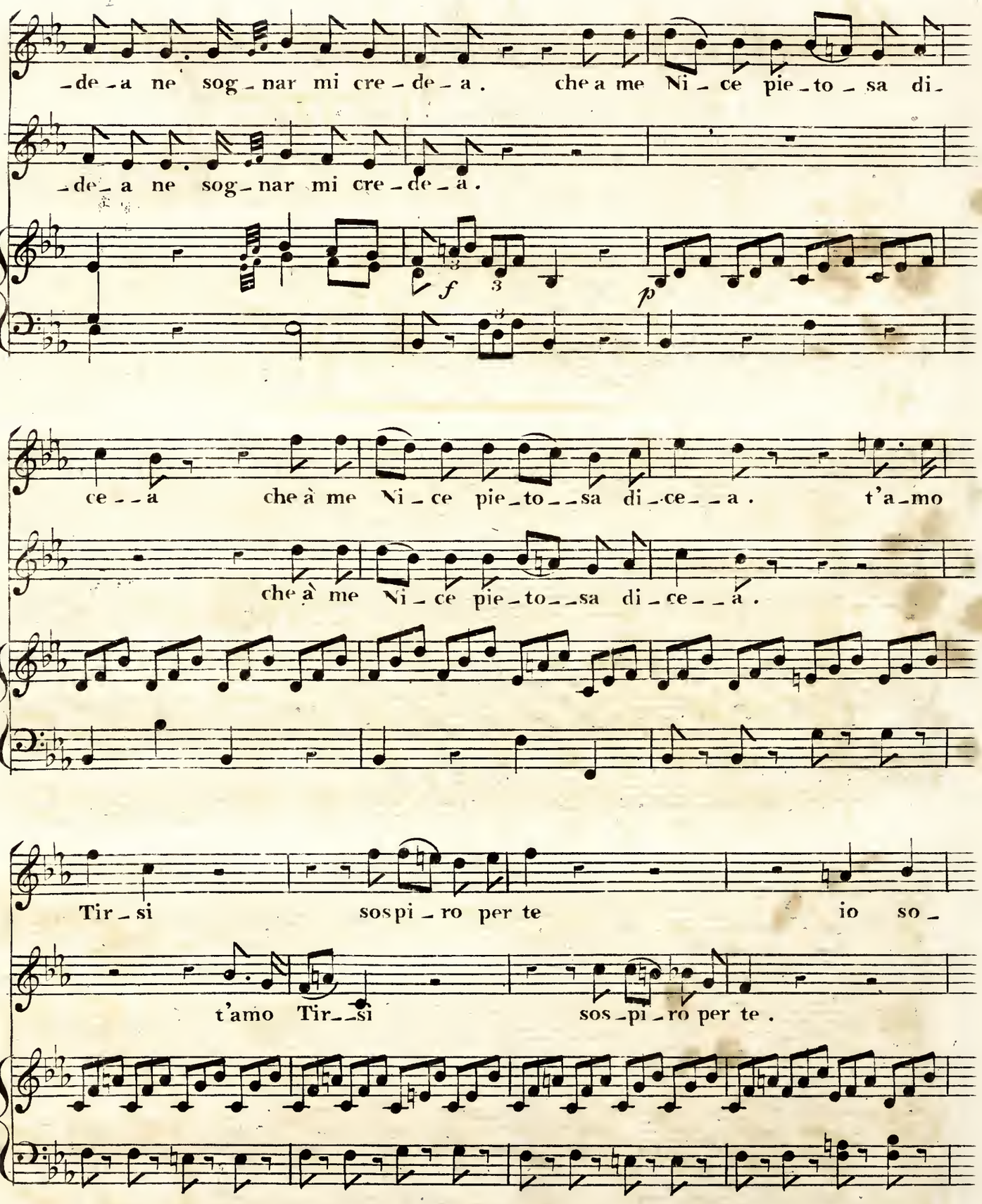
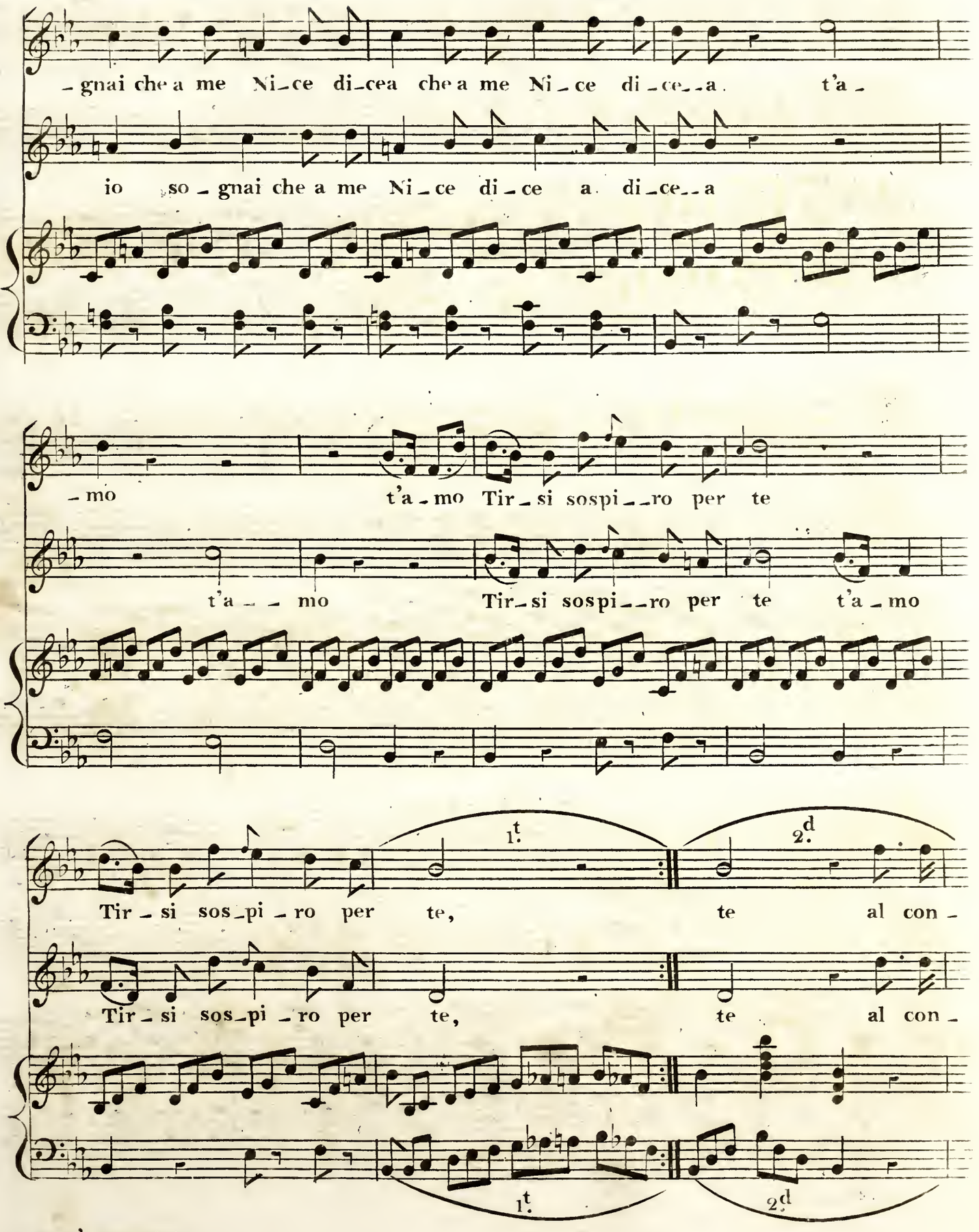
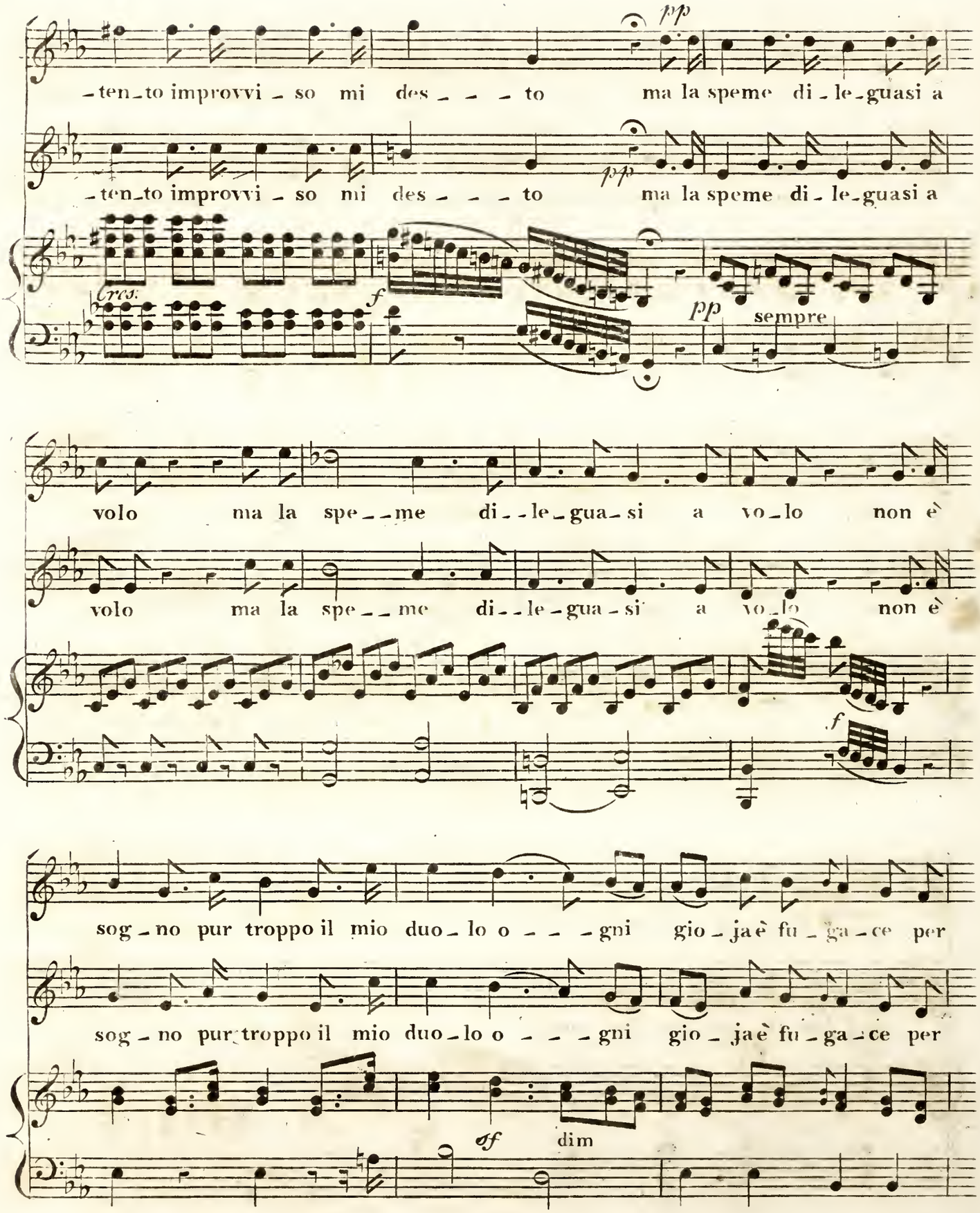
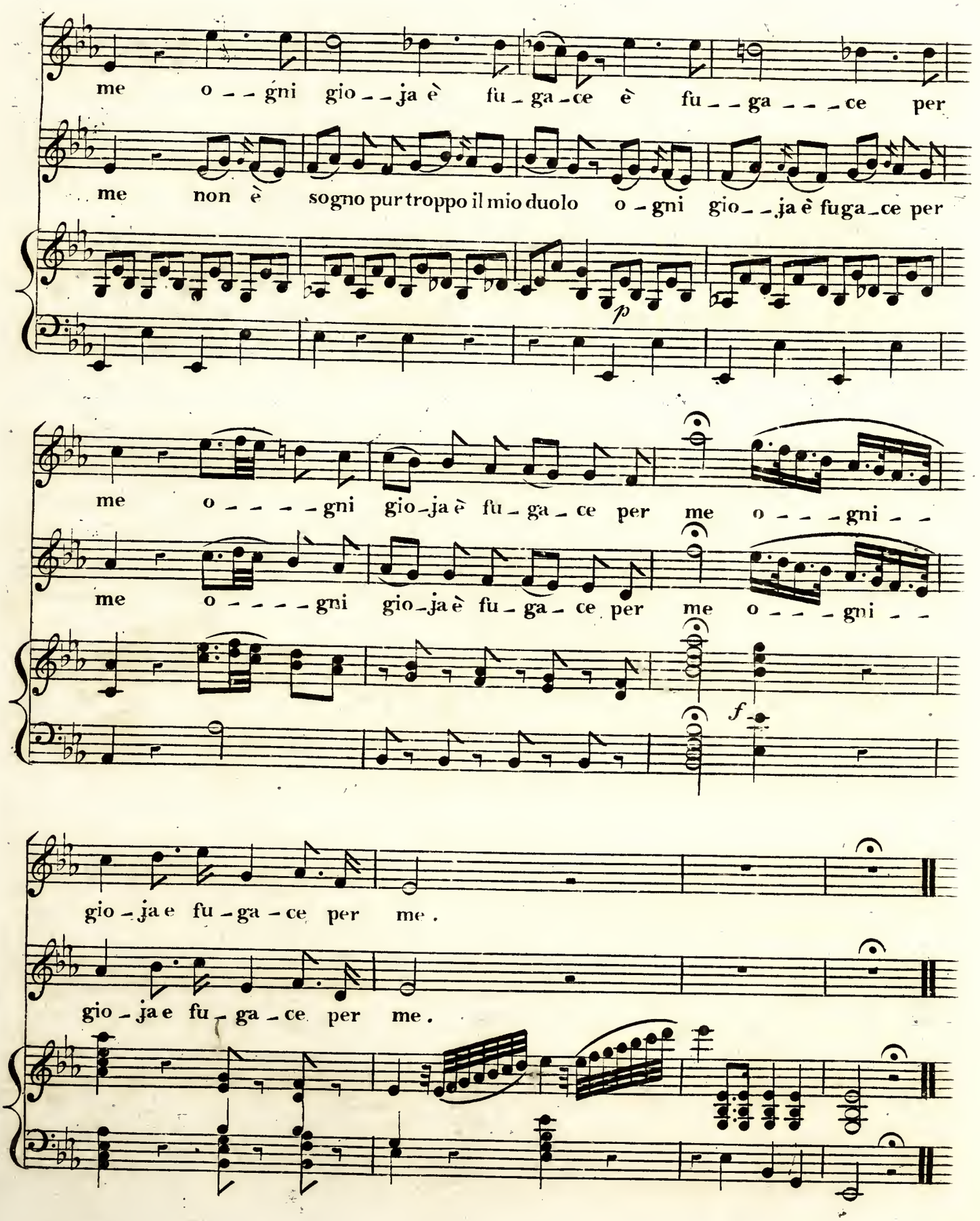



-de-a ne sog-nar mi cre-de-a. che a me Ni-ce pie-to-sa di-
-de-a ne sog-nar mi cre-de-a.
f
p
ce--a che à me Ni-ce pie-to--sa di-ce--a. t'a-mo
che à me Ni-ce pie-to--sa di-ce--a.
Tir-si sospi-ro per te io so-
t'amo Tir--si sos-pi-ro per te.


-gnai che a me Ni-ce di-cea che a me Ni-ce di-ce-a. t'a-
io so-gnai che a me Ni-ce di-ce a di-ce-a
-mo t'a-mo Tir-si sospi--ro per te
t'a--mo Tir-si sospi--ro per te t'a-mo
Tir-si sos-pi-ro per te, te al con-
Tir-si sos-pi-ro per te, te al con-
1.t
2.d
1.t
2.d


-ten-to improvvi-so mi des---to ma la speme di-le-guasi a
pp
-ten-to improvvi-so mi des---to ma la speme di-le-guasi a
pp
Cres.
f
pp
sempre
volo ma la spe--me di--le-gua-si a vo-lo non è
volo ma la spe--me di--le-gua-si a vo-lo non è
f
sog-no pur troppo il mio duo-lo o---gni gio-ja è fu-ga-ce per
sog-no pur troppo il mio duo-lo o---gni gio-ja è fu-ga-ce per
of
dim


me o - - gni gio - - ja è fu - ga - ce è fu - - ga - - - ce per
me non è sogno pur troppo il mio duolo o - gni gio - - ja è fuga - ce per
p
me o - - - - gni gio - ja è fu - ga - ce per me o - - - gni - -
me o - - - - gni gio - ja è fu - ga - ce per me o - - - gni - -
f
gio - ja e fu - ga - ce per me.
gio - ja e fu - ga - ce per me.

Augusta Douglas

17

Nel seggio placido dell'ombre amanti.

PICCOLO NOTTURNO,

In the Opera of

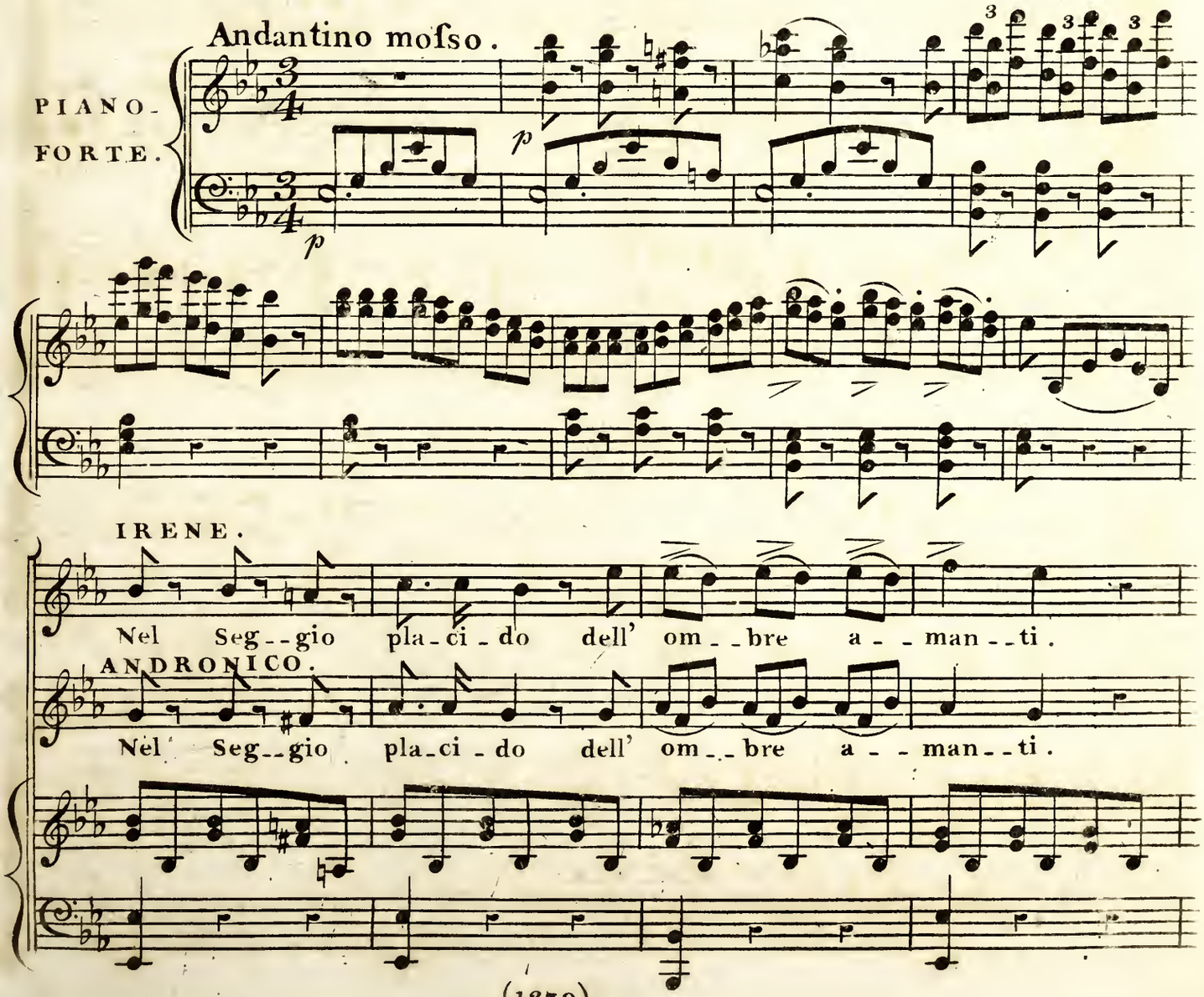
ANDRONICO,

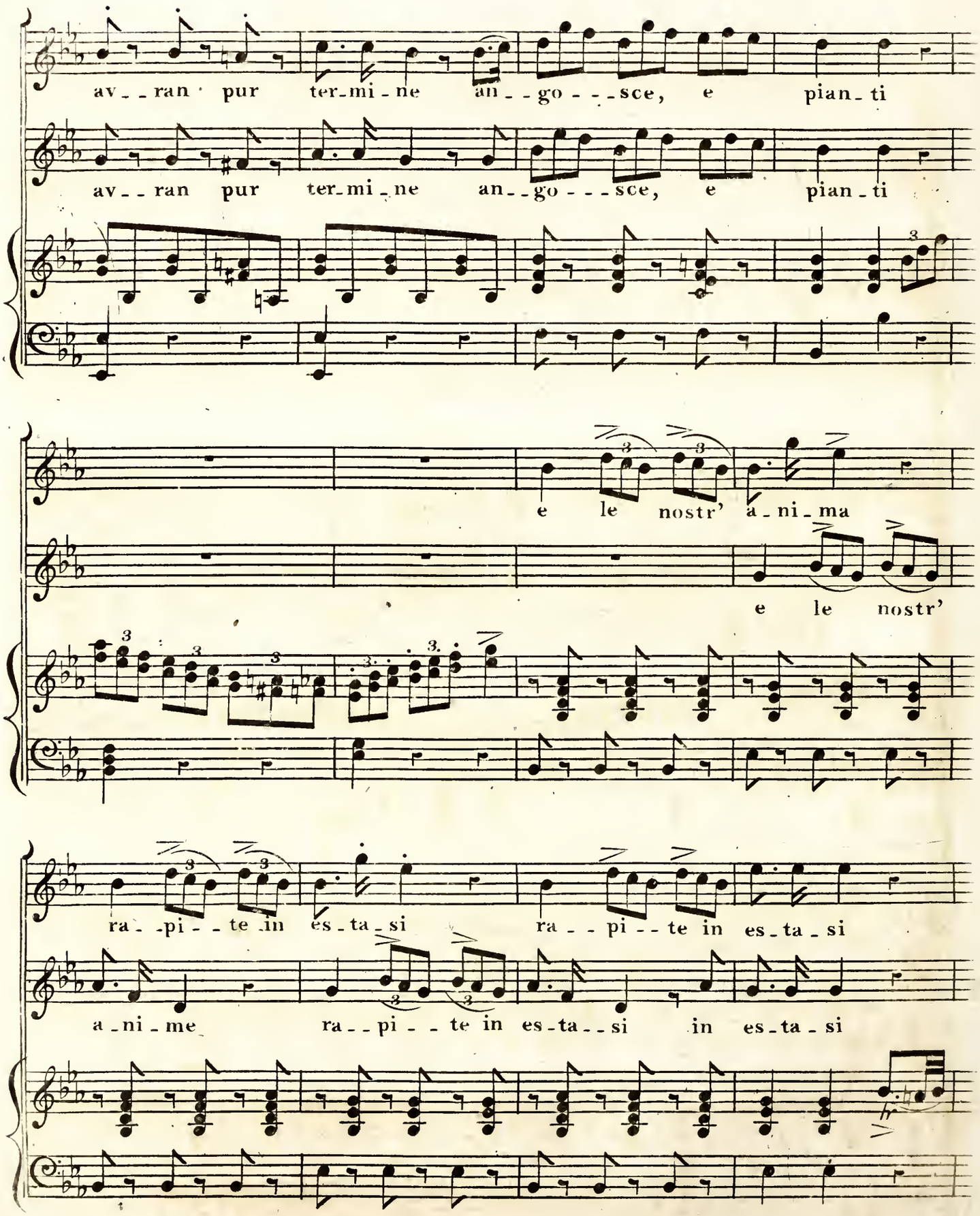
Composed by

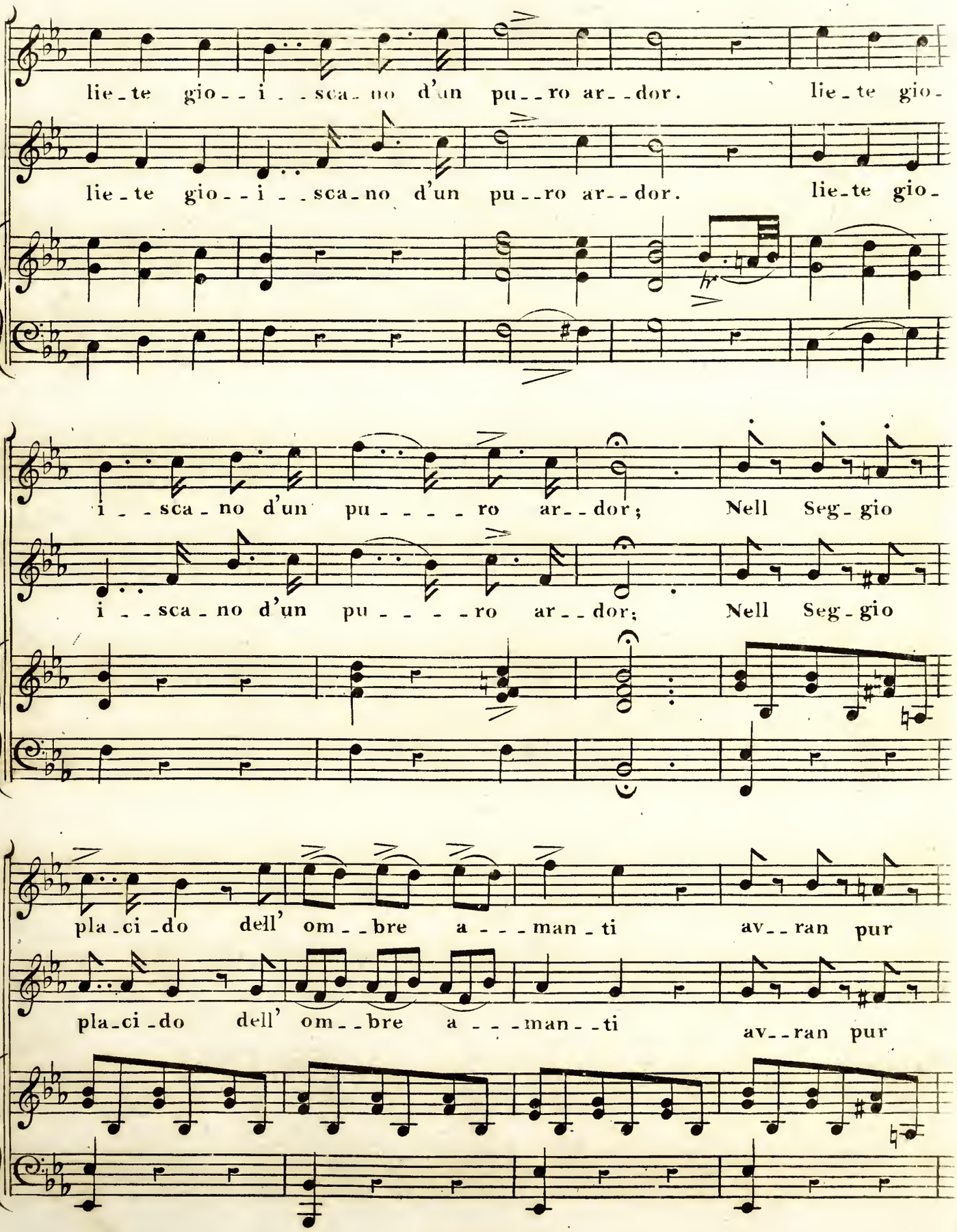
Signor Saverio Mercadante.

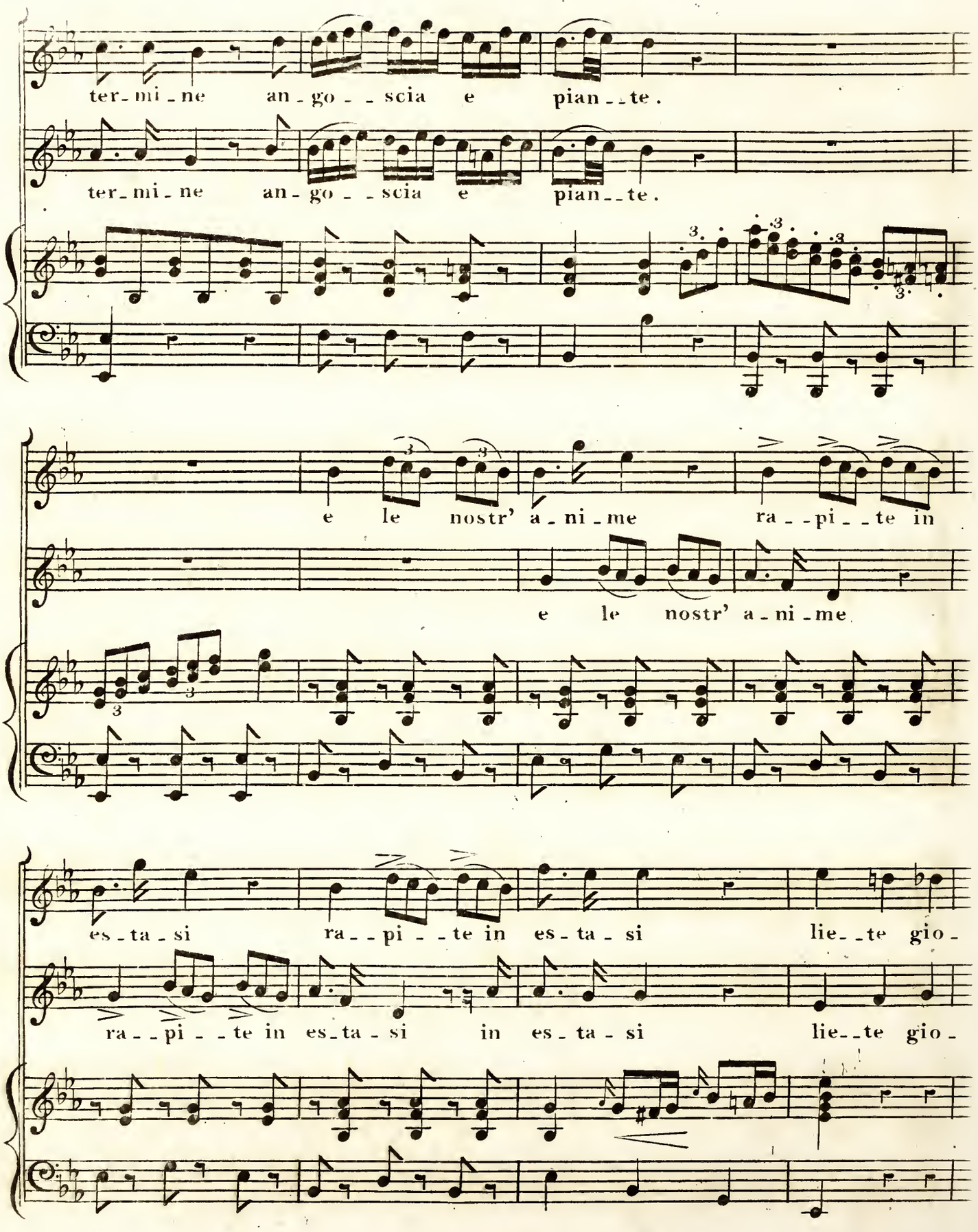
Price 1/6

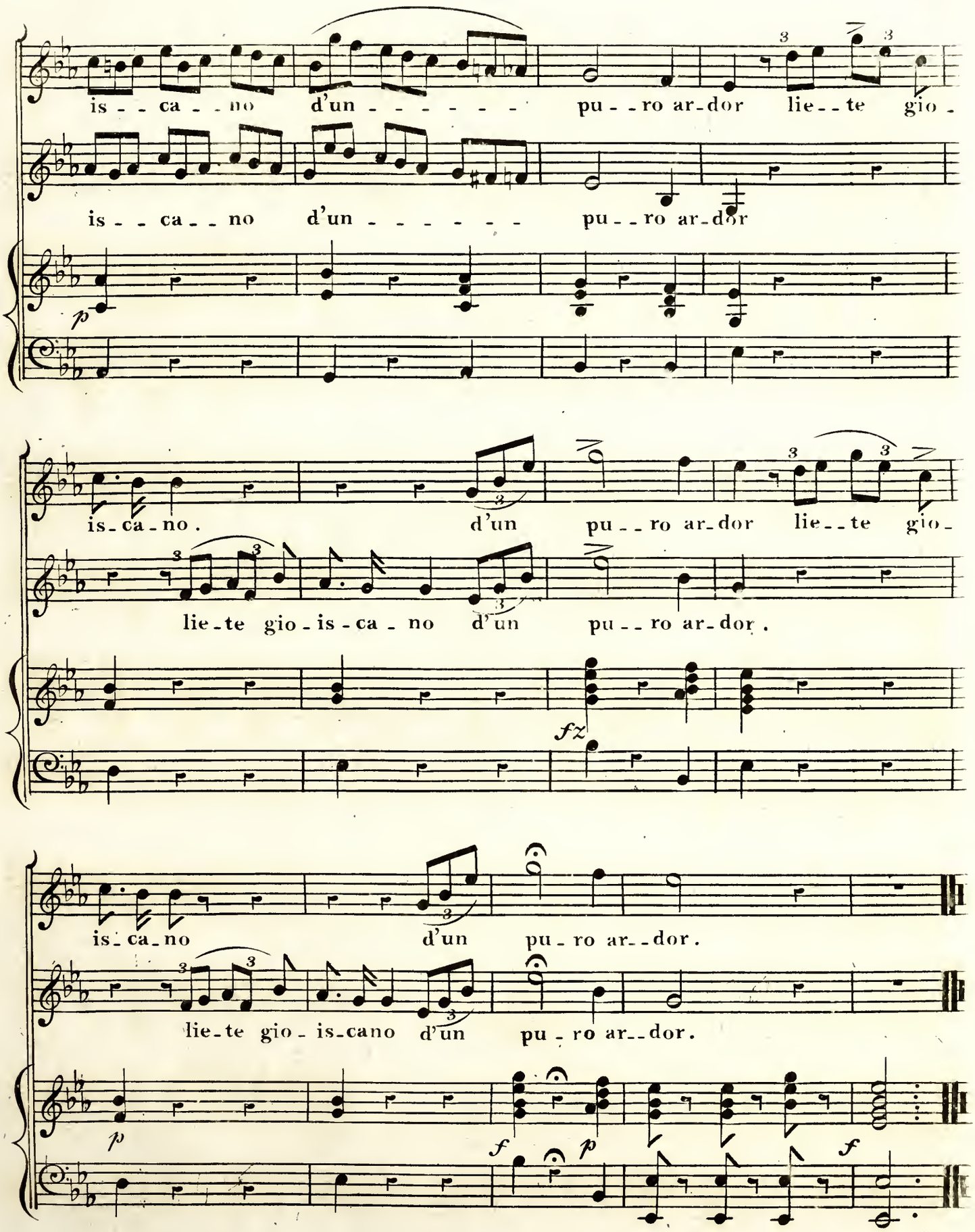
London, Printed & Sold by Birchall & Co. 140 New Bond Street.




av_ran pur ter_mi_ne an_go_sce, e pian_ti
av_ran pur ter_mi_ne an_go_sce, e pian_ti
e le nostr' a_ni_ma
e le nostr'
ra_pi_te in es_ta_si
ra_pi_te in es_ta_si
a_ni_me ra_pi_te in es_ta_si in es_ta_si


lie_te gio__i__sca_no d'un pu__ro ar__dor. lie_te gio_
lie_te gio__i__sca_no d'un pu__ro ar__dor. lie_te gio_
i__sca_no d'un pu_____ro ar__dor; Nell Seg_gio
i__sca_no d'un pu_____ro ar__dor; Nell Seg_gio
pla_ci_do dell' om__bre a___man_ti av__ran pur
pla_ci_do dell' om__bre a___man__ti av__ran pur


ter-mi-ne an-go--scia e pian--te.
ter-mi-ne an-go--scia e pian--te.
e le nostr' a-ni-me ra--pi--te in
e le nostr' a-ni-me
es-ta-si ra--pi--te in es-ta-si lie--te gio-
ra--pi--te in es-ta-si in es-ta-si lie--te gio-


is - - ca - - no d'un - - - - - - - pu - - ro ar - dor lie - - te gio -
is - - ca - - no d'un - - - - - - - pu - - ro ar - dor
p
is - ca - no. d'un pu - - ro ar - dor lie - - te gio -
lie - te gio - is - ca - no d'un pu - - ro ar - dor.
fz
is - ca - no d'un pu - ro ar - - dor.
lie - te gio - is - cano d'un pu - ro ar - - dor.
p
f
p
f

Dunque il mio bene.

DUETTO.

In the Opera of

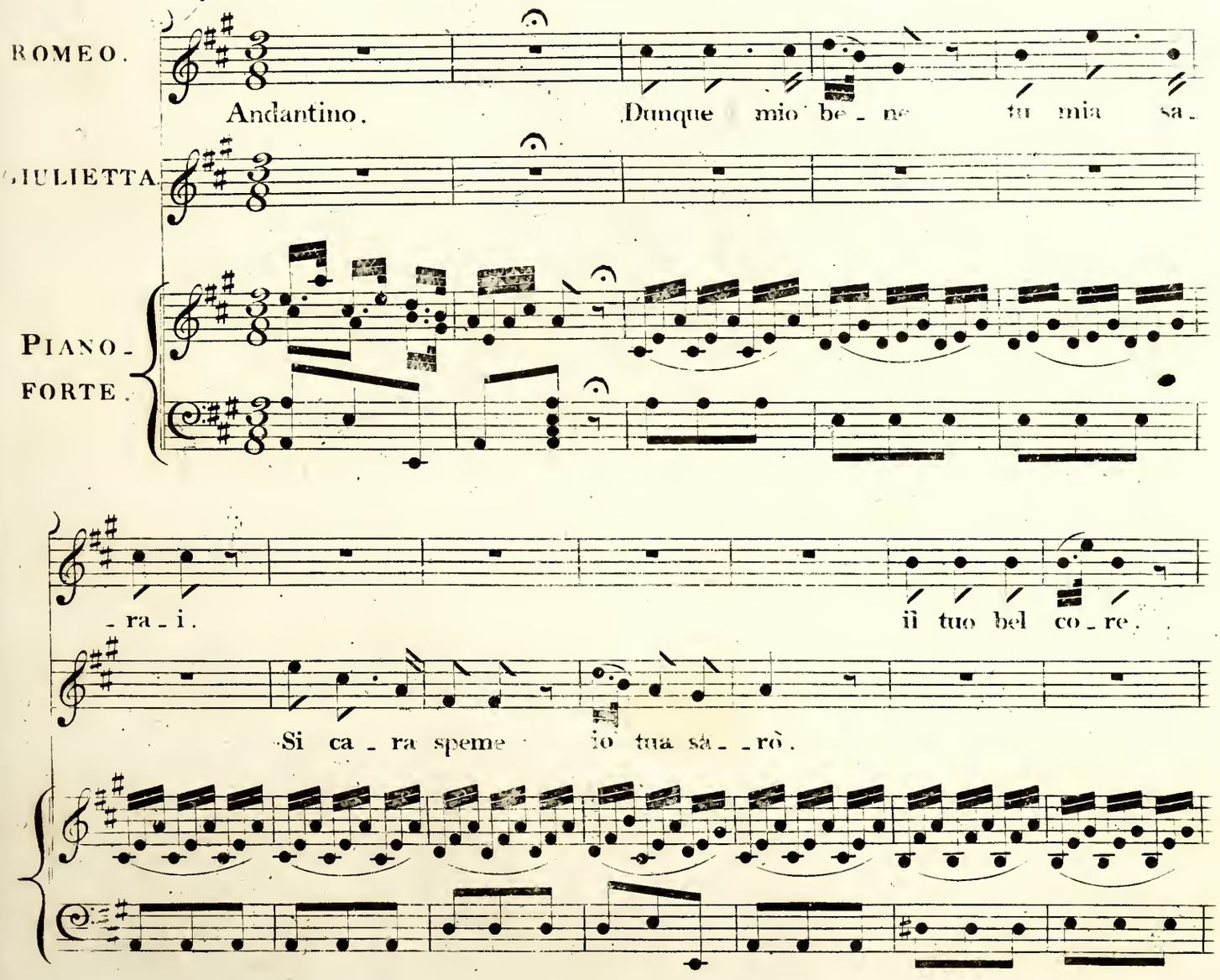
ROMEO E GIULIETTA,

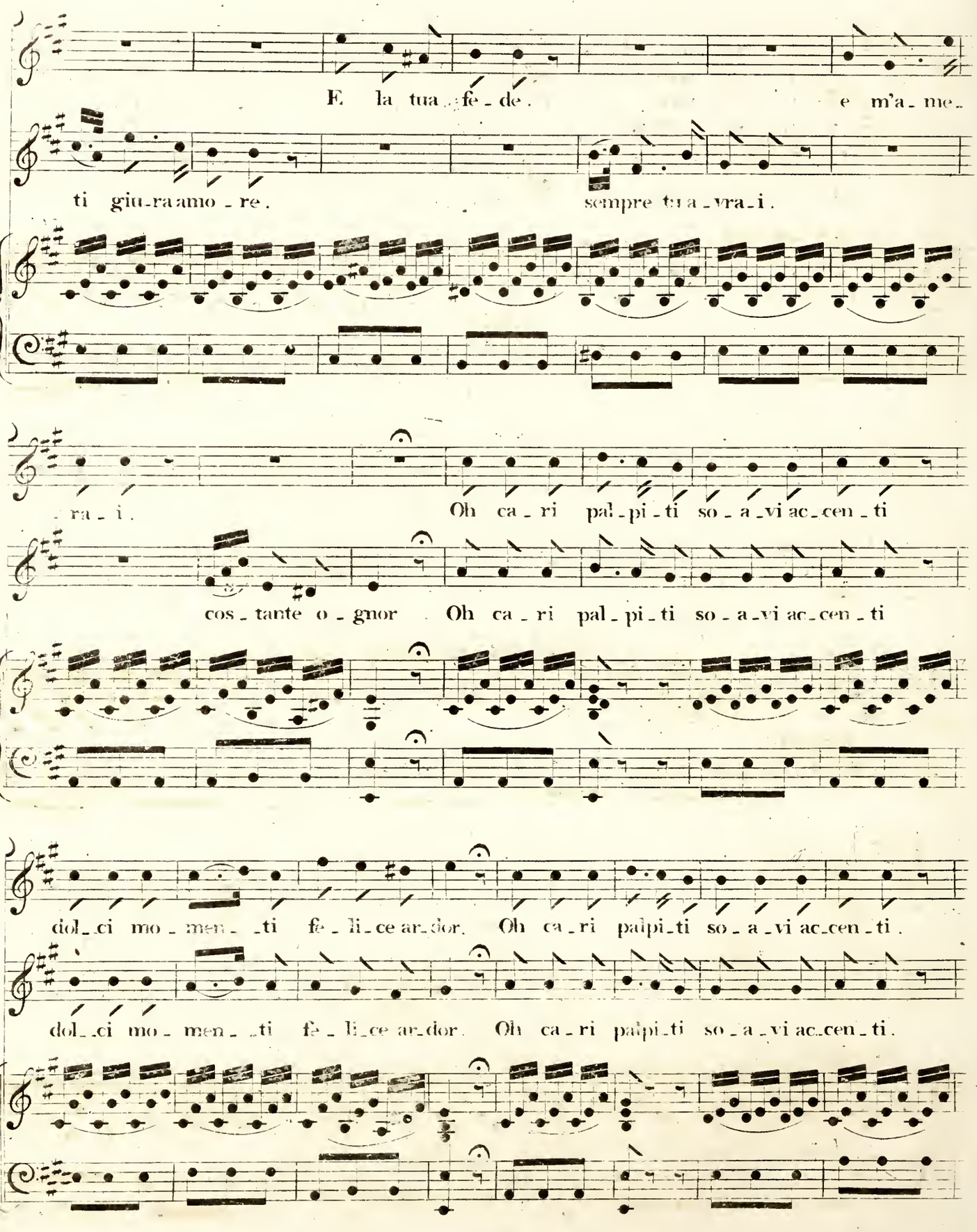
Composed by

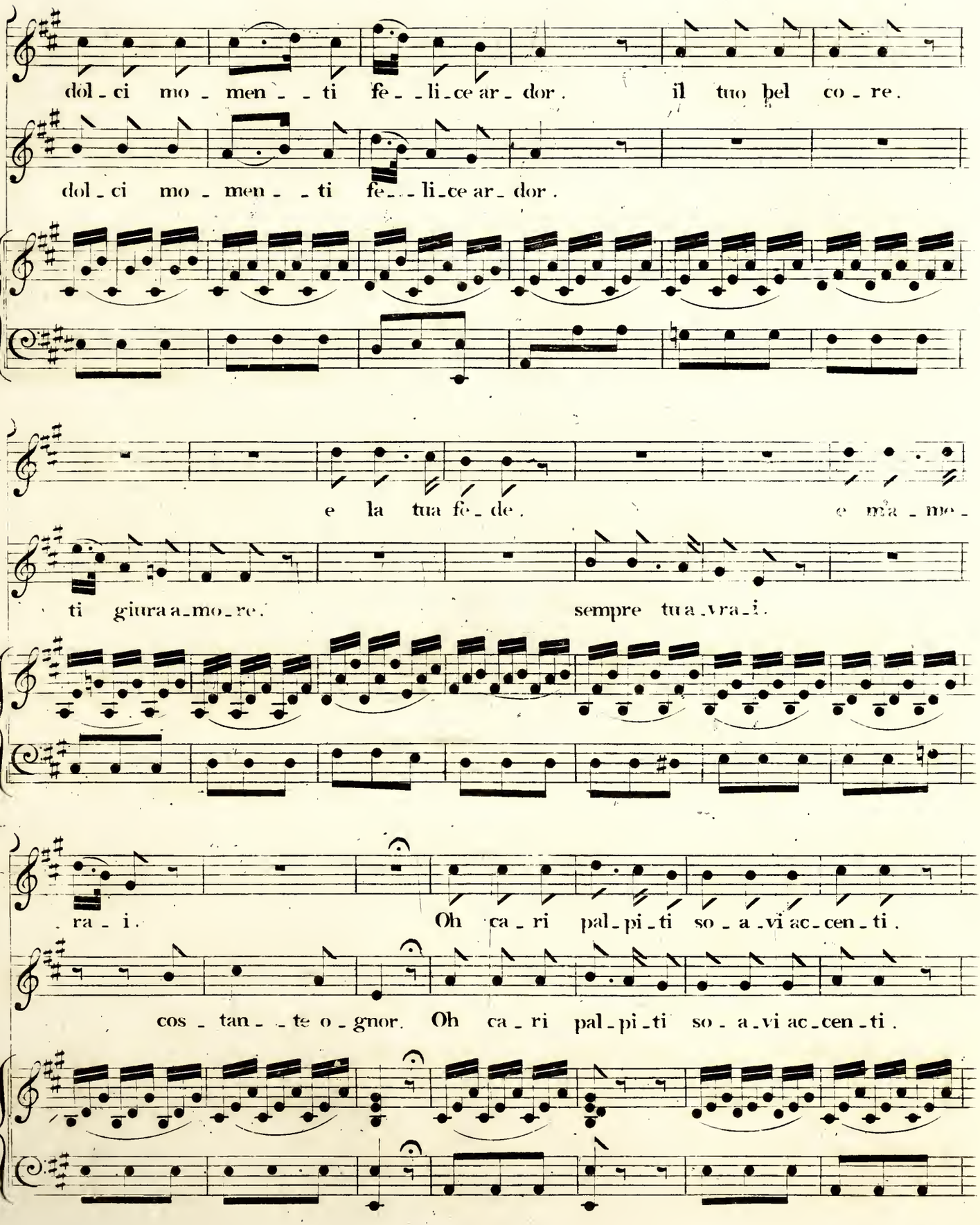
Signor Zingarelli.

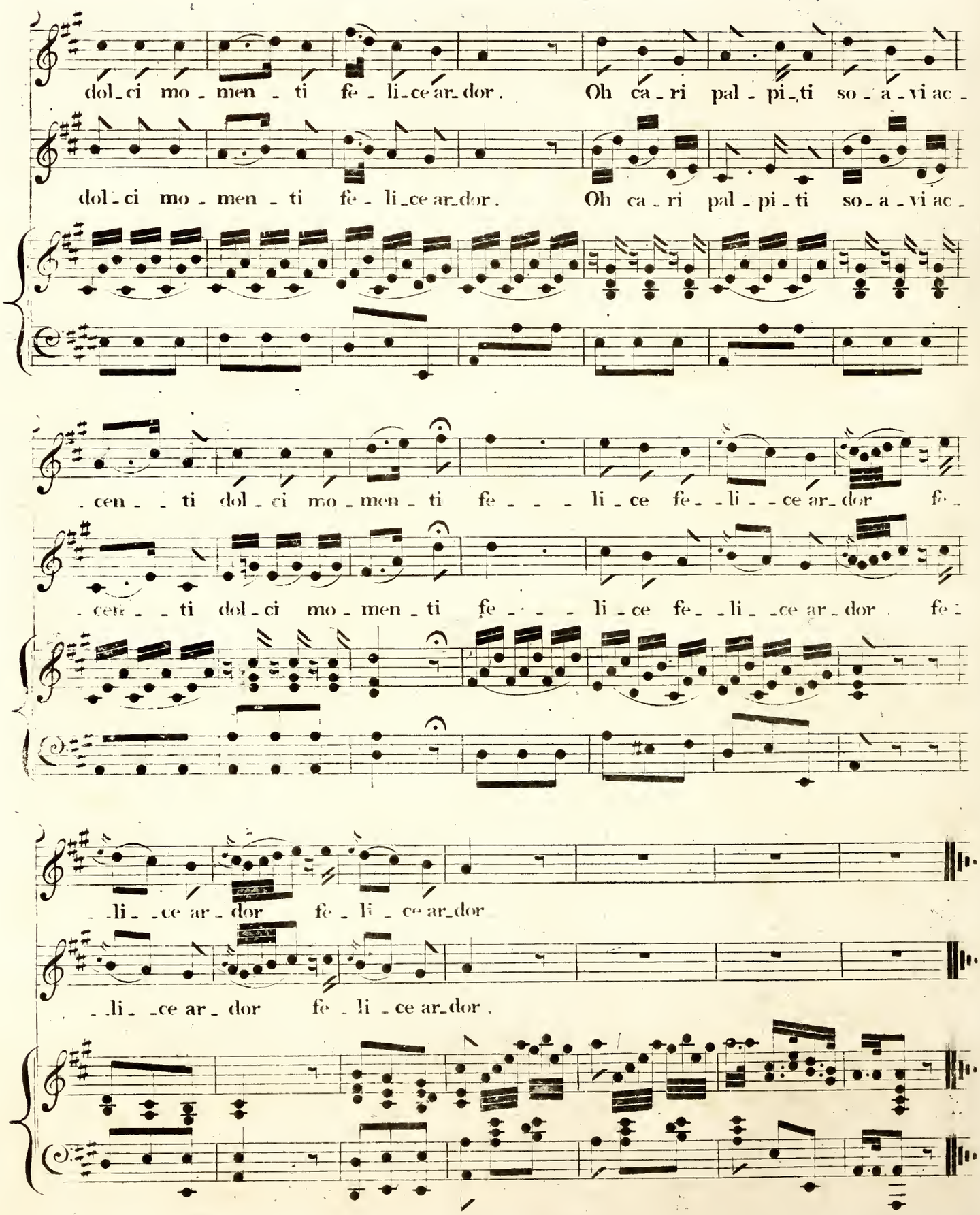
Price 1s

London, Printed & Sold by Birchall & Co.140, New Bond Street.




E la tua fè - de. e m'a - me -
ti giu - ra amo - re. sempre tu a - vra - i.
- ra - i. Oh ca - ri pal - pi - ti so - a - vi ac - cen - ti
cos - tante o - gnor Oh ca - ri pal - pi - ti so - a - vi ac - cen - ti
dol - ci mo - men - ti fe - li - ce ar - dor. Oh ca - ri palpi - ti so - a - vi ac - cen - ti.
dol - ci mo - men - ti fe - li - ce ar - dor. Oh ca - ri palpi - ti so - a - vi ac - cen - ti.


dol_ci mo_men__ti fe__li_ce ar_dor. il tuo bel co_re.
dol_ci mo_men__ti fe__li_ce ar_dor.
e la tua fe_de. e ma_me_
ti giura a_mo_re. sempre tua_vra_i.
_ra_i. Oh ca_ri pal_pi_ti so_a_vi ac_cen_ti.
cos_tan__te o_gnor. Oh ca_ri pal_pi_ti so_a_vi ac_cen_ti.


dol_ci mo_men_ti fe_li_ce ar_dor. Oh ca_ri pal_pi_ti so_a_vi ac_
dol_ci mo_men_ti fe_li_ce ar_dor. Oh ca_ri pal_pi_ti so_a_vi ac_
_cen_ti dol_ci mo_men_ti fe_li_ce fe_li_ce ar_dor fe_
_cen_ti dol_ci mo_men_ti fe_li_ce fe_li_ce ar_dor fe_
_li_ce ar_dor fe_li_ce ar_dor
_li_ce ar_dor fe_li_ce ar_dor.

Amore vi chiedo.

DUETTO,

As sung by Sig.ra Collini & Sig.r Naldi,

in the favorite Opera of

TERESA E CLAUDIO,

Composed by

Sig.r Giuseppe Farinelli.

Price 2/-

London, Printed for R.t Birchall 140 New Bond Street.

Amoroso.

CLAUDIO.

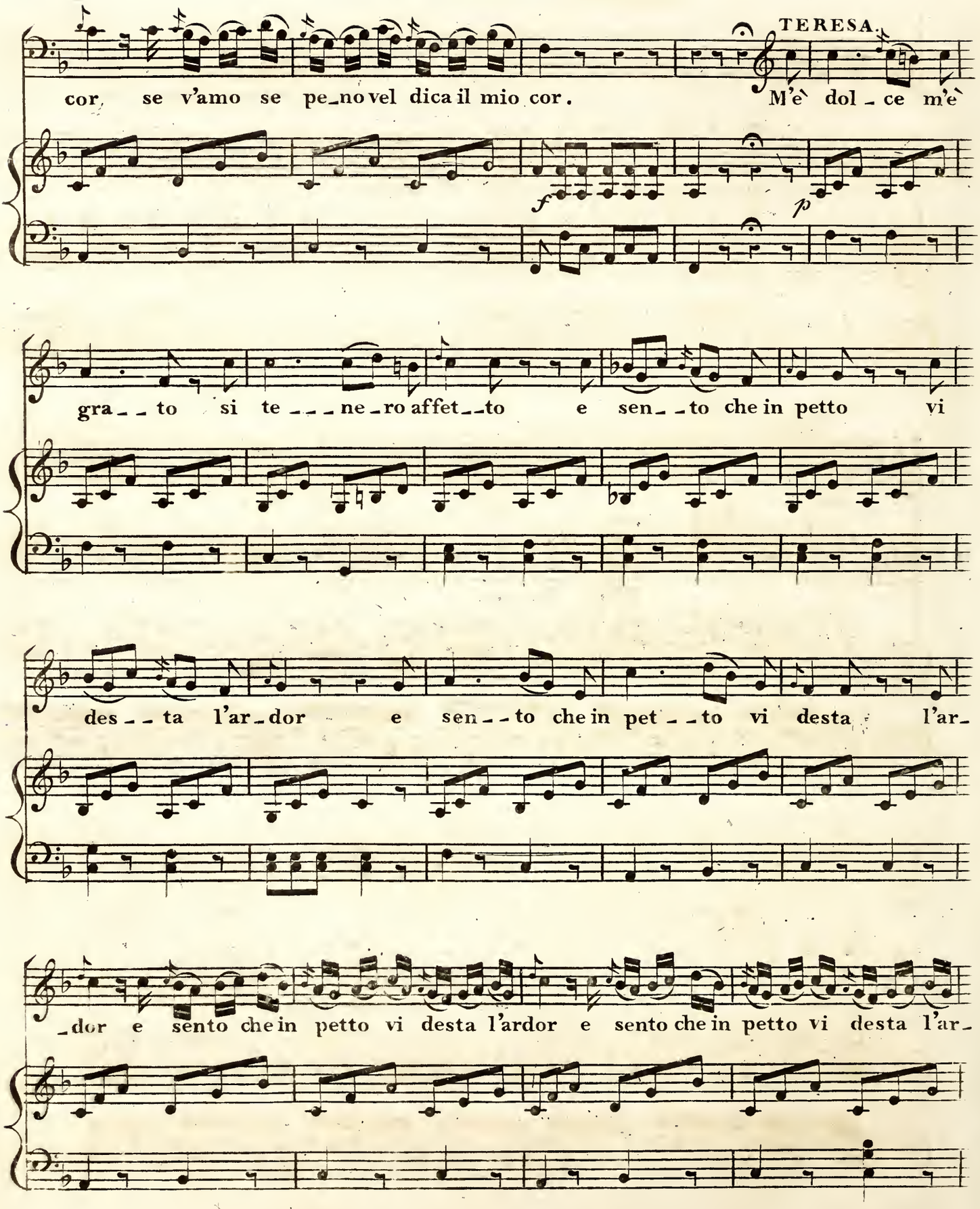
A_mo__re vi chiedo mia

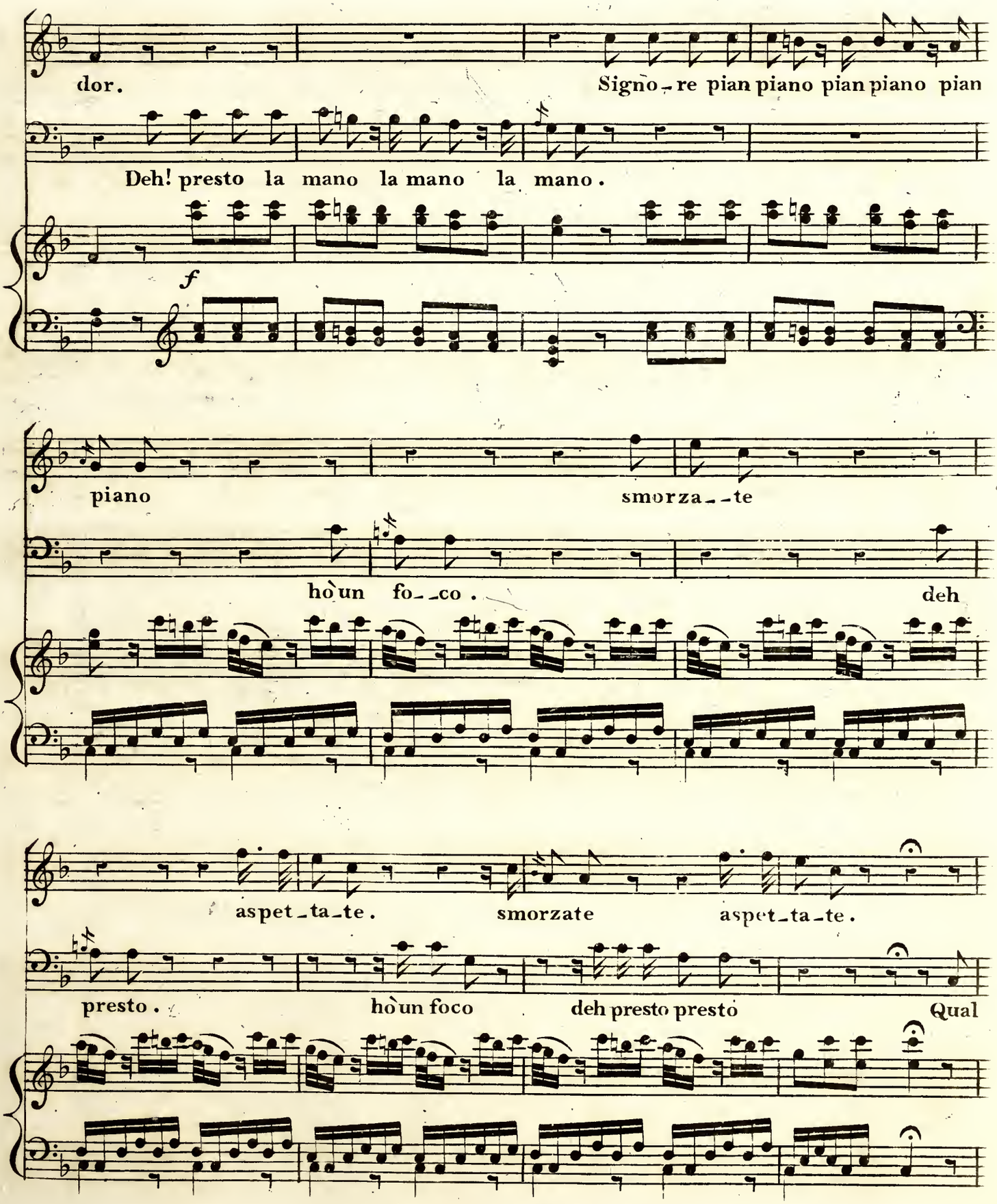
Piano Forte

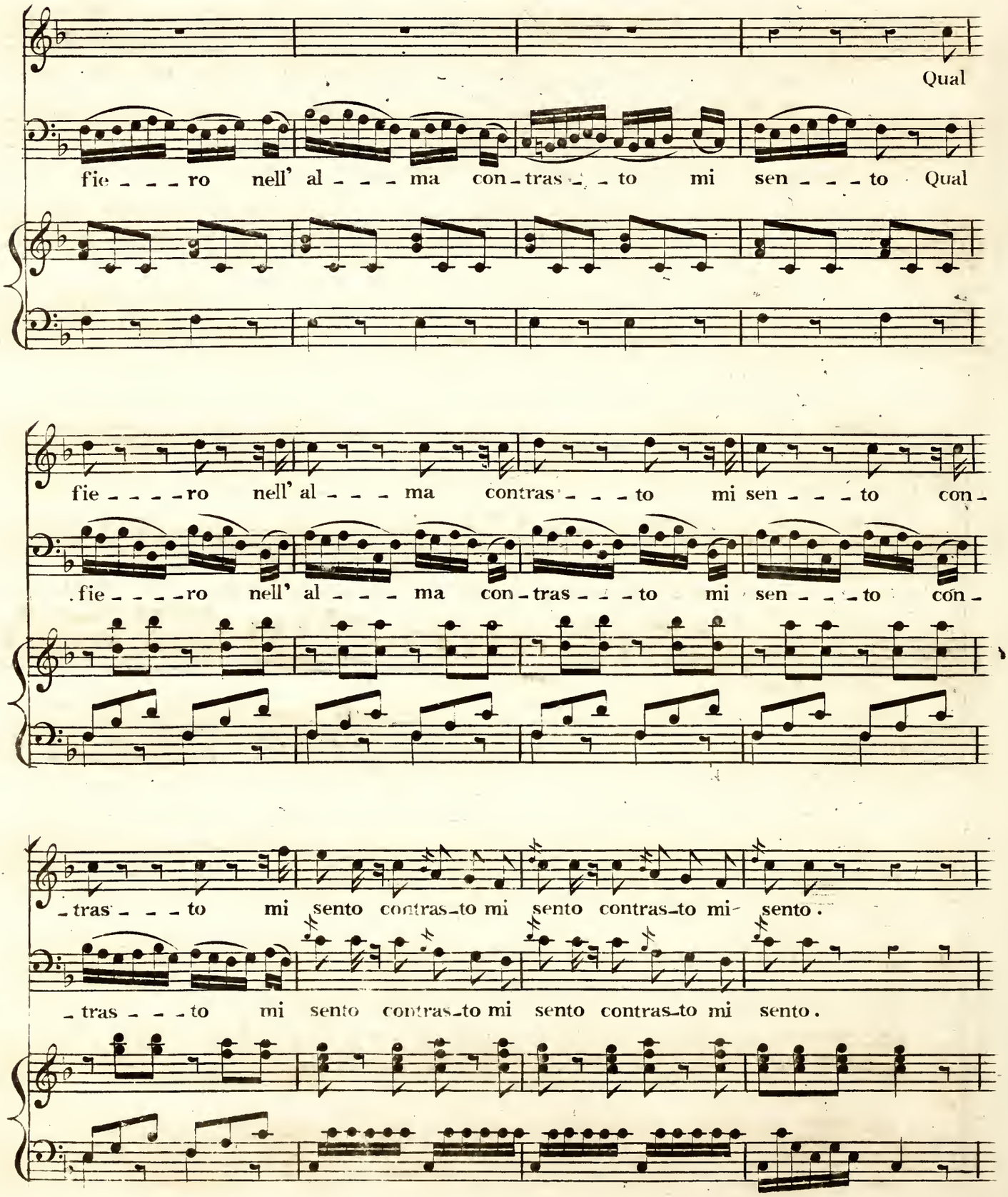
p

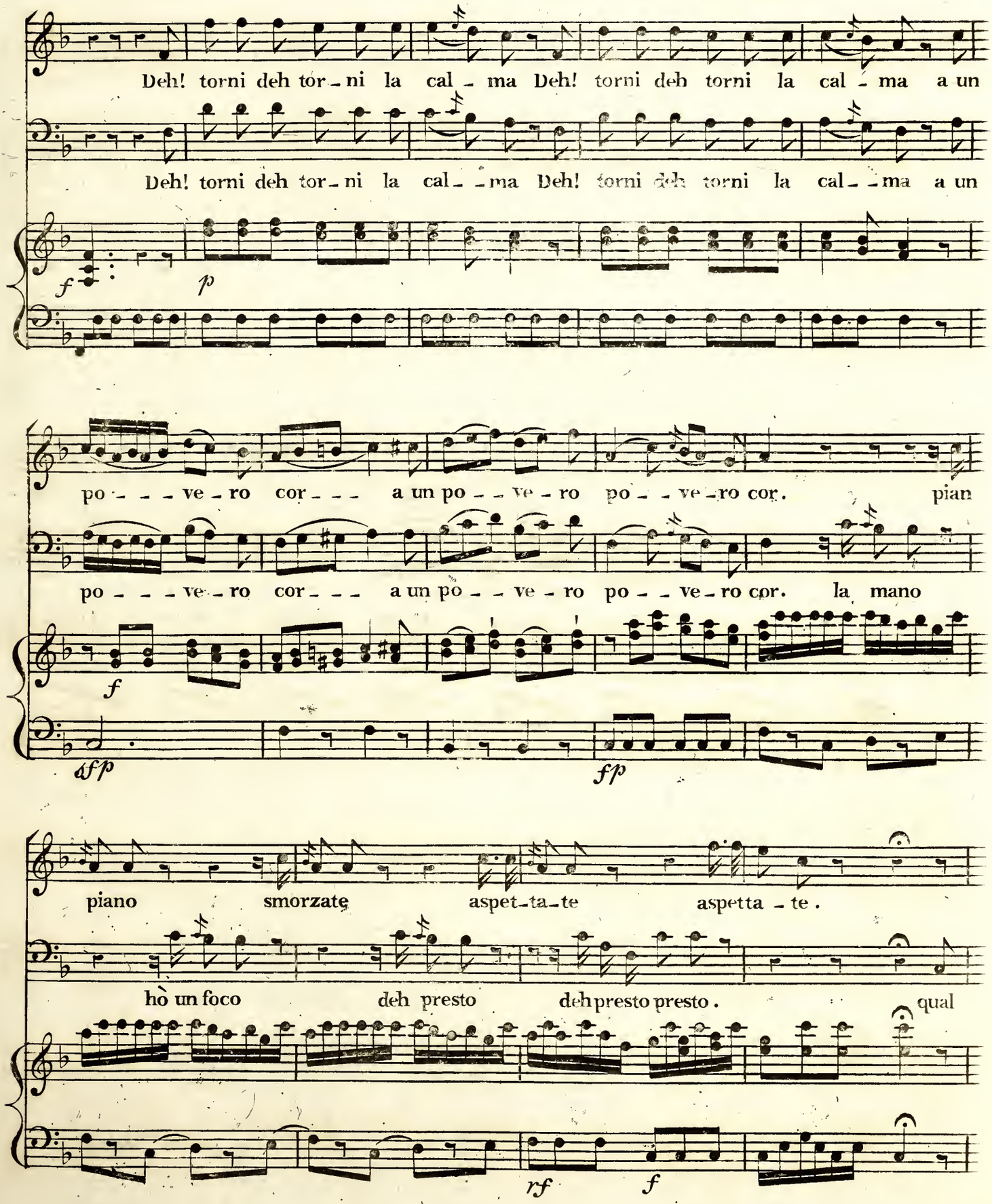
spo_sa vi bramo se pe__no se v'amo vel di__ca il mio cor. se

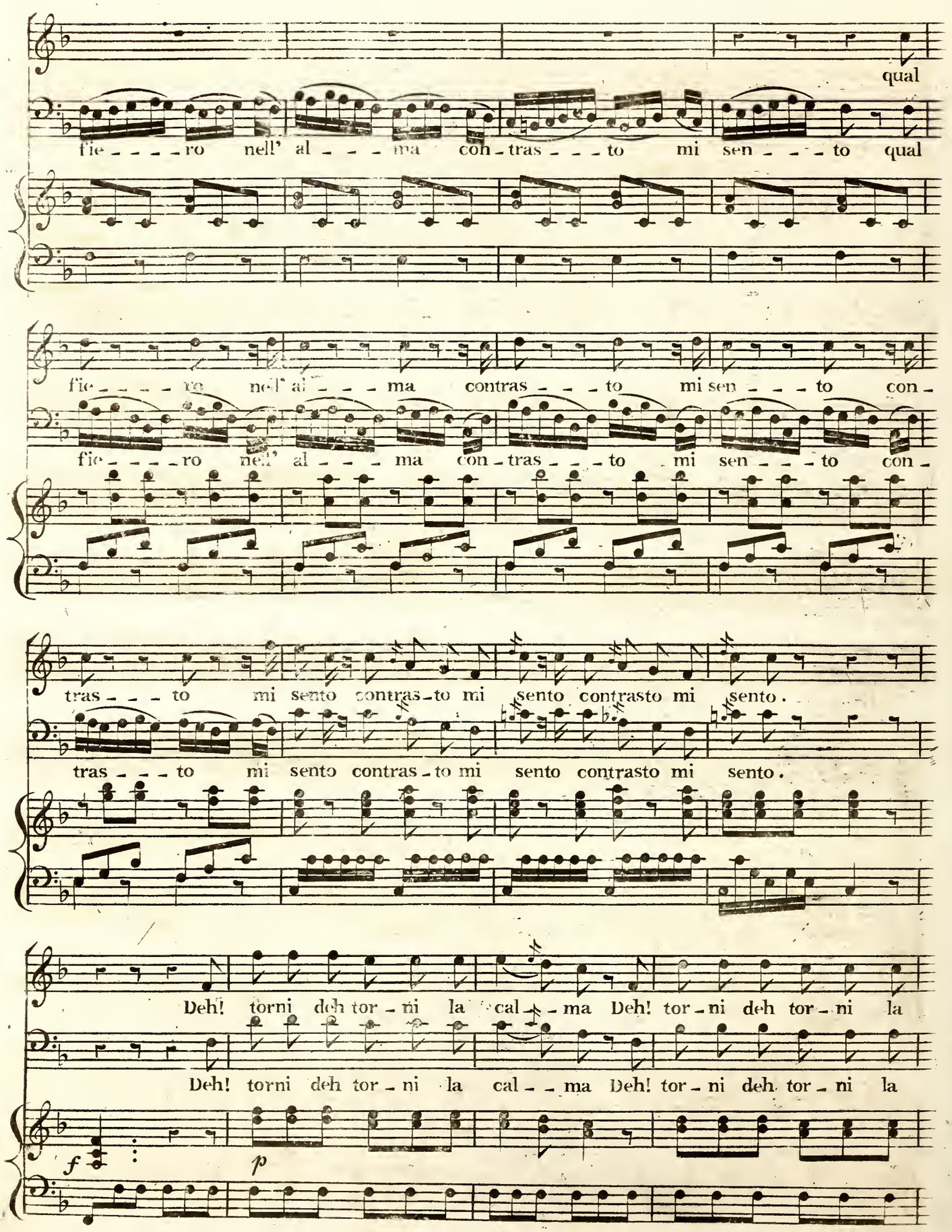
pe__no se v'a__mo vel dica il mio cor se v'amo se peno vel dica il mio

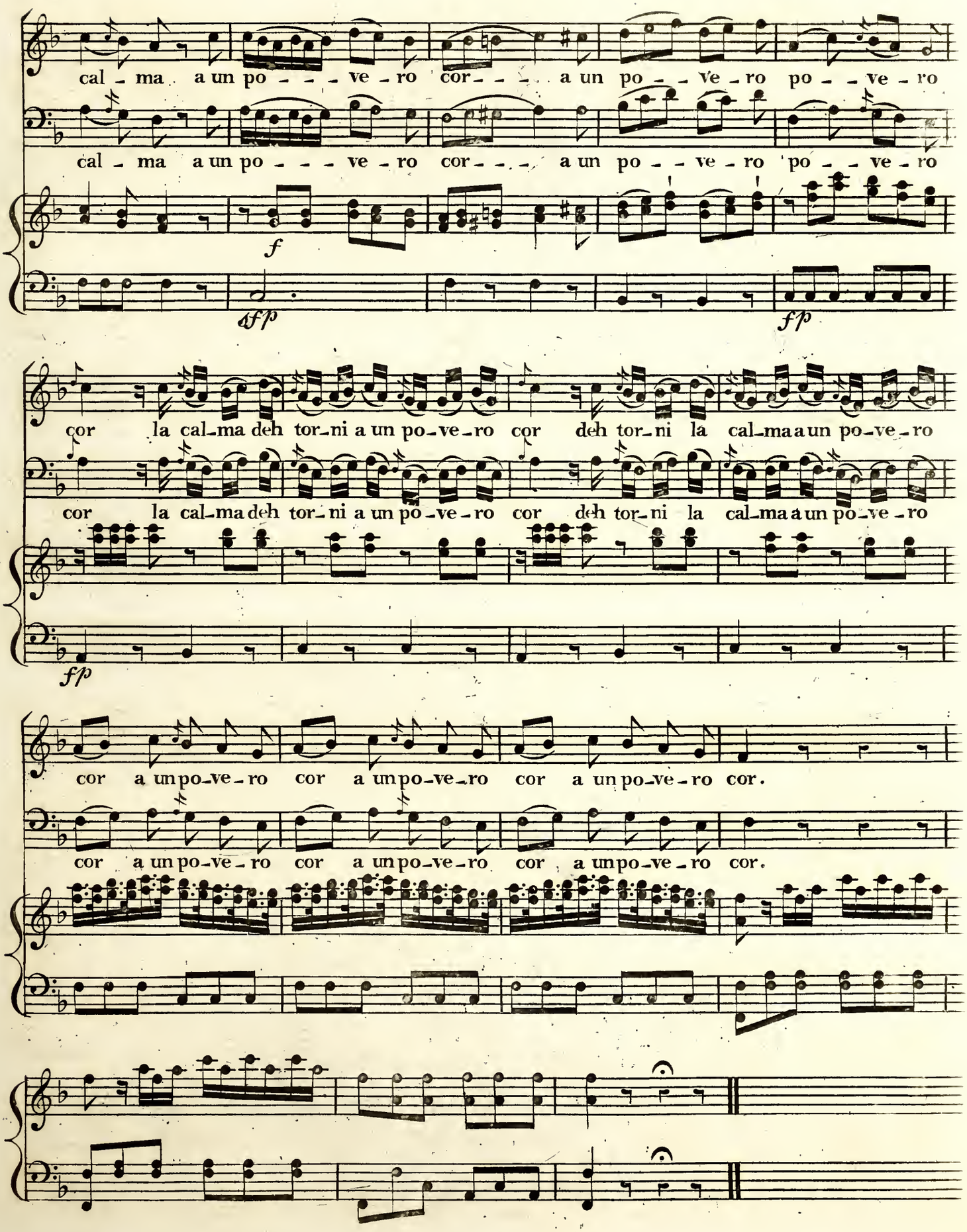

TERESA.
cor, se v'amo se pe_no vel dica il mio cor. M'è dol_ce m'è
f p
gra__to si te___ne_ro affet__to e sen__to che in petto vi
des__ta l'ar_dor e sen__to che in pet__to vi desta l'ar_
dor e sento che in petto vi desta l'ardor e sento che in petto vi desta l'ar


dor.
Signo_re pian piano pian piano pian
Deh! presto la mano la mano la mano.
f
piano
smorza__te
ho un fo__co.
deh
aspet_ta_te.
smorzate
aspet_ta_te.
presto.
ho un foco
deh presto presto
Qual


Qual
fie - - - ro nell' al - - - ma con - tras - - to mi sen - - - to Qual
fie - - - - ro nell' al - - - ma contras - - - to mi sen - - - to con -
fie - - - - ro nell' al - - - ma con - tras - - - to mi sen - - - to con -
- tras - - - to mi sento contras - to mi sento contras - to mi - sento.
- tras - - - to mi sento contras - to mi sento contras - to mi sento.


Deh! torni deh tor - ni la cal - ma Deh! torni deh torni la cal - ma a un
Deh! torni deh tor - ni la cal - ma Deh! torni deh torni la cal - ma a un
f
p
po - - - ve - ro cor - - - a un po - - ve - ro po - - ve - ro cor. pian
po - - - ve - ro cor - - - a un po - - ve - ro po - - ve - ro cor. la mano
f
sfp
fp
piano smorzate aspet - ta - te aspetta - te.
hò un foco deh presto deh presto presto. qual
rf
f


qual
fie - - - - ro nell' al - - - ma con - tras - - - to mi sen - - - to qual
fie - - - - ro nell' al - - - ma contras - - - to mi sen - - - to con -
fie - - - - ro nell' al - - - ma con - tras - - - to mi sen - - - to con -
tras - - - to mi sento contras - to mi sento contrasto mi sento.
tras - - - to mi sento contras - to mi sento contrasto mi sento.
Deh! torni deh tor - ni la cal - - ma Deh! tor - ni deh tor - ni la
Deh! torni deh tor - ni la cal - - ma Deh! tor - ni deh tor - ni la
f
p


cal - ma a un po - - - ve - ro cor - - - a un po - - ve - ro po - - ve - ro
cal - ma a un po - - - ve - ro cor - - - a un po - - ve - ro po - - ve - ro
f
sfp
fp
cor la cal-ma deh tor-ni a un po-ve-ro cor deh tor-ni la cal-maa un po-ve-ro
cor la cal-ma deh tor-ni a un po-ve-ro cor deh tor-ni la cal-maa un po-ve-ro
fp
cor a un po-ve-ro cor a un po-ve-ro cor a un po-ve-ro cor.
cor a un po-ve-ro cor a un po-ve-ro cor a un po-ve-ro cor.

Occhietto furbetto che cosa m'hai detto

DUETTO,

In the Opera of

L'ARBORE DI DIANA,

Introduced also in the Opera of

La Villanella Rapita.

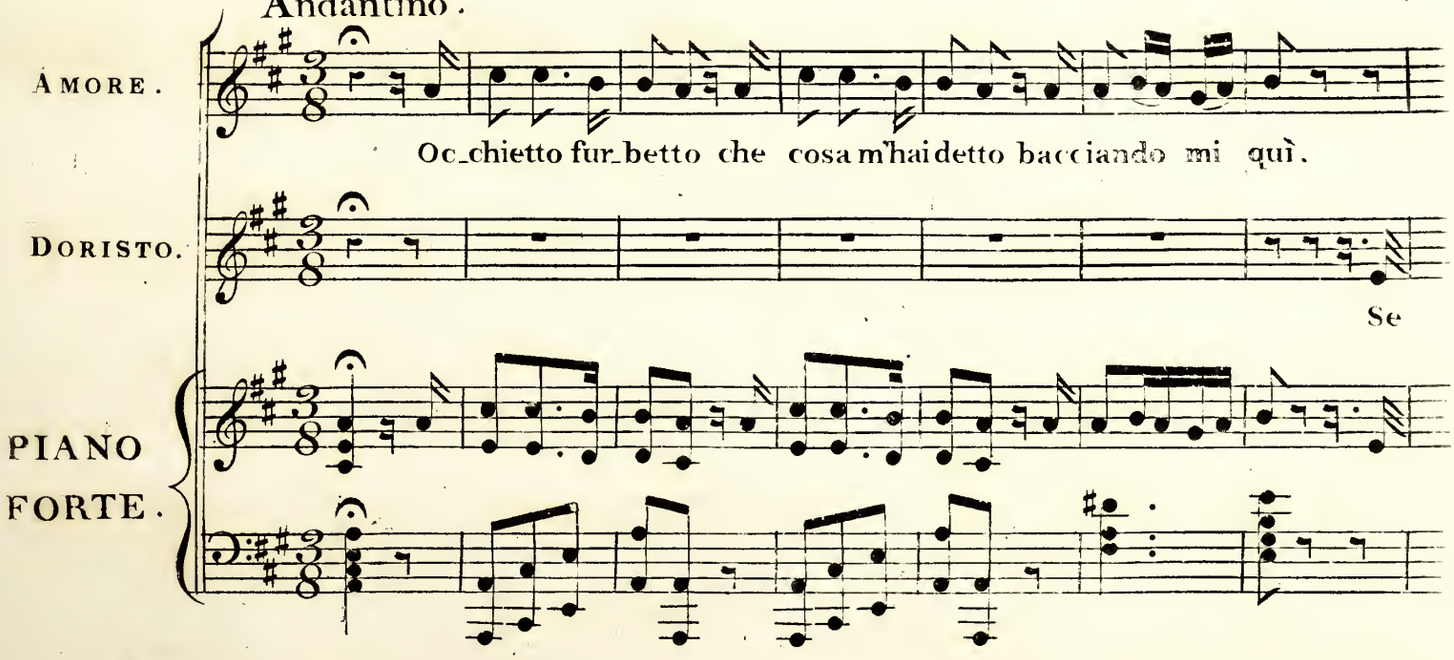
COMPOSED BY

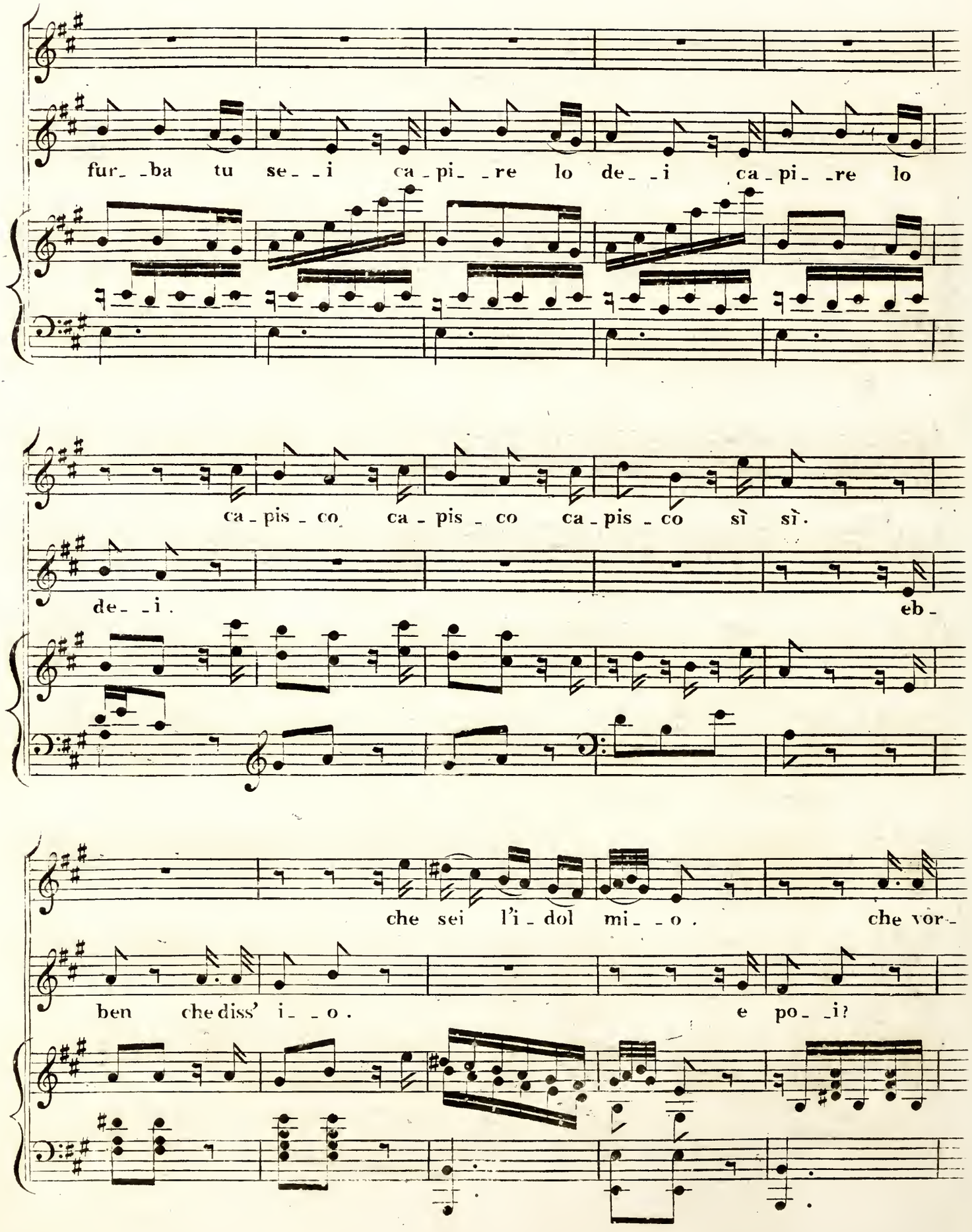
Vincenzo Martini.

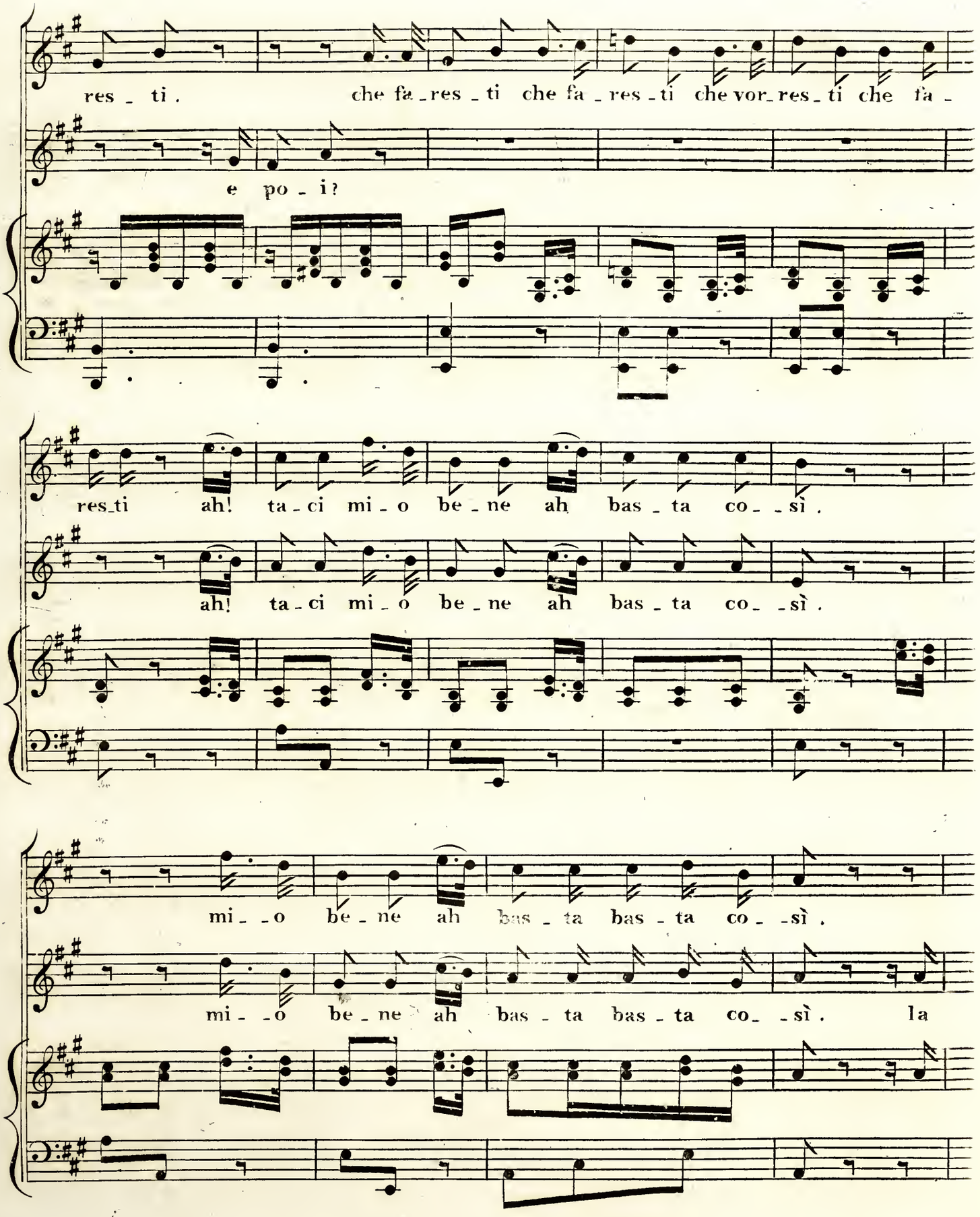
Price 2/.

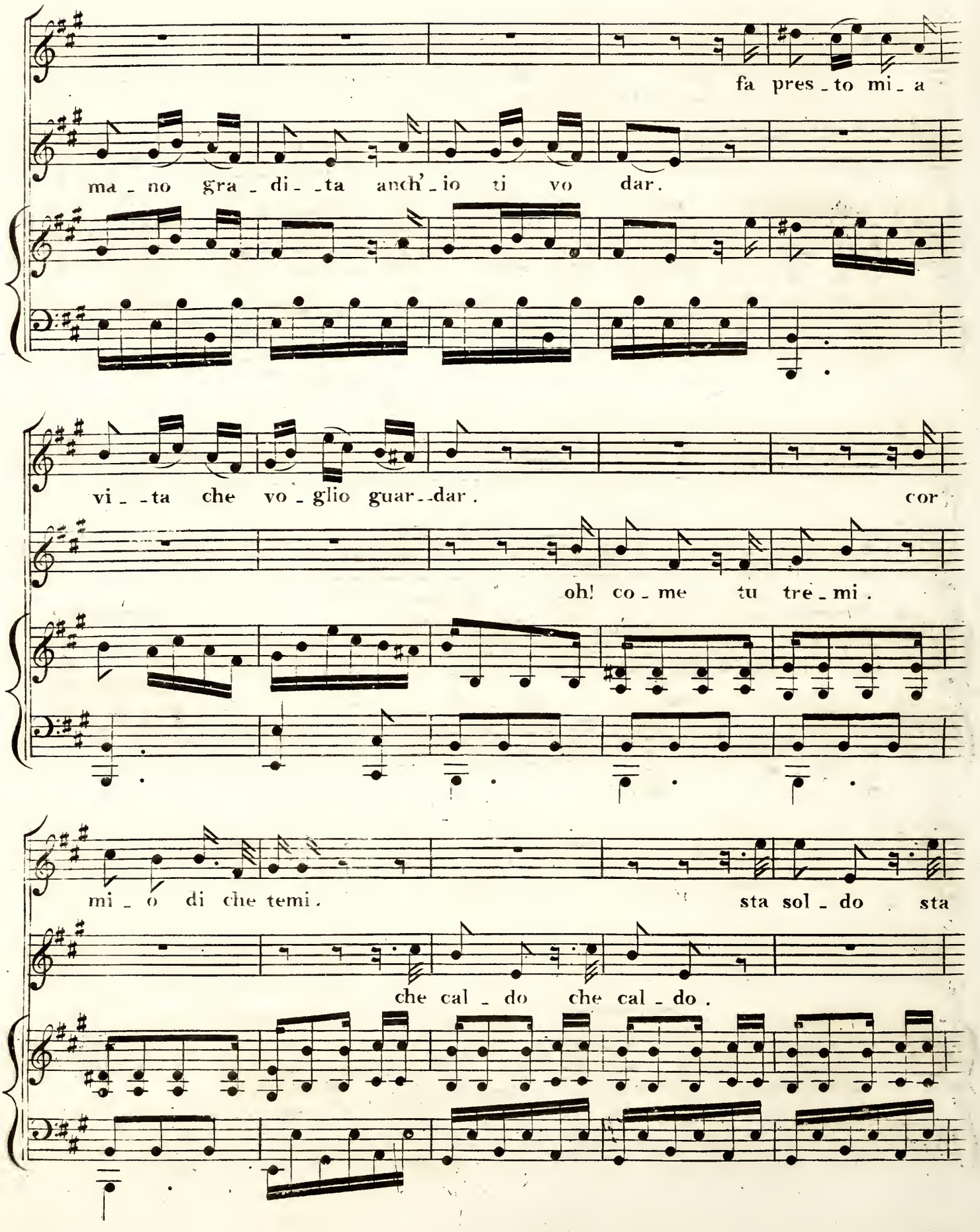
London, Printed & Sold by Mess.rs Birchall & Co. 140, New Bond Street.

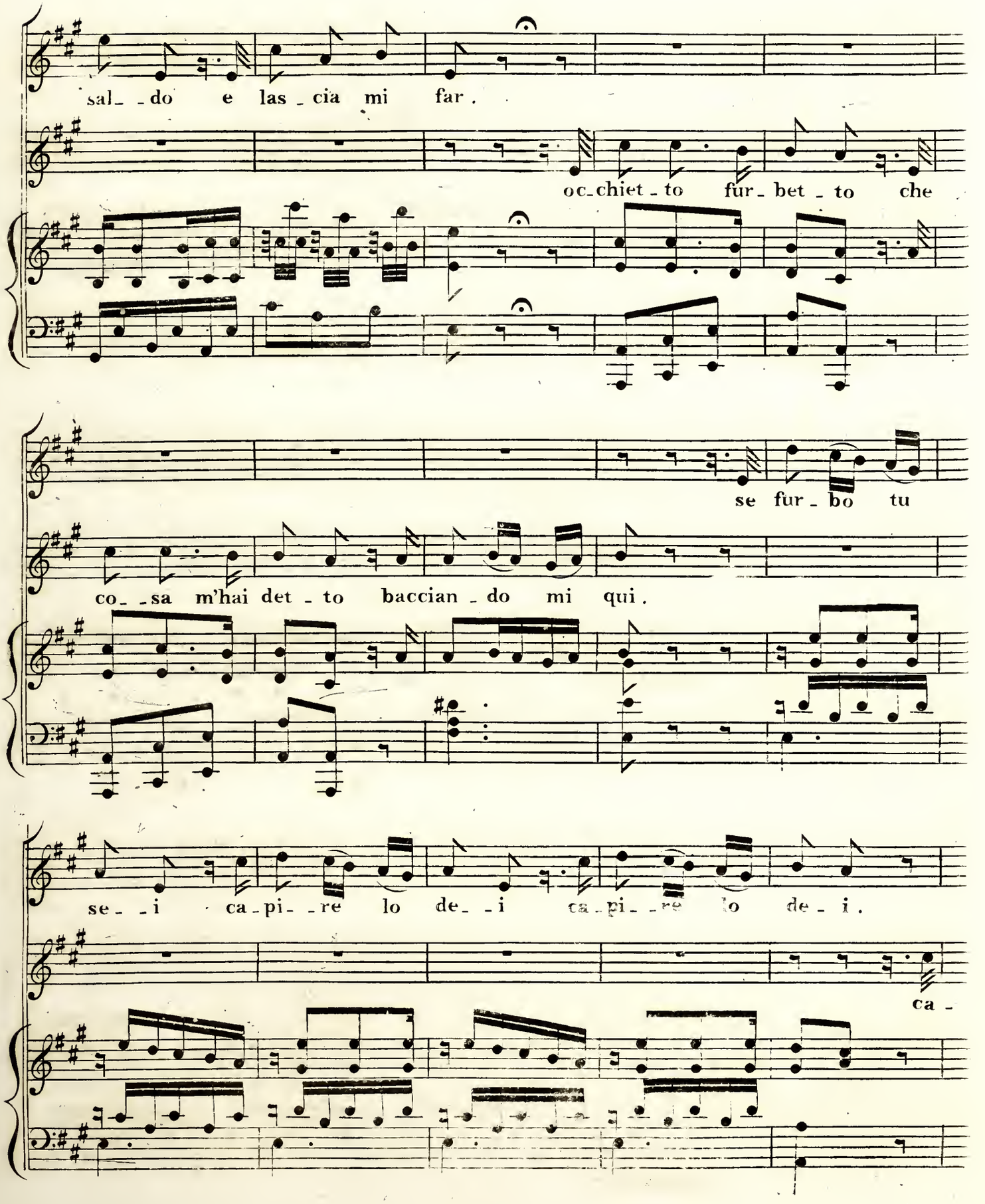
Andantino.

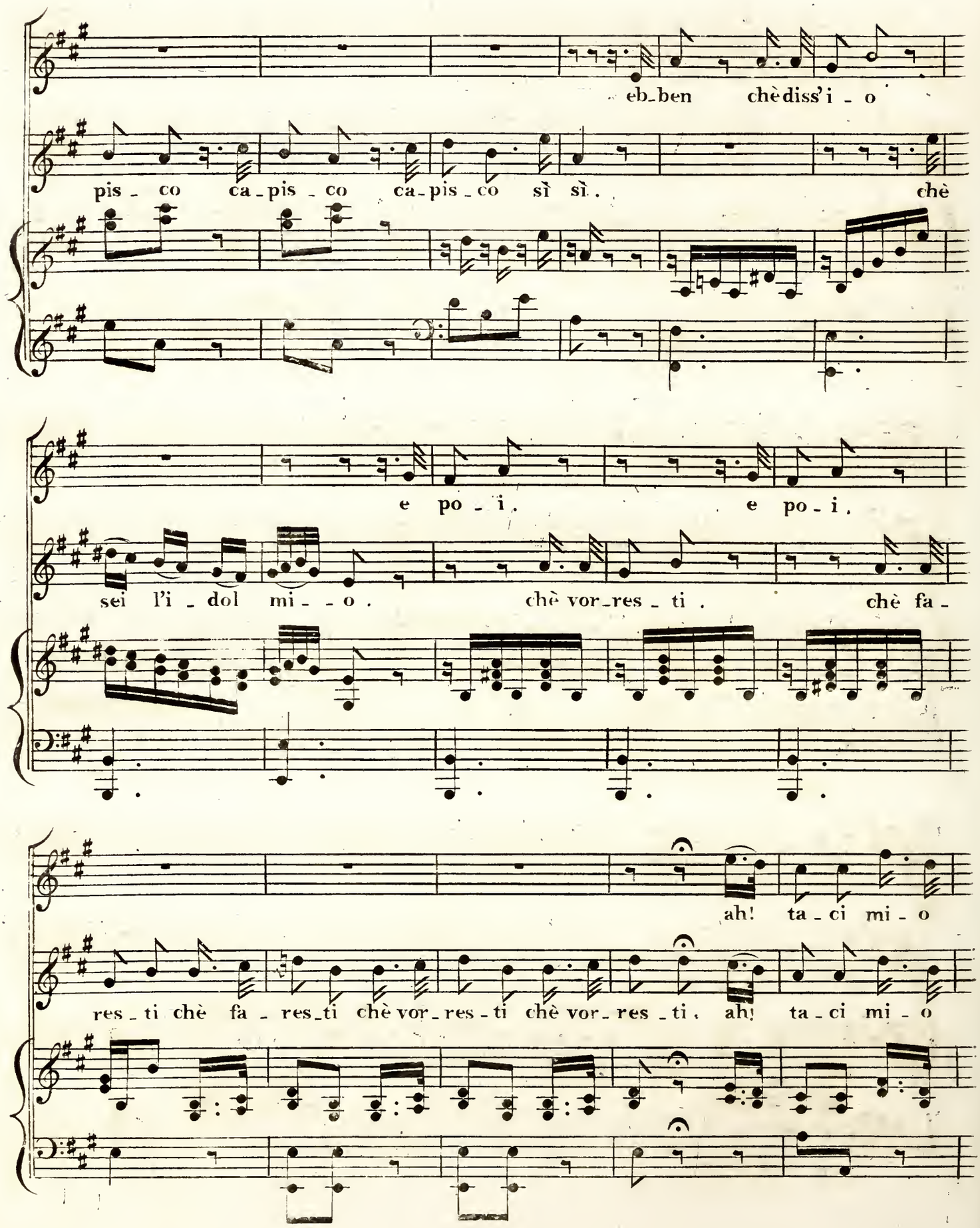


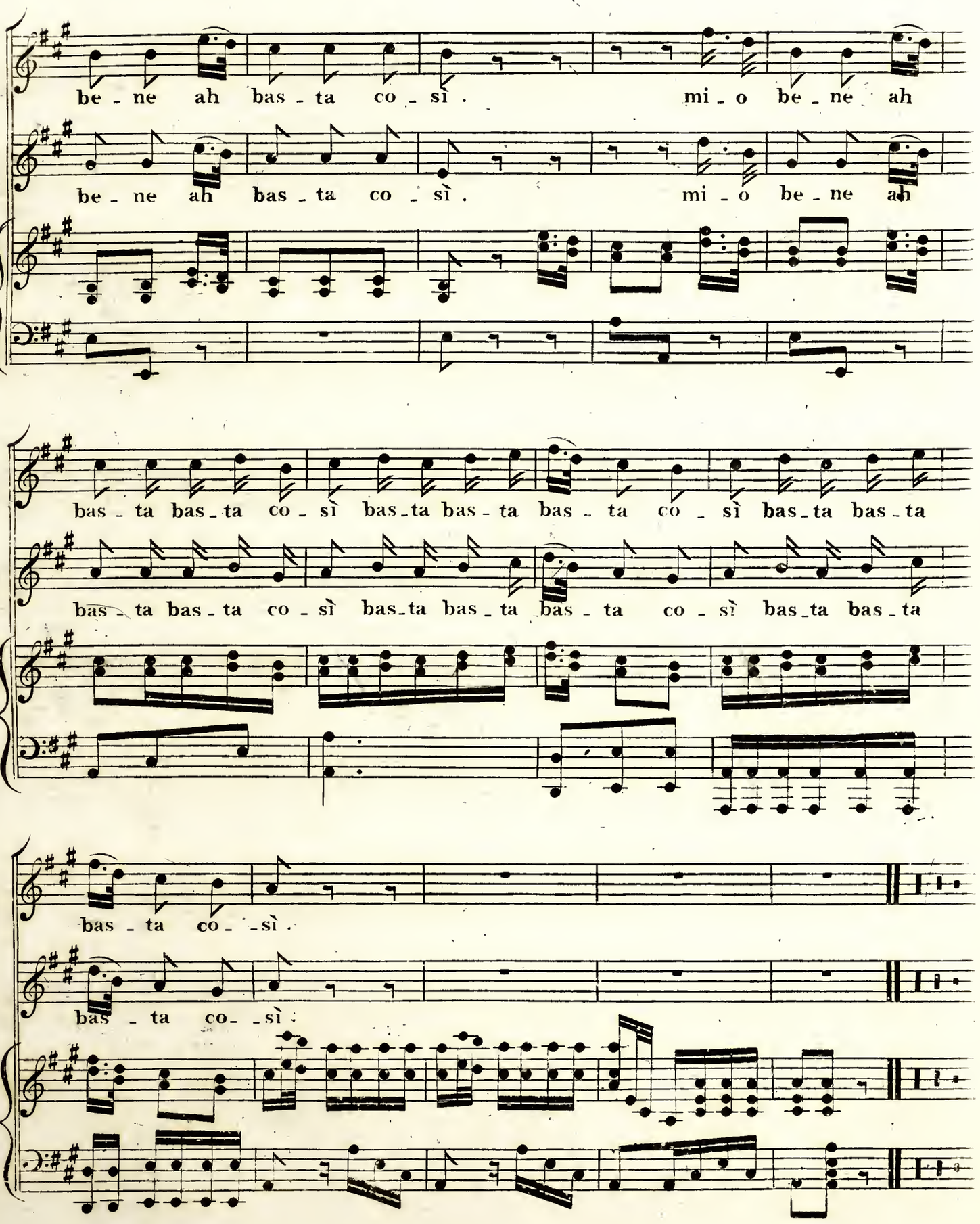

fur_ _ba tu se_ _i ca_pi_ _re lo de_ _i ca_pi_ _re lo
ca_pis_co ca_pis_co ca_pis_co sì sì.
de_ _i.
eb_
che sei l'i_dol mi_ _o. che vor_
ben che diss' i_ _o. e po_ _i?


res _ ti . che fa _ res _ ti che fa _ res _ ti che vor_ res _ ti che fa _
e po _ i?
res_ti ah! ta _ ci mi _ o be _ ne ah bas _ ta co _ _ sì .
ah! ta _ ci mi _ o be _ ne ah bas _ ta co _ _ sì .
mi _ _ o be _ ne ah bas _ ta bas _ ta co _ _ sì .
mi _ _ o be _ ne ah bas _ ta bas _ ta co _ _ sì . la


fa pres_to mi_a
ma_no gra_di_ta anch'_io ti vo dar.
vi_ta che vo_glio guar_dar.
cor
oh! co_me tu tre_mi.
mi_o di che temi.
sta sol_do sta
che cal_do che cal_do.


sal_ _do e las _ cia mi far.
oc_chiet _ to fur_ bet _ to che
se fur _ bo tu
co_ _sa m'hai det _ to baccian _ do mi qui.
se_ _i ca_pi_ _re lo de_ _i ca_pi_ _re lo de_ i.
ca -


eb_ben chè diss'i _ o
pis _ co ca _ pis _ co ca _ pis _ co sì sì . chè
e po _ i . e po _ i .
sei l'i _ dol mi _ _ o . chè vor _ res _ ti . chè fa _
ah! ta _ ci mi _ o
res _ ti chè fa _ res _ ti chè vor _ res _ ti chè vor _ res _ ti . ah! ta _ ci mi _ o


be - ne ah bas - ta co - sì . mi - o be - ne ah
be - ne ah bas - ta co - sì . mi - o be - ne ah
bas - ta bas - ta co - sì bas - ta bas - ta bas - ta co - sì bas - ta bas - ta
bas - ta bas - ta co - sì bas - ta bas - ta bas - ta co - sì bas - ta bas - ta
bas - ta co - sì .
bas - ta co - sì .

The Fair Sonja.

A Favorite Song, in the Opera of

ORFEO

by Gluck,

newly Arranged by T. Greatorex.

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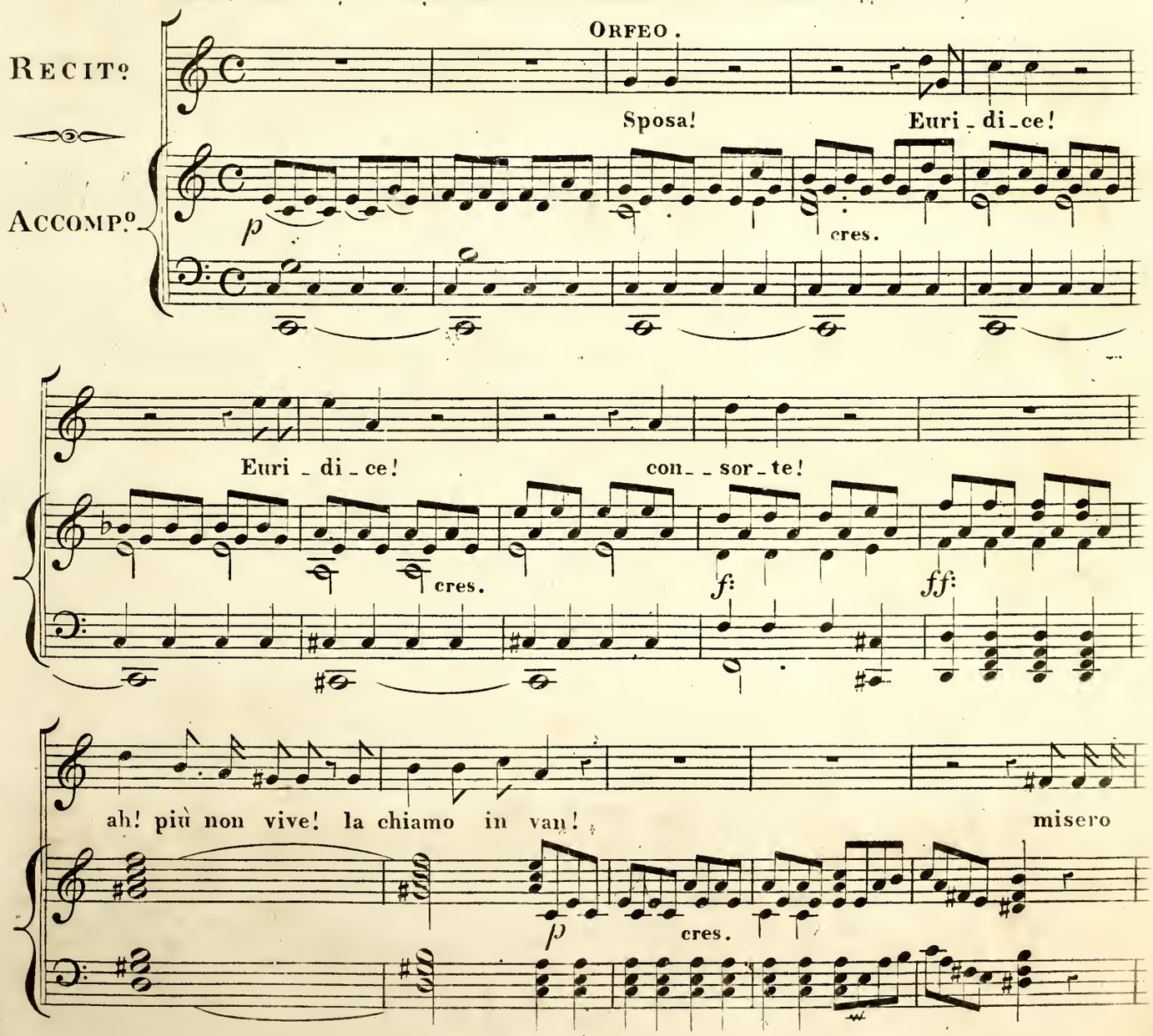

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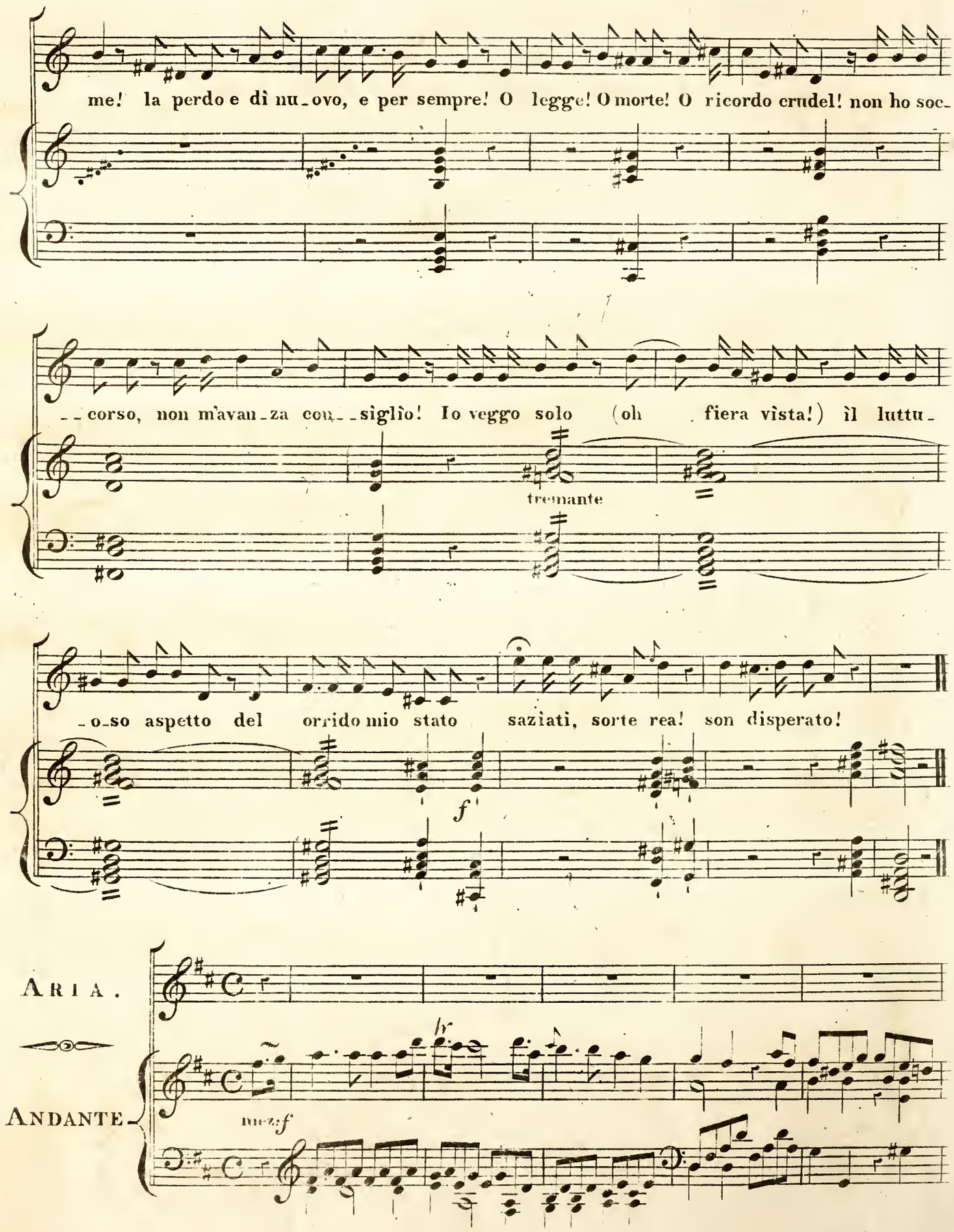
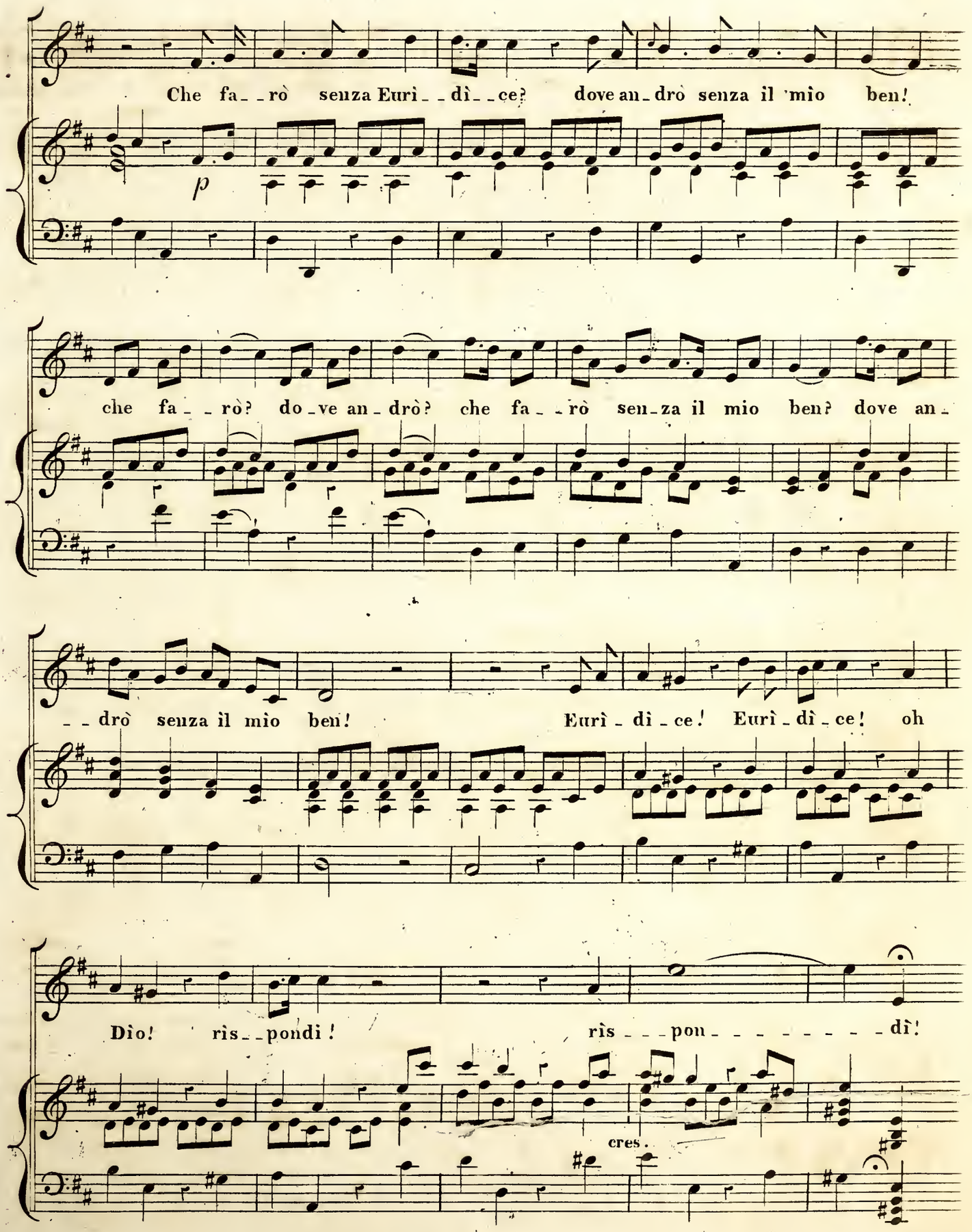
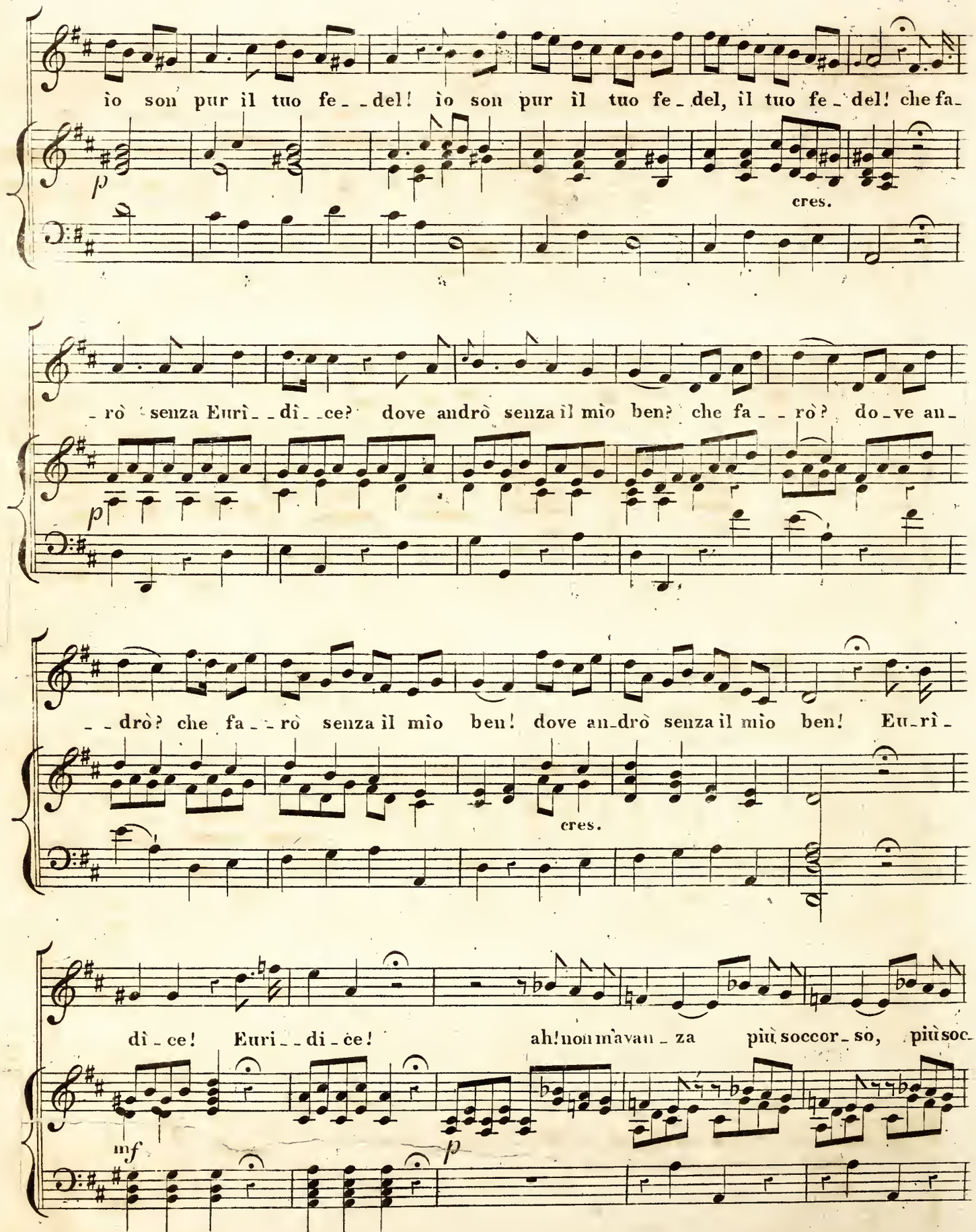
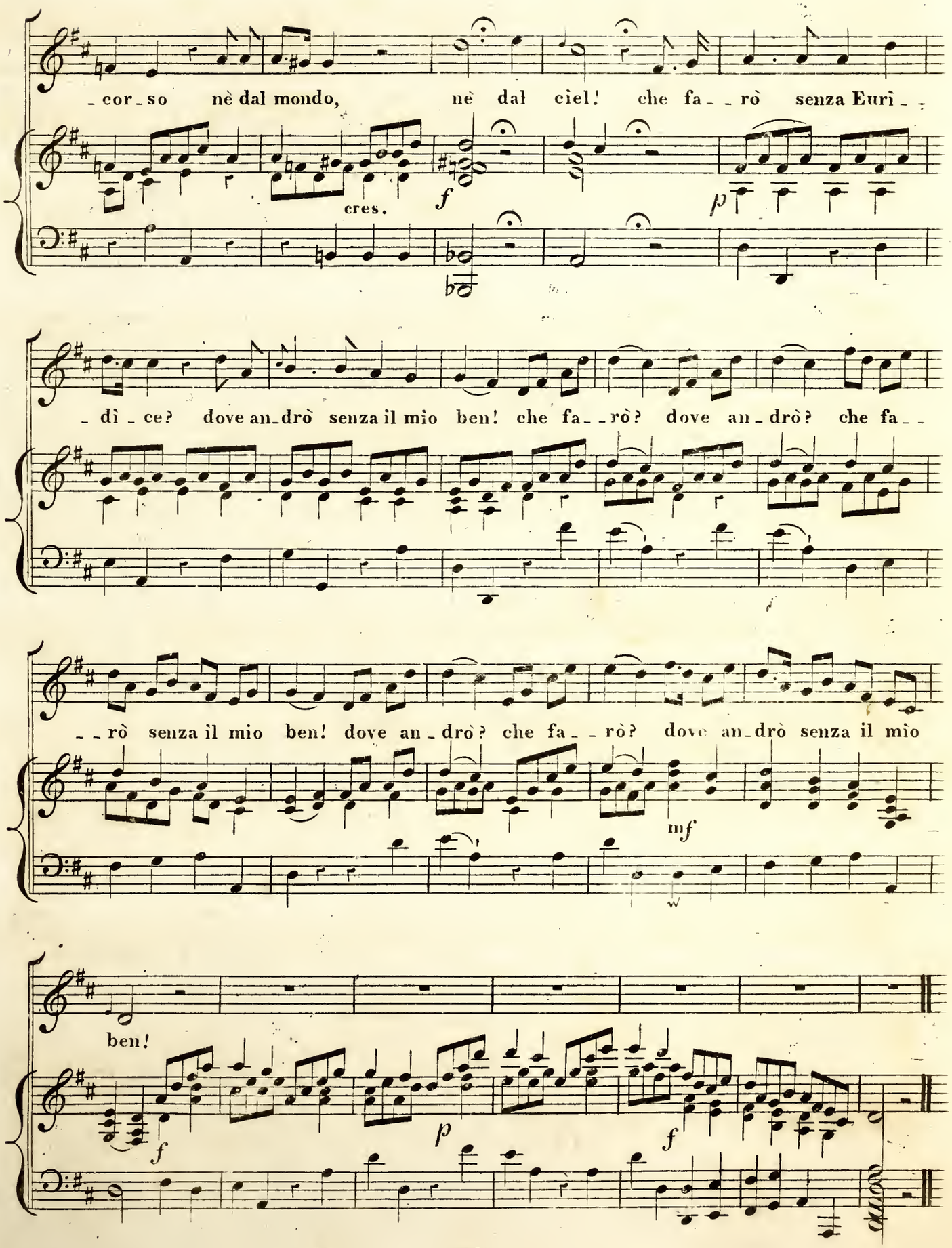

me! la perdo e dì nu_ovo, e per sempre! O legge! O morte! O ricordo crudel! non ho soc_
_corso, non m'avan_za con_siglìo! Io veggo solo (oh fiera vìsta!) il luttu_
tremante
_o_so aspetto del orrido mio stato saziati, sorte rea! son disperato!
f
ARIA.
ANDANTE
mez:f


Che fa_rò senza Eurì_dì_ce? dove an_drò senza il mio ben!
p
che fa_rò? do_ve an_drò? che fa_rò sen_za il mio ben? dove an_
_drò senza il mio ben! Eurì_dì_ce! Eurì_dì_ce! oh
Dio! ris_pondi! ris_pon_dì!
cres.


io son pur il tuo fe_ _del! io son pur il tuo fe_del, il tuo fe_del! che fa_
p
cres.
rò senza Eurì _dì_ce? dove andrò senza il mio ben? che fa_ _rò? do_ve an_
p
_ _drò? che fa_ _rò senza il mio ben! dove an_drò senza il mio ben! Eu_rì_
cres.
dì_ce! Euri_ _di_ce! ah! non m'avan_za più soccor_so, più soc_
mf
p


_ cor_so nè dal mondo, nè dal ciel! che fa_ _ rò senza Eurì_ _
cres.
f
p
_ dì _ ce? dove an_drò senza il mio ben! che fa_ _ rò? dove an_drò? che fa_ _
_ _ rò senza il mio ben! dove an_drò? che fa_ _ rò? dove an_drò senza il mio
mf
ben!
f
p
f

TELL ME WHERE IS FANCY BRED?

DUETTO, Composed by

Sir John Stevenson Mus. Doc.

Arranged

FOR

Two Treble Voices,

BY

HENRY R. BISHOP,

and

Sung in Shakspeare's Comedy

OF

ERRORS,

at the

Theatre Royal Covent Garden,

BY

MISS STEPHENS & MISS M. TREE.

Ent. at Sta. Hall. *Price 2/-*

LONDON,

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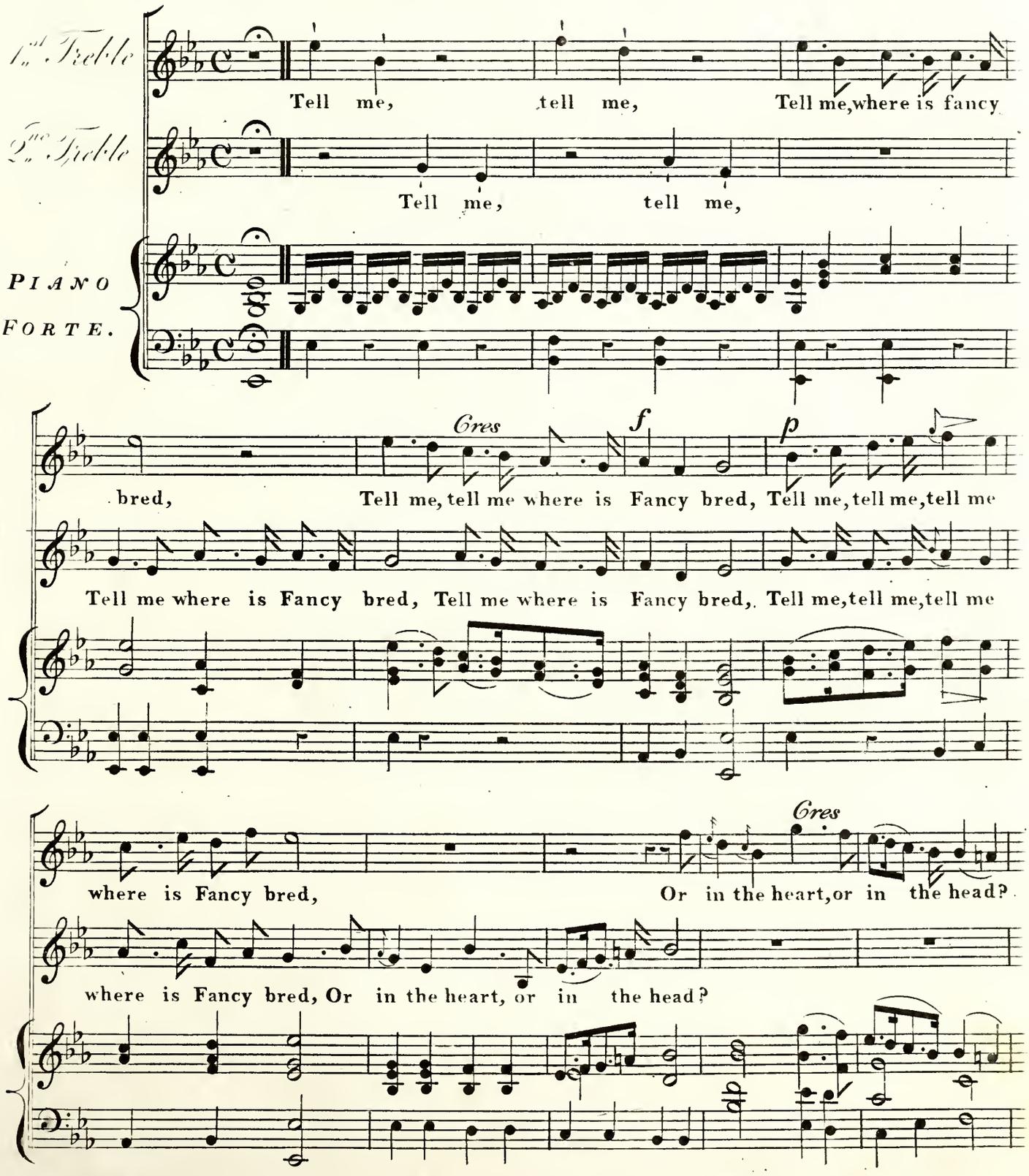
TELL ME WHERE IS FANCY BRED?

Words from Shakspeare.



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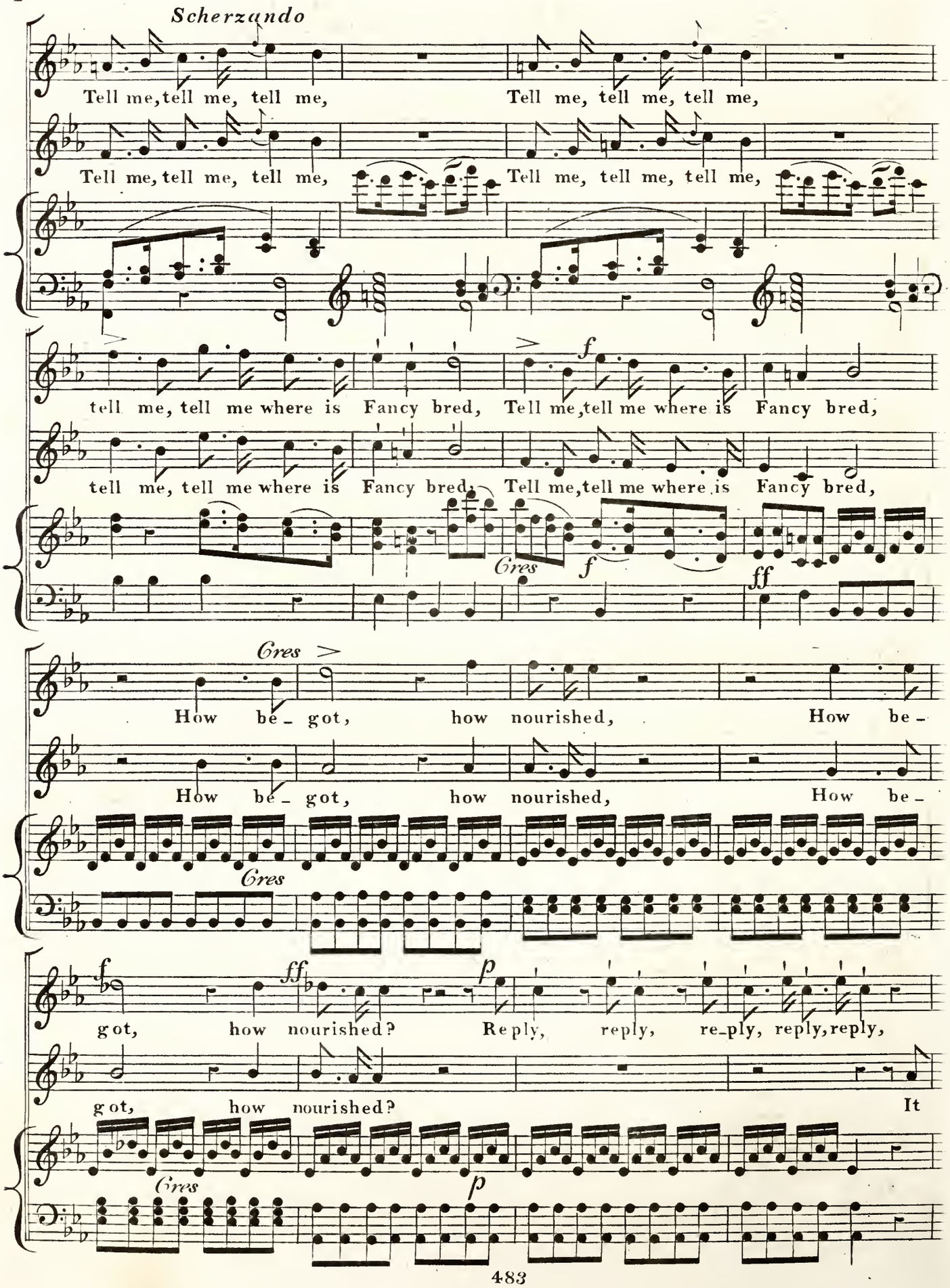
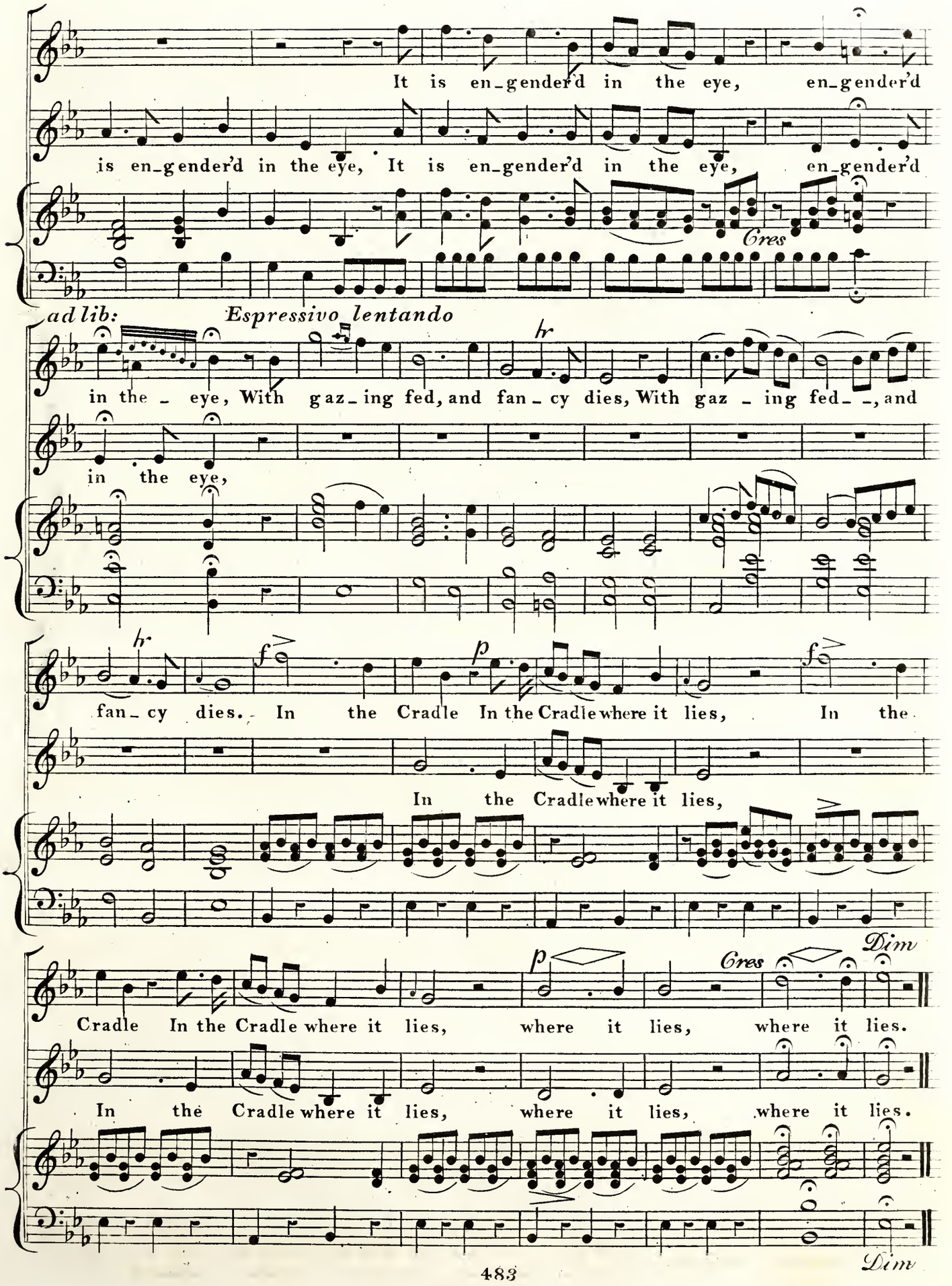
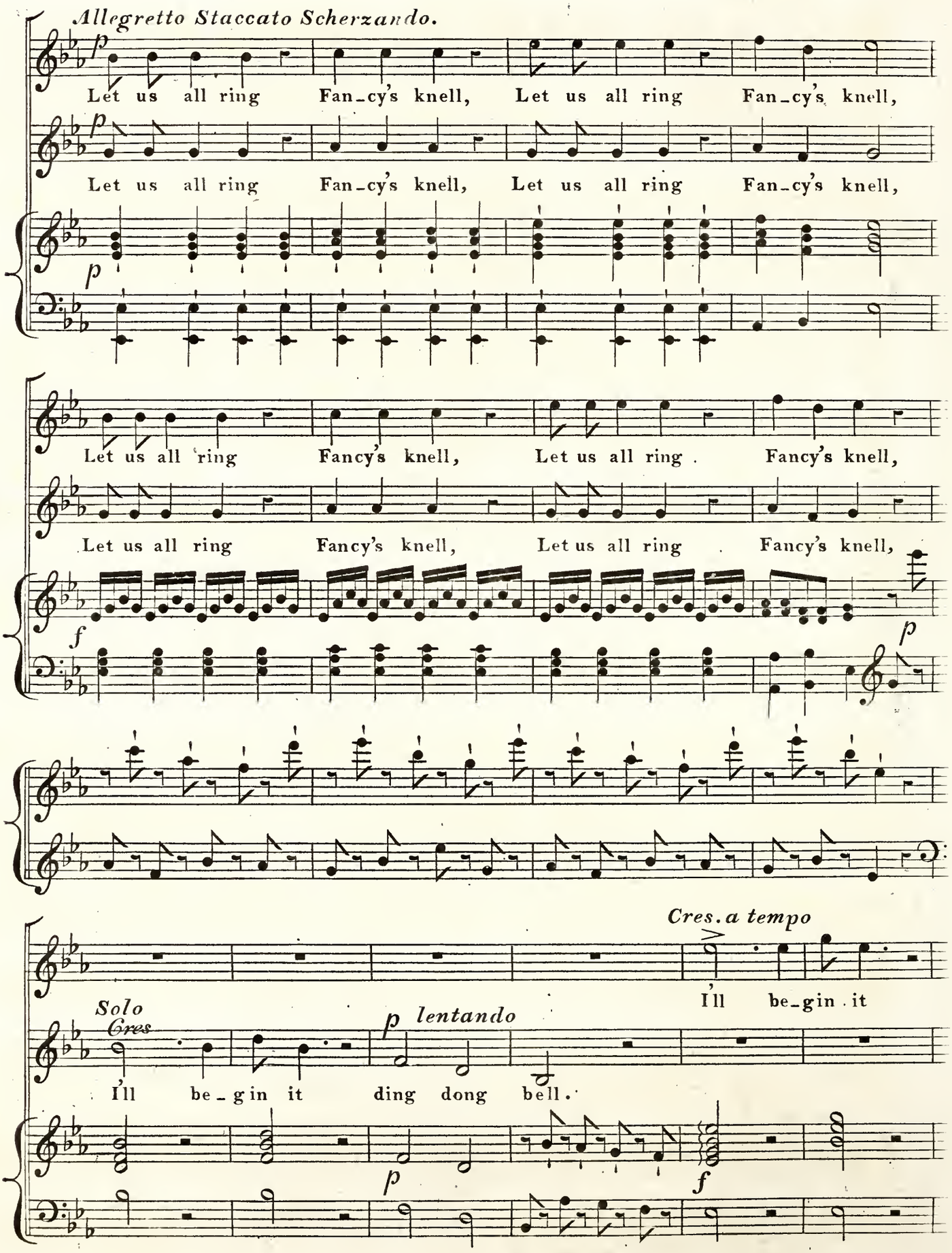
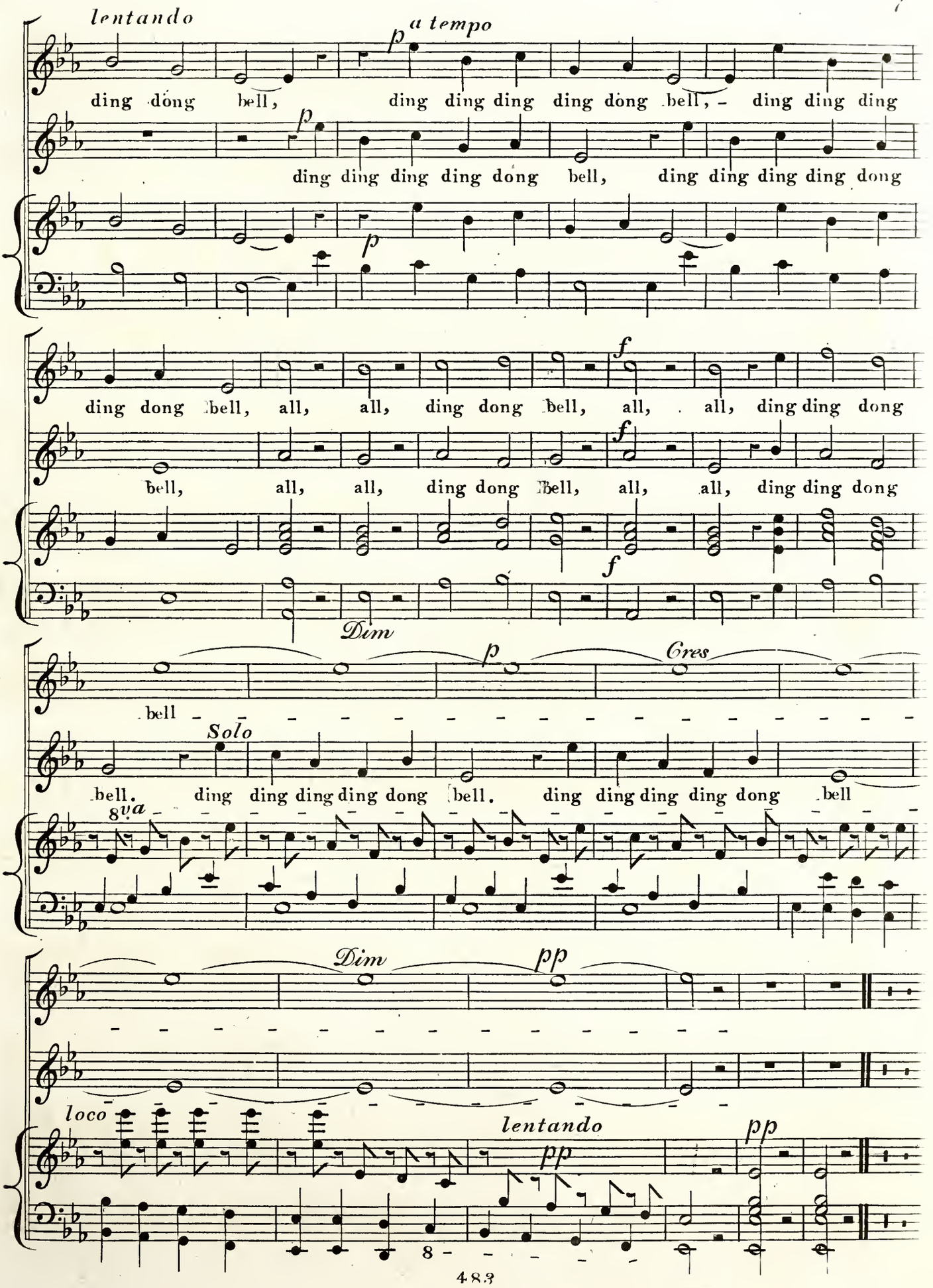

Scherzando
Tell me, tell me, tell me,
Tell me, tell me, tell me,
Tell me, tell me, tell me,
Tell me, tell me, tell me,
tell me, tell me where is Fancy bred, Tell me, tell me where is Fancy bred,
tell me, tell me where is Fancy bred, Tell me, tell me where is Fancy bred,
Cres
f
ff
Cres
How be_got, how nourished, How be_
How be_got, how nourished, How be_
Cres
f
ff
p
got, how nourished? Reply, reply, re_ply, reply, reply,
got, how nourished? It
Cres
p


It is en_gender'd in the eye, en_gender'd
is en_gender'd in the eye, It is en_gender'd in the eye, en_gender'd
Cres
ad lib:
Espressivo lentando
in the _ eye, With gaz_ing fed, and fan_cy dies, With gaz _ ing fed_ _, and
in the eye,
fan_cy dies. In the Cradle In the Cradle where it lies, In the
In the Cradle where it lies,
Cres
Dim
Cradle In the Cradle where it lies, where it lies, where it lies.
In the Cradle where it lies, where it lies, where it lies.
Dim


Allegretto Staccato Scherzando.
p
Let us all ring Fan_cy's knell, Let us all ring Fan_cy's knell,
Let us all ring Fan_cy's knell, Let us all ring Fan_cy's knell,
Let us all ring Fancy's knell, Let us all ring Fancy's knell,
Let us all ring Fancy's knell, Let us all ring Fancy's knell,
f
p
Cres. a tempo
Solo
Cres
I'll be_gin it
p lentando
I'll be_gin it ding dong bell.
p
f


lentando
a tempo
ding dong bell, ding ding ding ding dong bell, – ding ding ding
ding ding ding ding dong bell, ding ding ding ding dong
ding dong bell, all, all, ding dong bell, all, all, ding ding dong
bell, all, all, ding dong bell, all, all, ding ding dong
Dim
Cres
bell
Solo
bell. ding ding ding ding dong bell. ding ding ding ding dong bell
8va
Dim
loco
lentando

THE PIRATE'S FAREWELL.

A Ballad.

By

Sir Walter Scott Bart.

The Music by

Mrs. ROBERT ARKWRIGHT.

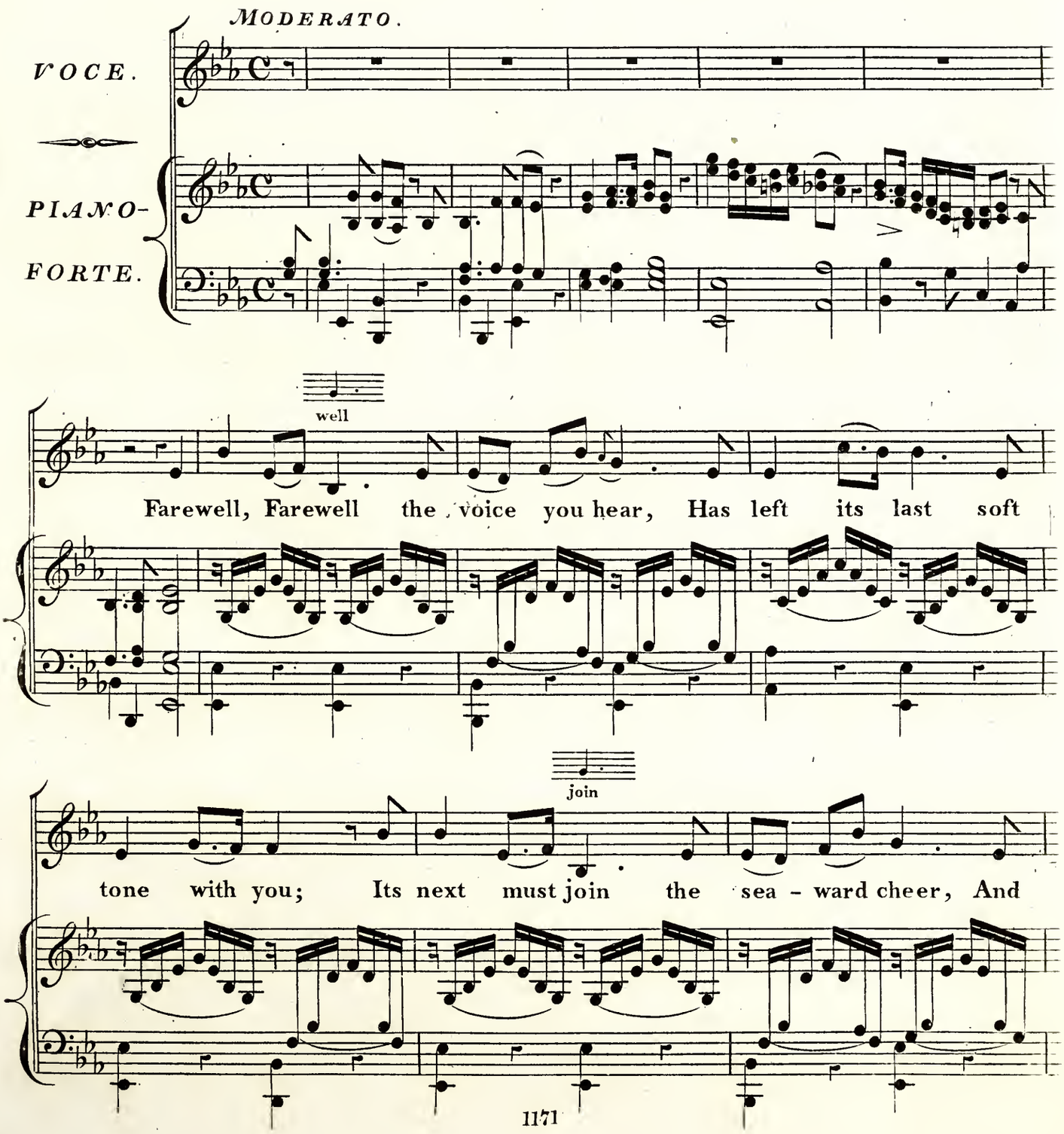
Entd at Sta. Hall.

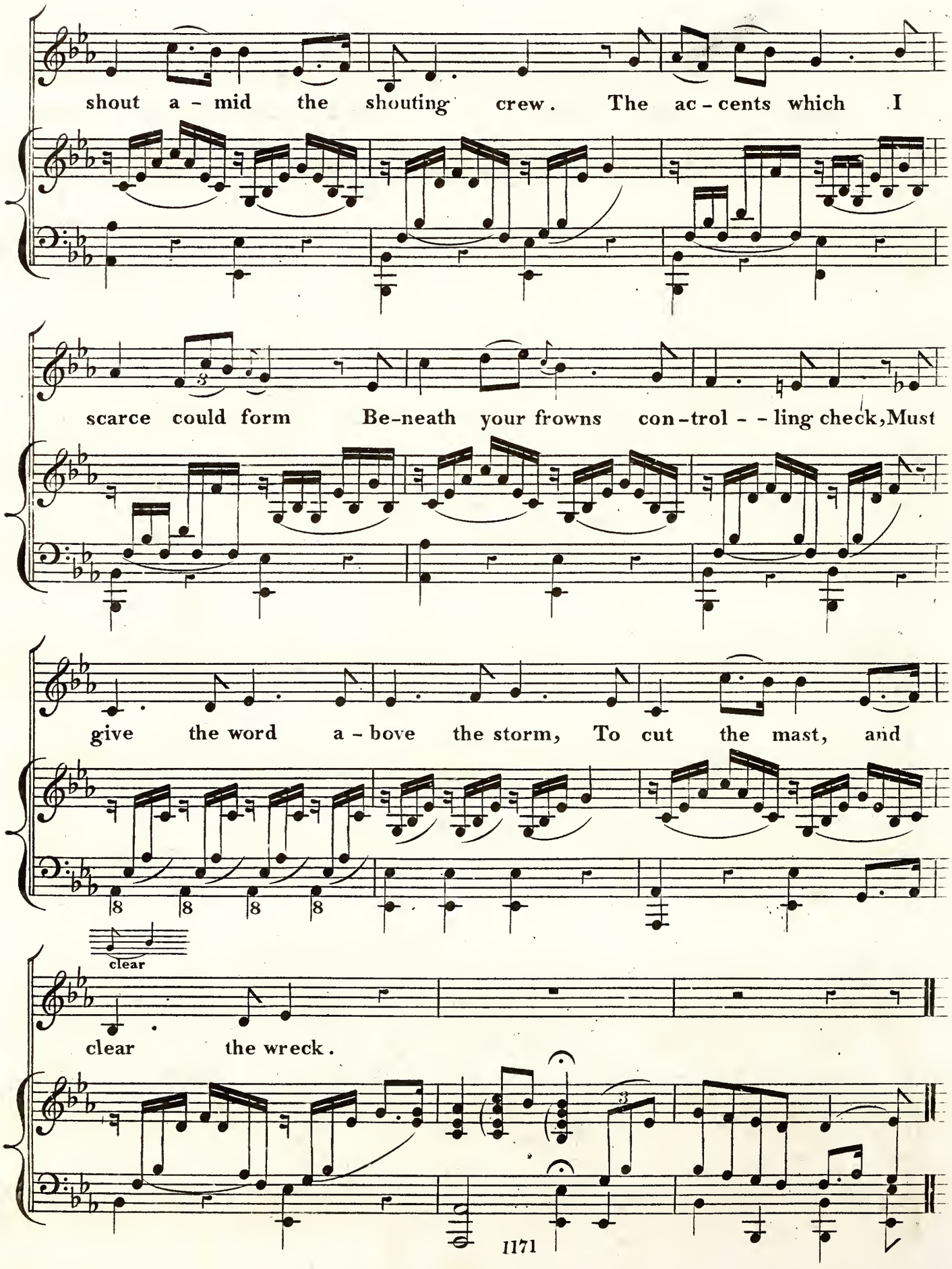
Price 2

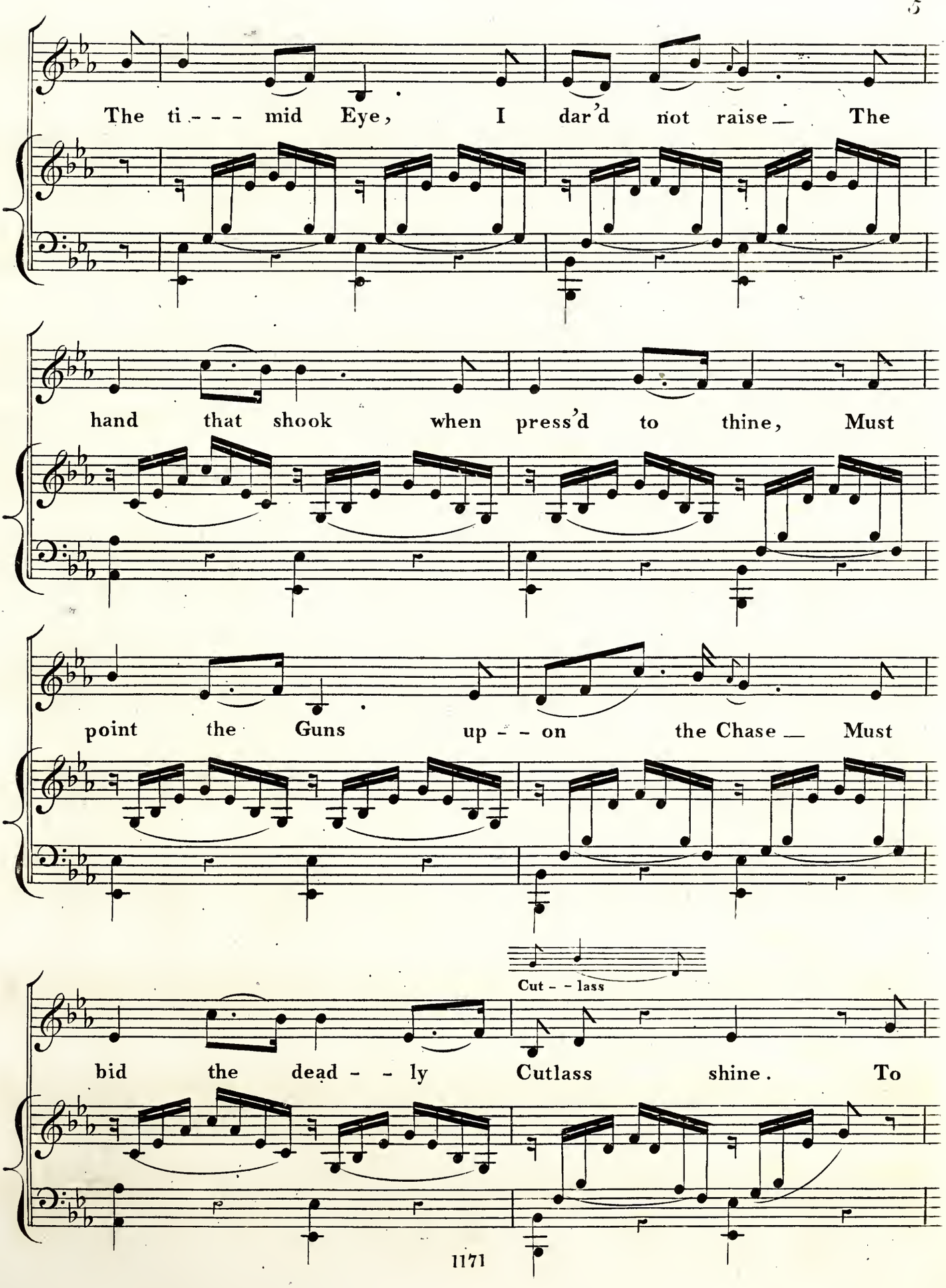
LONDON.

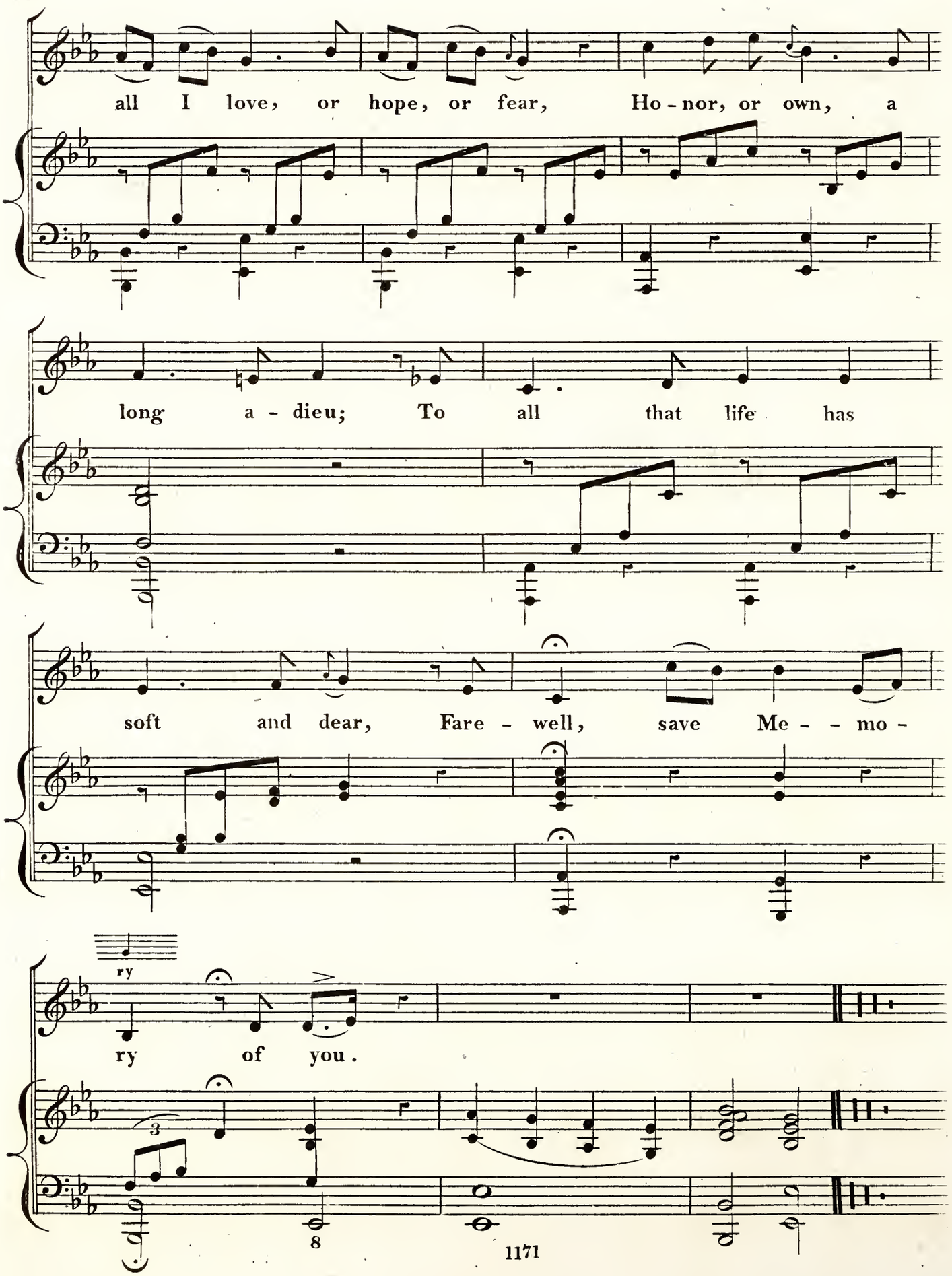
Published by J. Power, 34. Strand.

THE PIRATE'S FAREWELL.




shout a - mid the shouting crew. The ac - cents which I
scarce could form Be-neath your frowns con-trol - - ling check, Must
give the word a - bove the storm, To cut the mast, and
clear
clear the wreck.


The ti - - - mid Eye, I dar'd not raise The
hand that shook when press'd to thine, Must
point the Guns up - - on the Chase Must
Cut - - lass
bid the dead - - ly Cutlass shine. To


all I love, or hope, or fear, Ho - nor, or own, a
long a - dieu; To all that life has
soft and dear, Fare - well, save Me - - mo -
ry
ry of you.

MUSICAL COMPOSITIONS

OF

MRS. ROBERT ARKWRIGHT,

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The Poetry selected (by permission) from the Works of

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—o—

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Then be it so	The Greek Exile	Poor Louise
Rose! thou art the sweetest flower	One hour with thee	Beth Gelert

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Poor Louise	*Ditto*	2	0
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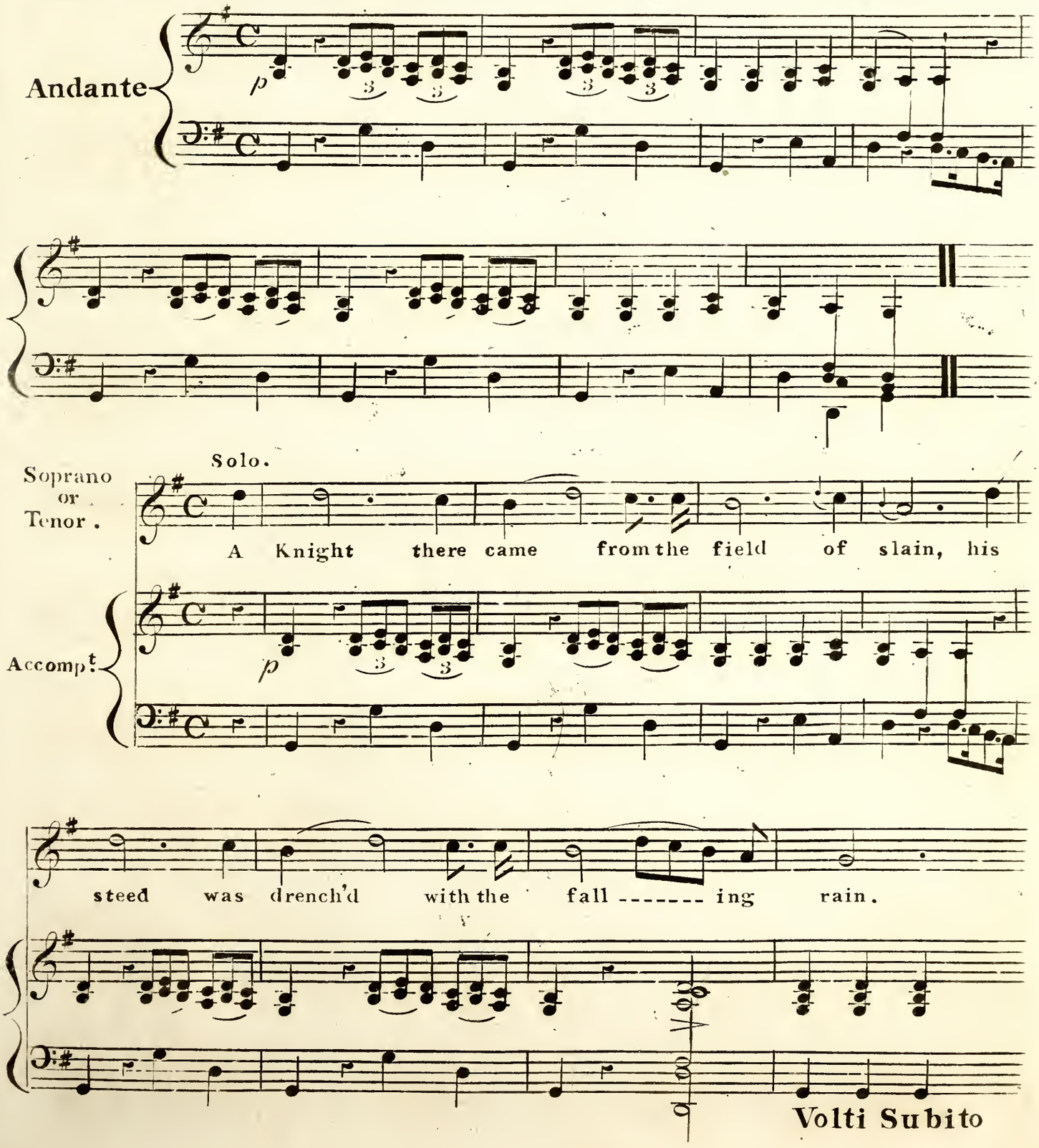
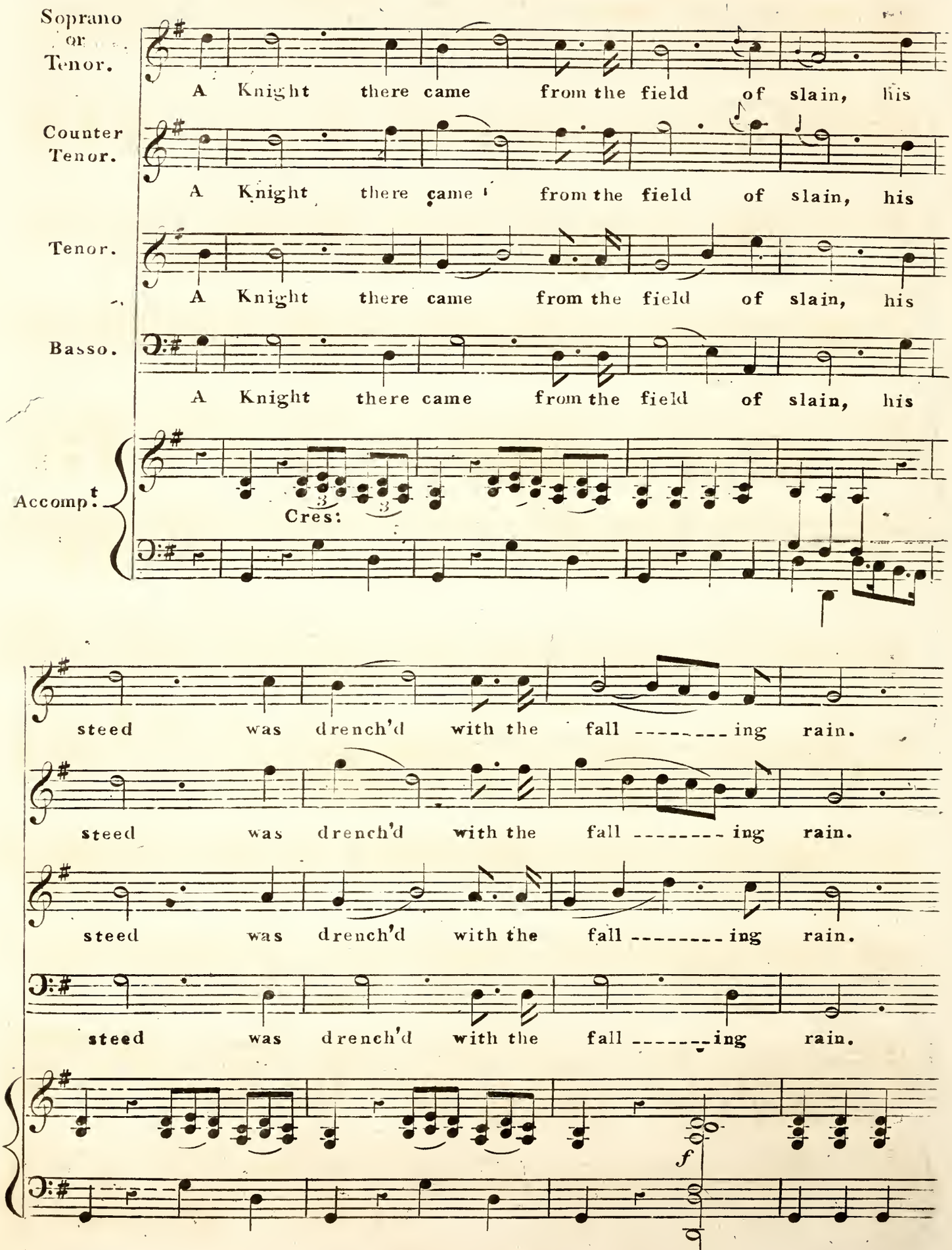
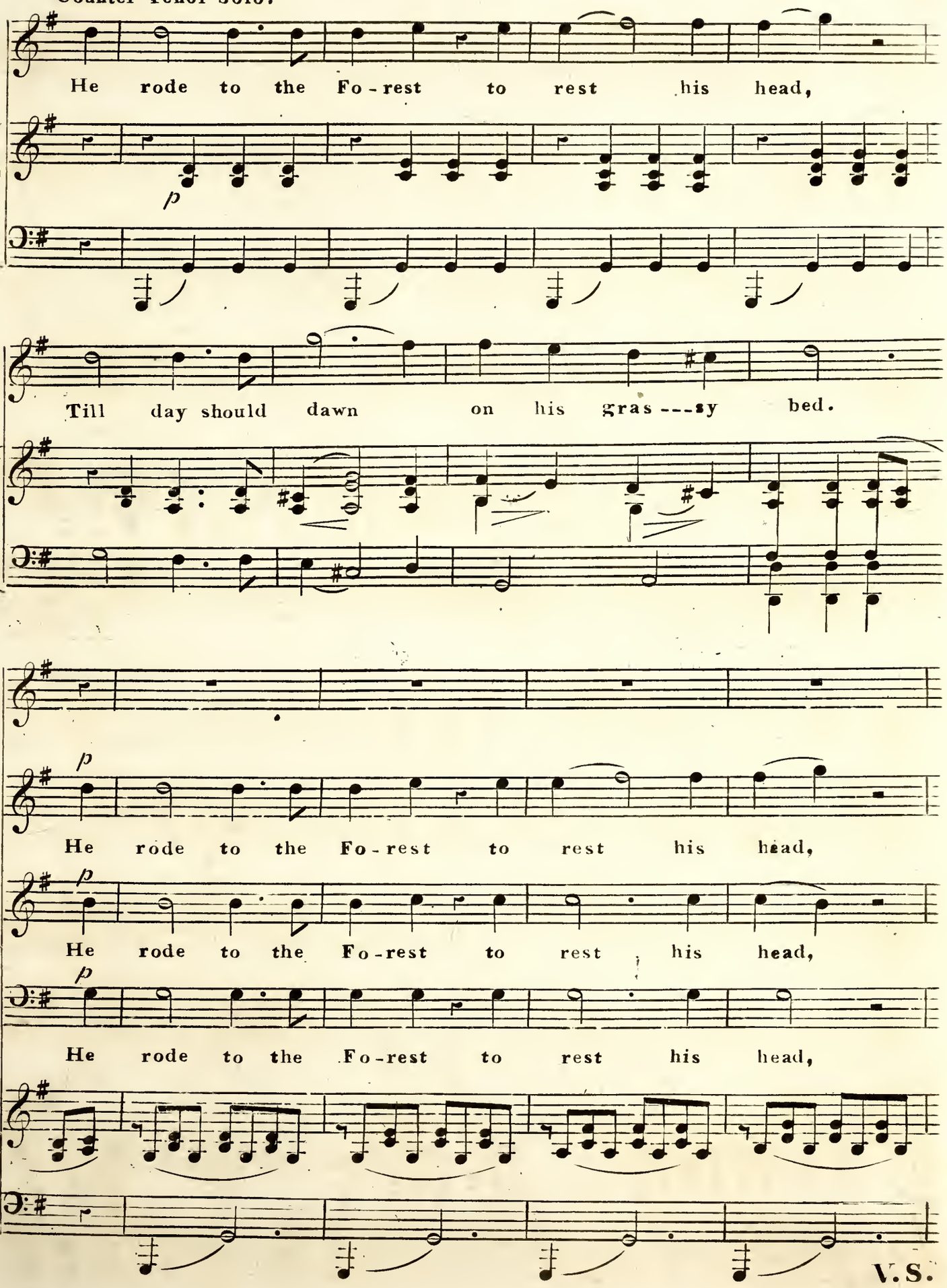
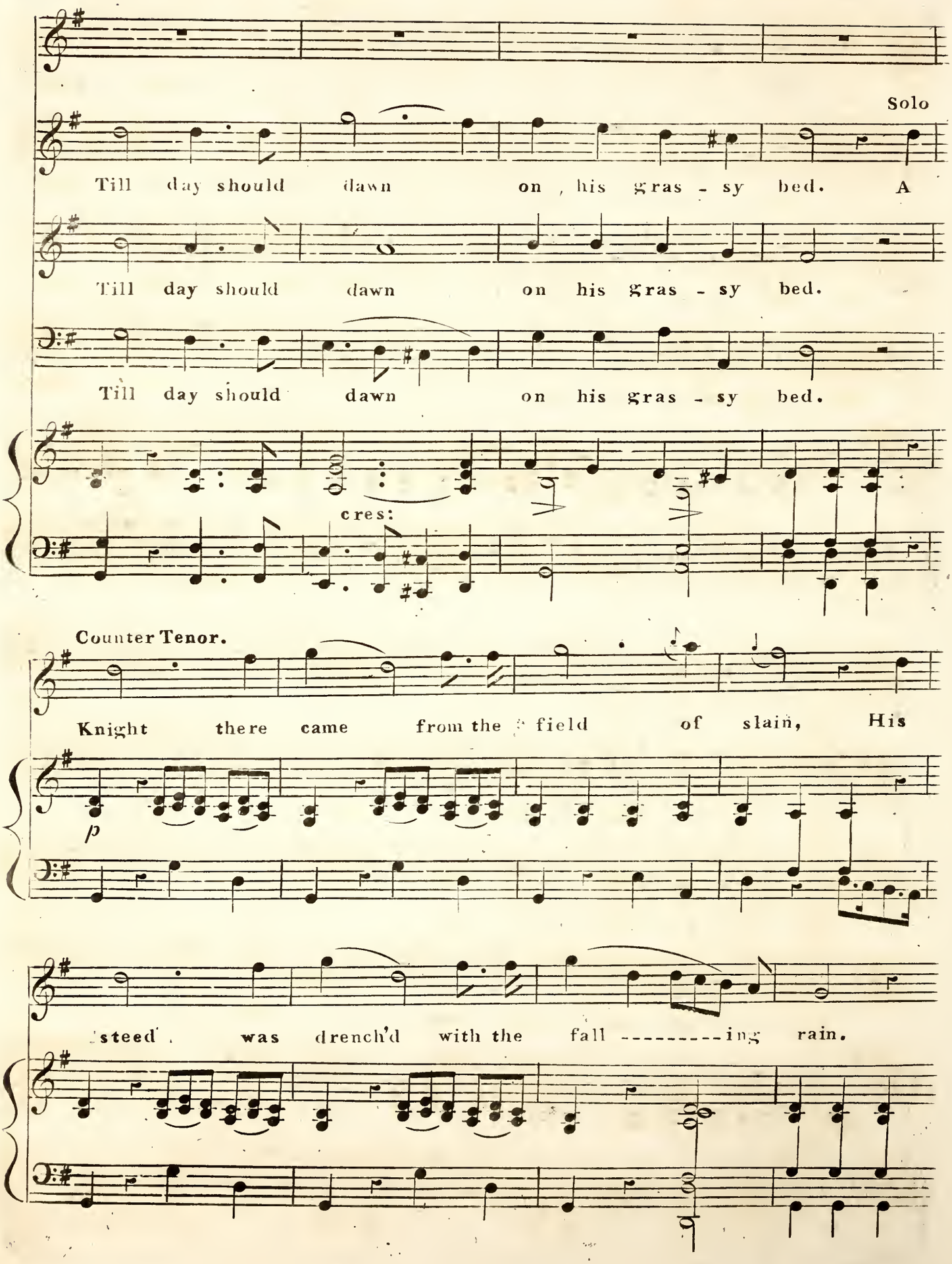


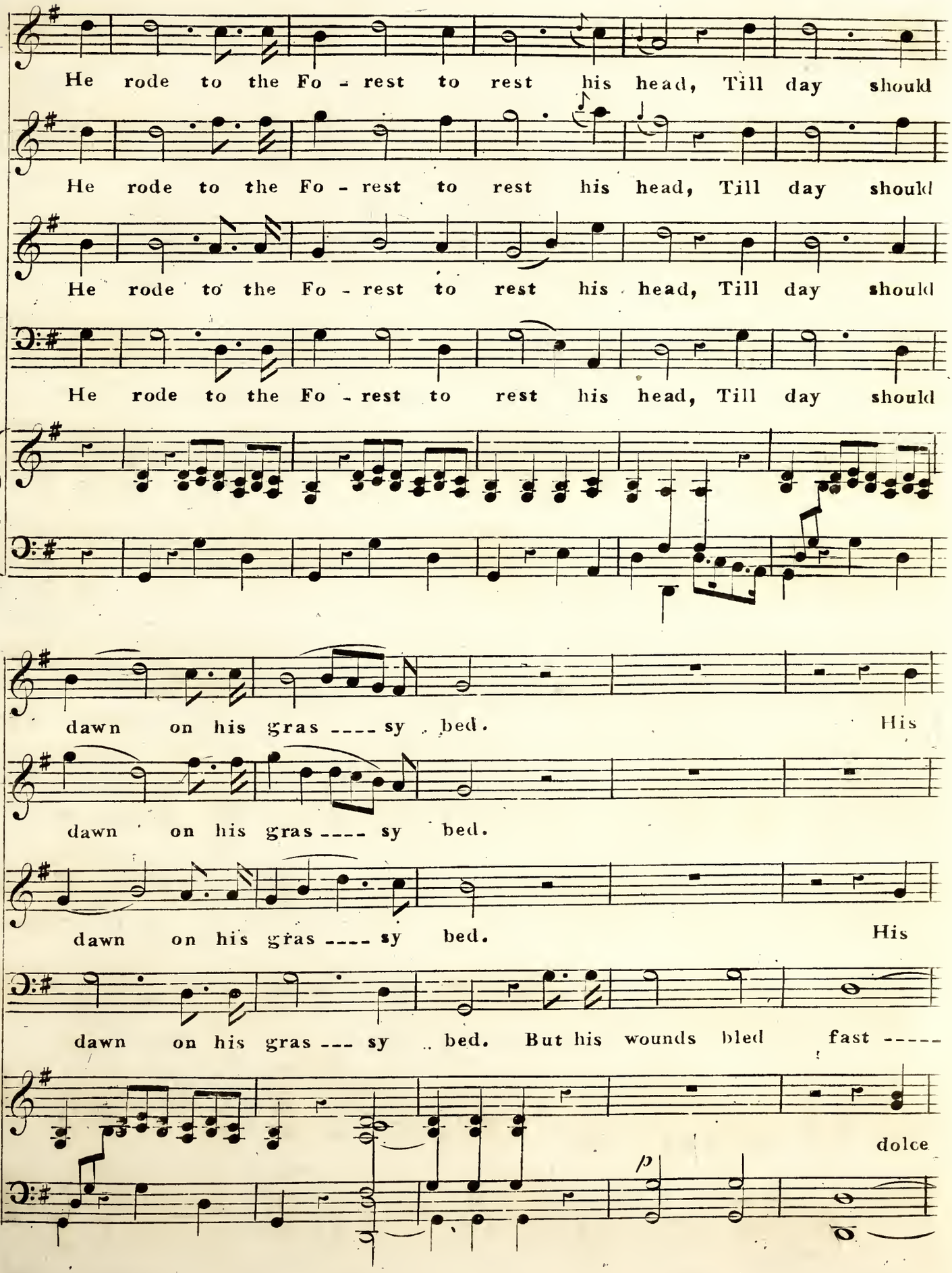

Soprano or Tenor.
A Knight there came from the field of slain, his
Counter Tenor.
A Knight there came from the field of slain, his
Tenor.
A Knight there came from the field of slain, his
Basso.
A Knight there came from the field of slain, his
Accompt.
Cres:
steed was drench'd with the fall ing rain.
steed was drench'd with the fall ing rain.
steed was drench'd with the fall ing rain.
steed was drench'd with the fall ing rain.
f

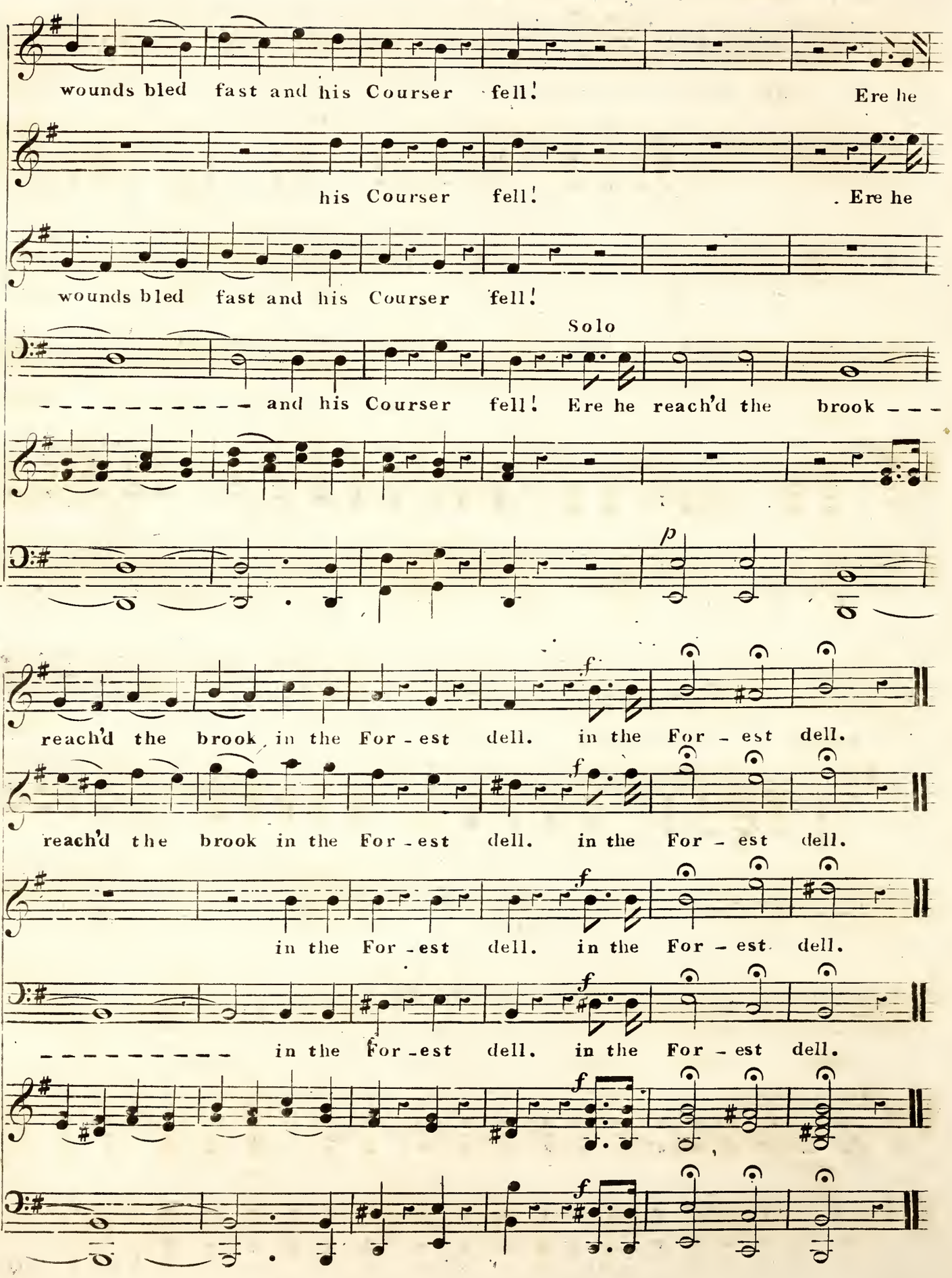
Counter Tenor Solo.



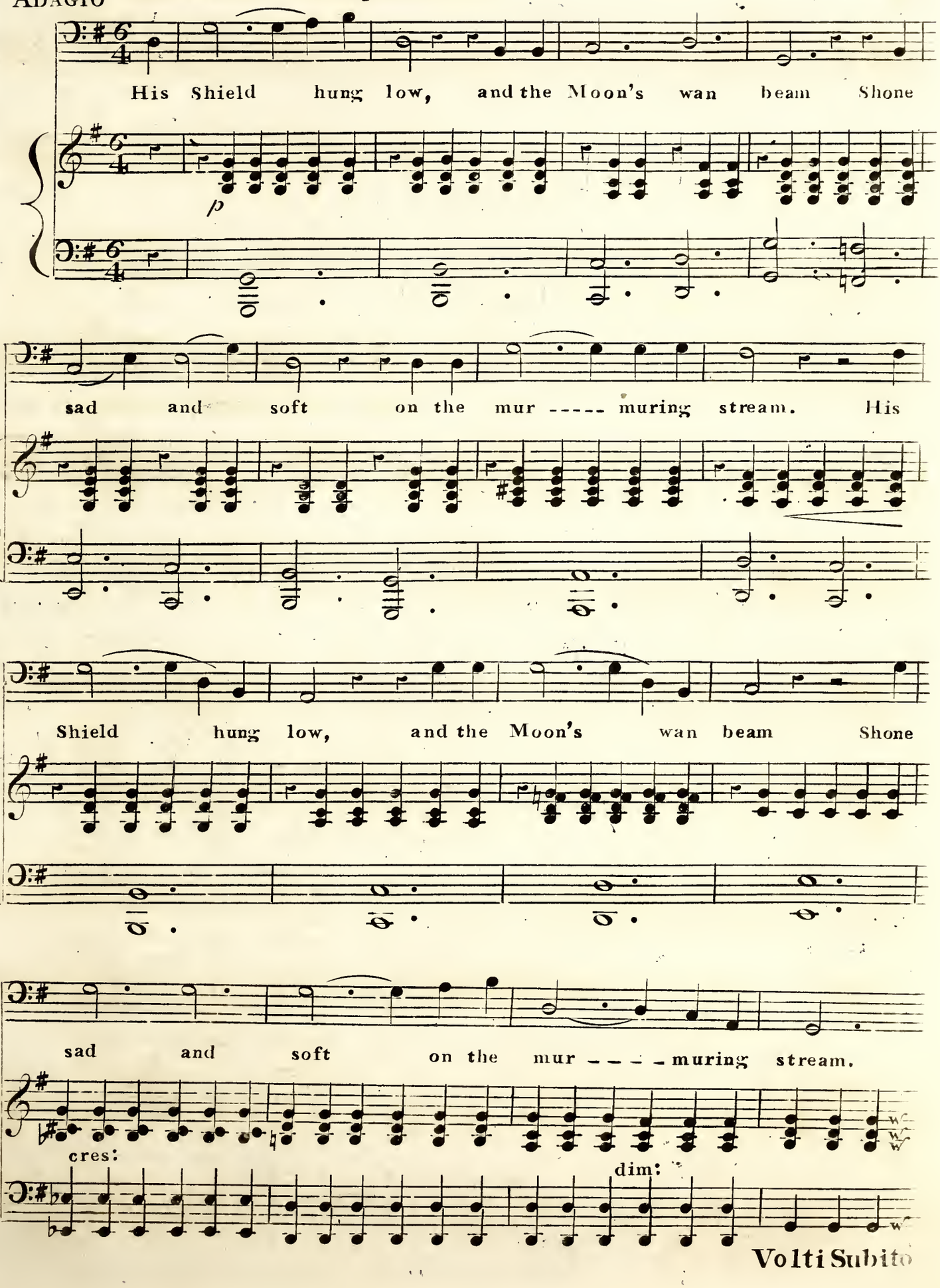
V.S.


Solo
Till day should dawn on his gras - sy bed. A
Till day should dawn on his gras - sy bed.
Till day should dawn on his gras - sy bed.
cres:
Counter Tenor.
Knight there came from the field of slain, His
p
steed was drench'd with the fall ---------ing rain.

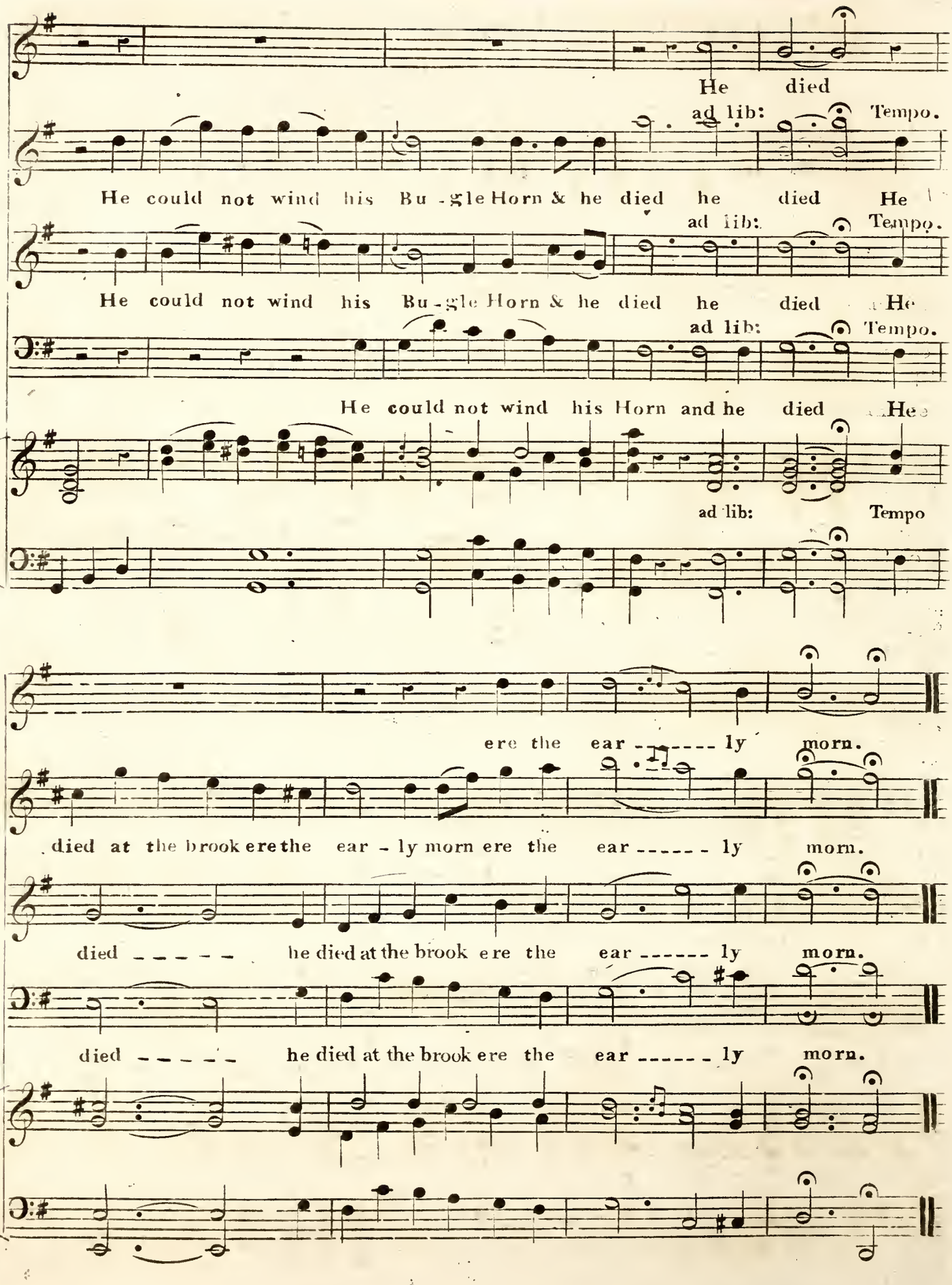

He rode to the Fo - rest to rest his head, Till day should
He rode to the Fo - rest to rest his head, Till day should
He rode to the Fo - rest to rest his head, Till day should
He rode to the Fo - rest to rest his head, Till day should
dawn on his gras ---- sy bed. His
dawn on his gras ---- sy bed.
dawn on his gras ---- sy bed. His
dawn on his gras --- sy bed. But his wounds bled fast -----
dolce
p


wounds bled fast and his Courser fell! Ere he
his Courser fell! . Ere he
wounds bled fast and his Courser fell!
Solo
and his Courser fell! Ere he reach'd the brook
reach'd the brook in the For - est dell. in the For - est dell.
reach'd the brook in the For - est dell. in the For - est dell.
in the For - est dell. in the For - est dell.
in the For - est dell. in the For - est dell.

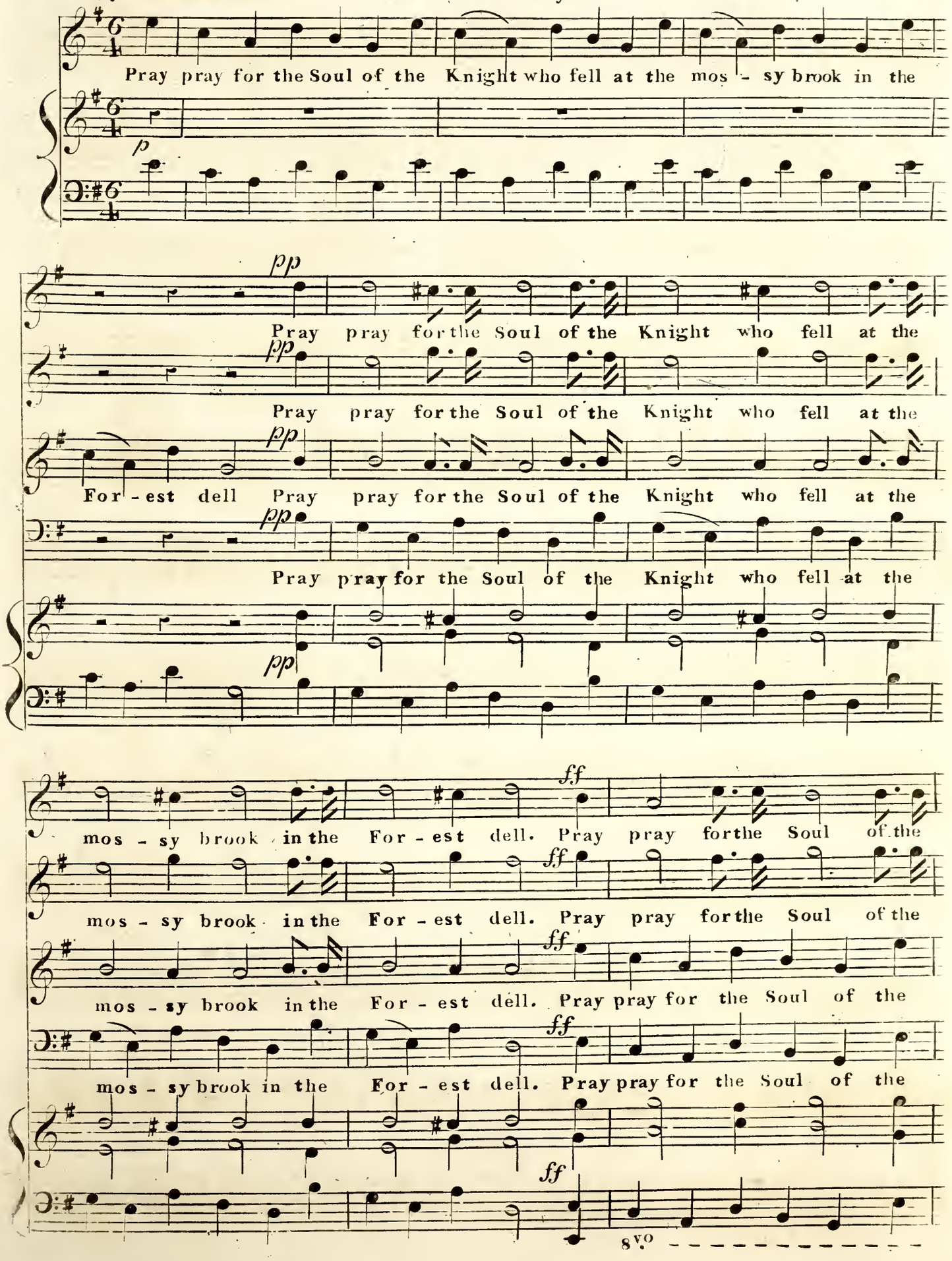
ADAGIO **Bass Solo. con expressione.**

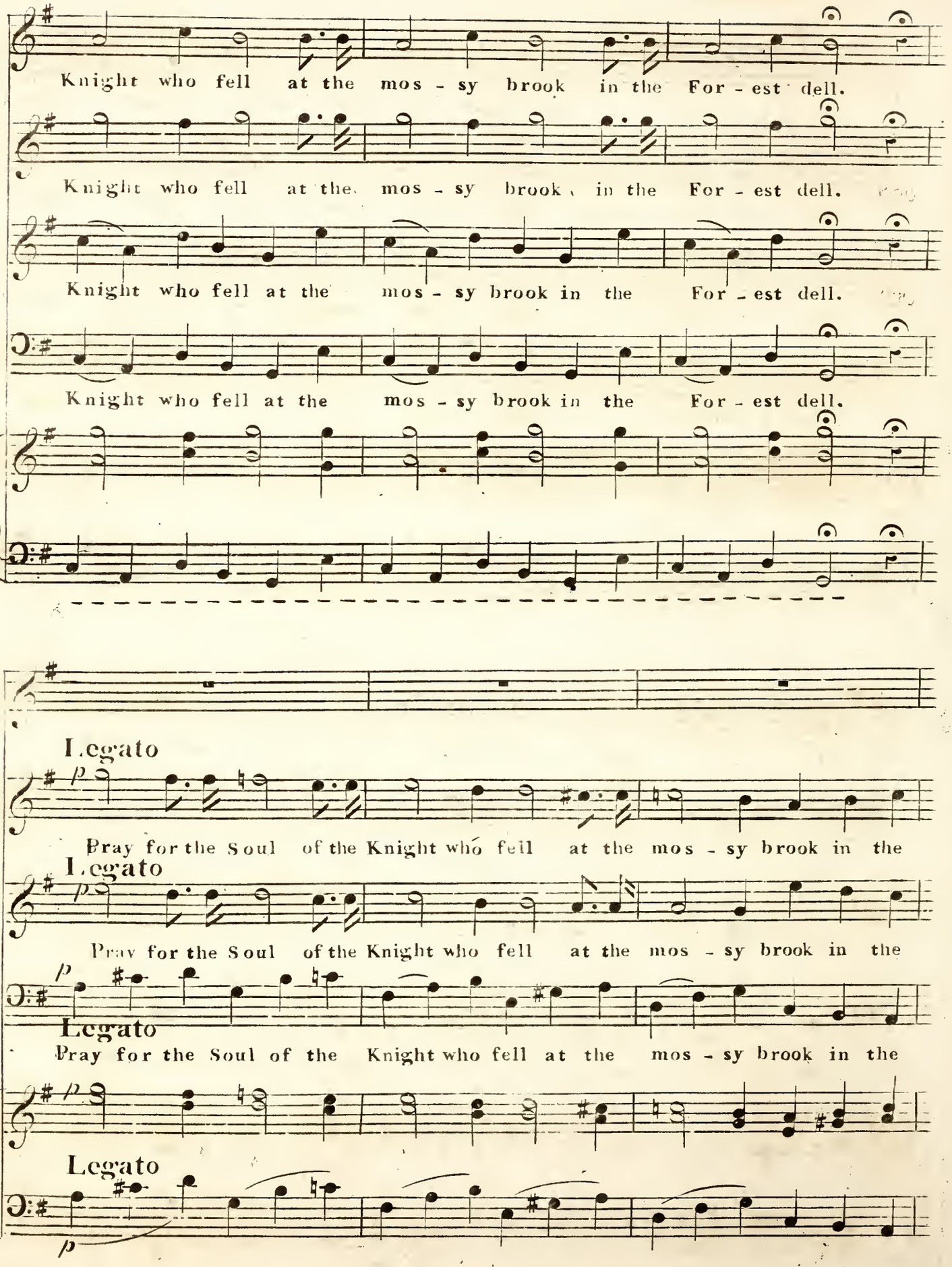


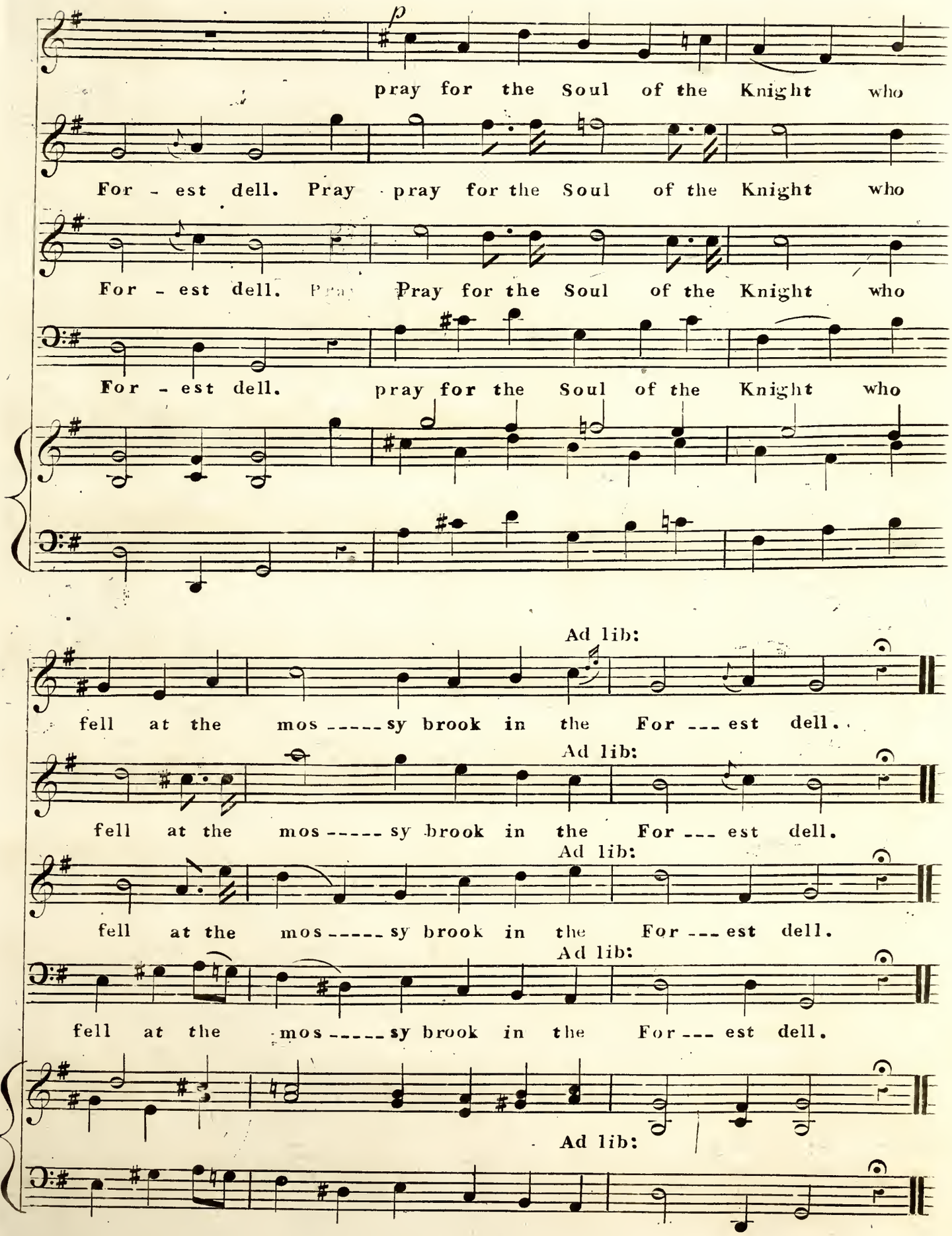
Volti Subito

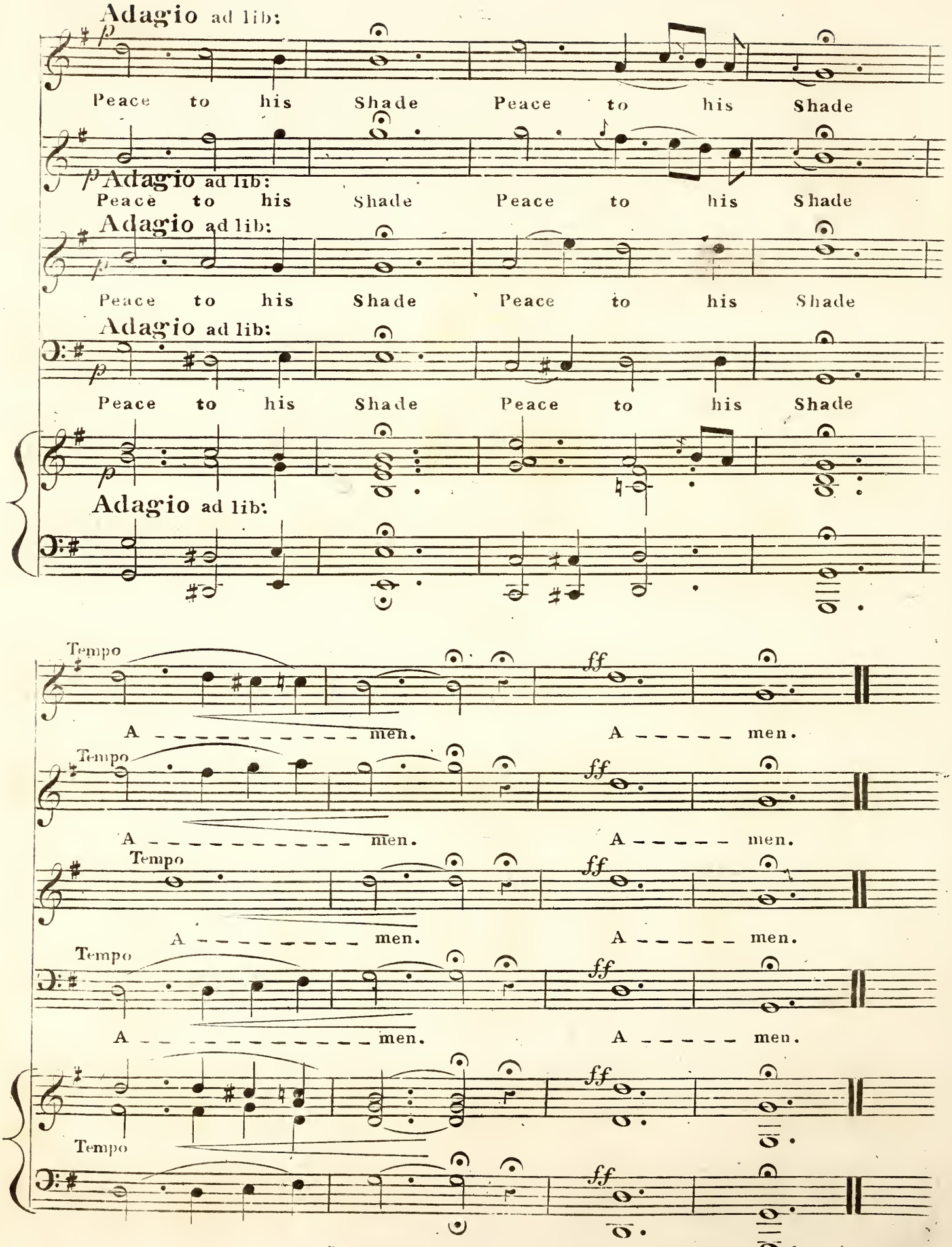

He died
ad lib:
Tempo.
He could not wind his Bu-gle Horn & he died he died He
ad lib:
Tempo.
He could not wind his Bu-gle Horn & he died he died He
ad lib:
Tempo.
He could not wind his Horn and he died He
ad lib:
Tempo
ere the ear ------ ly morn.
died at the brook ere the ear - ly morn ere the ear ------ ly morn.
died ------ he died at the brook ere the ear ------ ly morn.
died ------ he died at the brook ere the ear ------ ly morn.

ADAGIO. **Tenor Solo.** with Solemnity.




Knight who fell at the mos - sy brook in the For - est dell.
Knight who fell at the mos - sy brook in the For - est dell.
Knight who fell at the mos - sy brook in the For - est dell.
Knight who fell at the mos - sy brook in the For - est dell.
Legato
Pray for the Soul of the Knight who fell at the mos - sy brook in the
Legato
Pray for the Soul of the Knight who fell at the mos - sy brook in the
Legato
Pray for the Soul of the Knight who fell at the mos - sy brook in the
Legato


p
pray for the Soul of the Knight who
For - est dell. Pray pray for the Soul of the Knight who
For - est dell. Pray Pray for the Soul of the Knight who
For - est dell. pray for the Soul of the Knight who
Ad lib:
fell at the mos ----- sy brook in the For --- est dell.
Ad lib:
fell at the mos ----- sy brook in the For --- est dell.
Ad lib:
fell at the mos ----- sy brook in the For --- est dell.
Ad lib:
fell at the mos ----- sy brook in the For --- est dell.
Ad lib:



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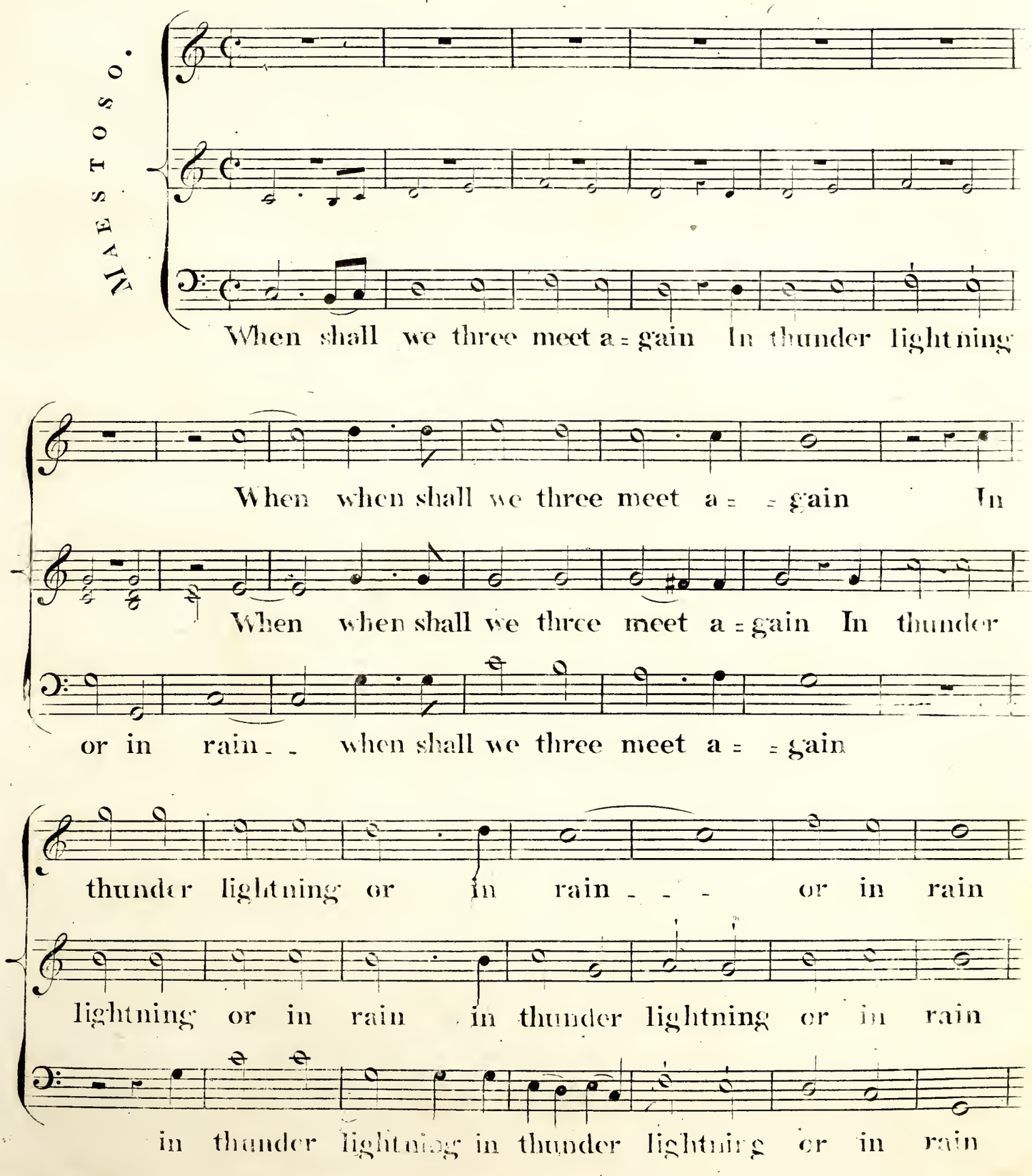
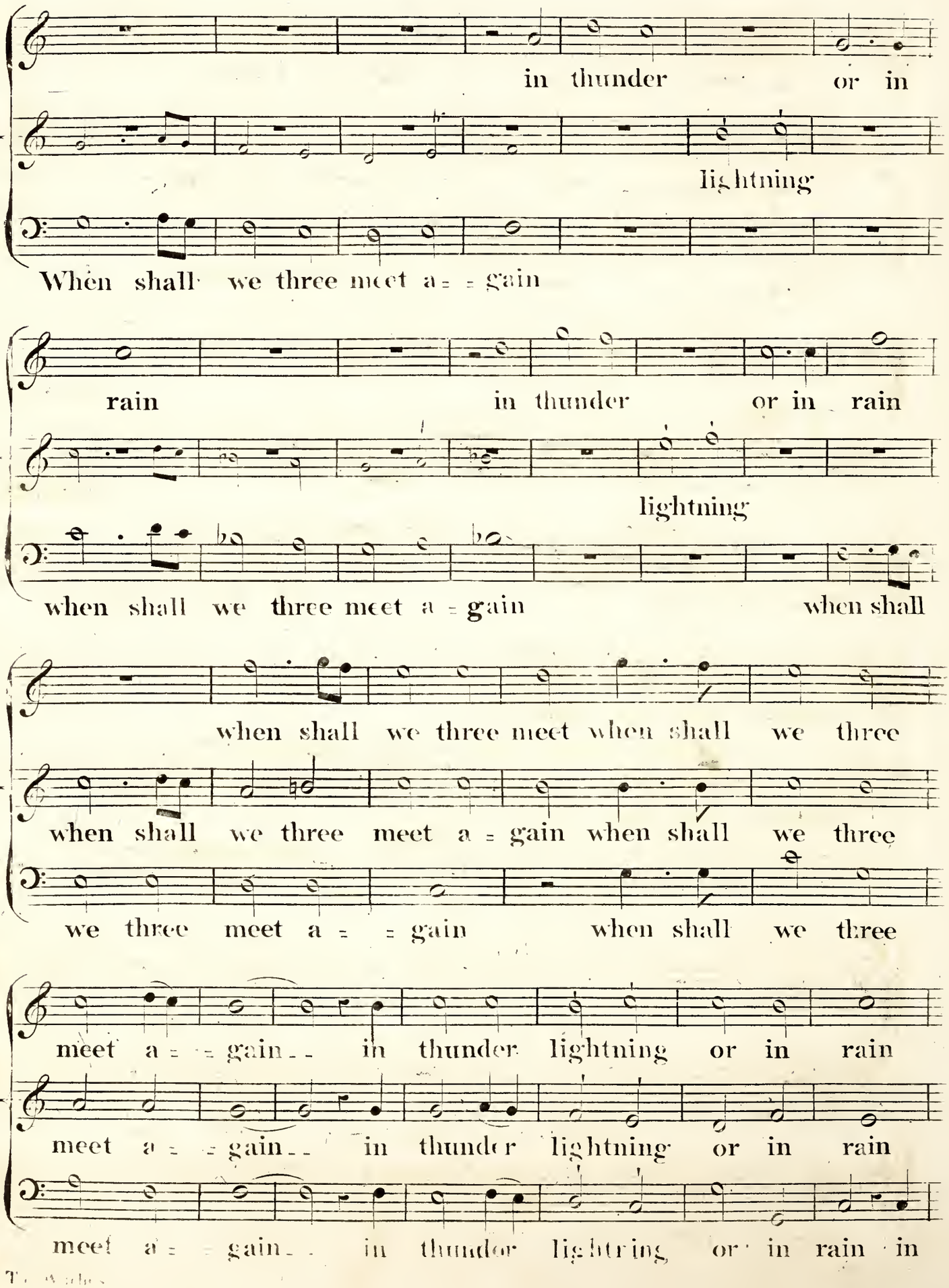
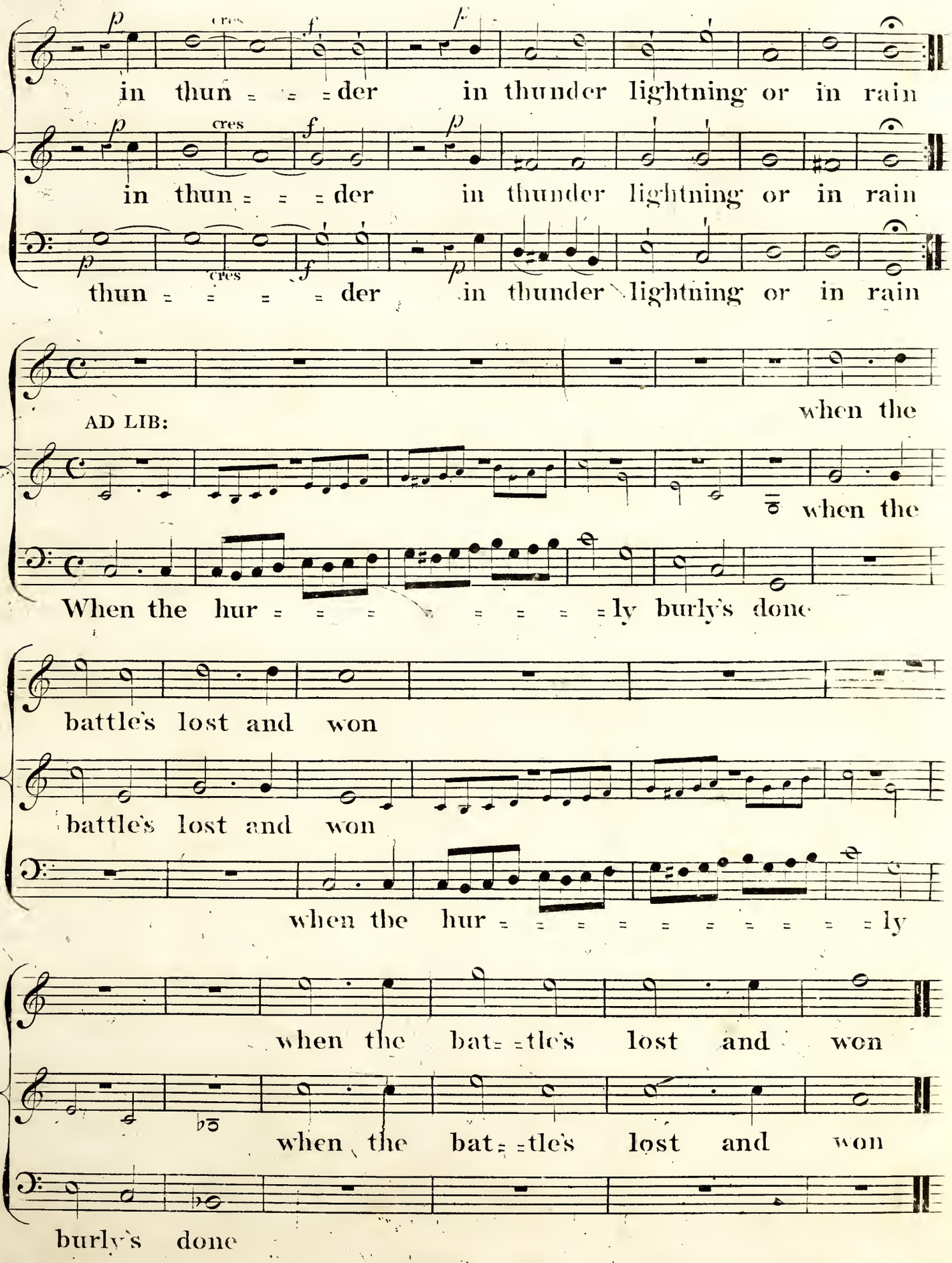
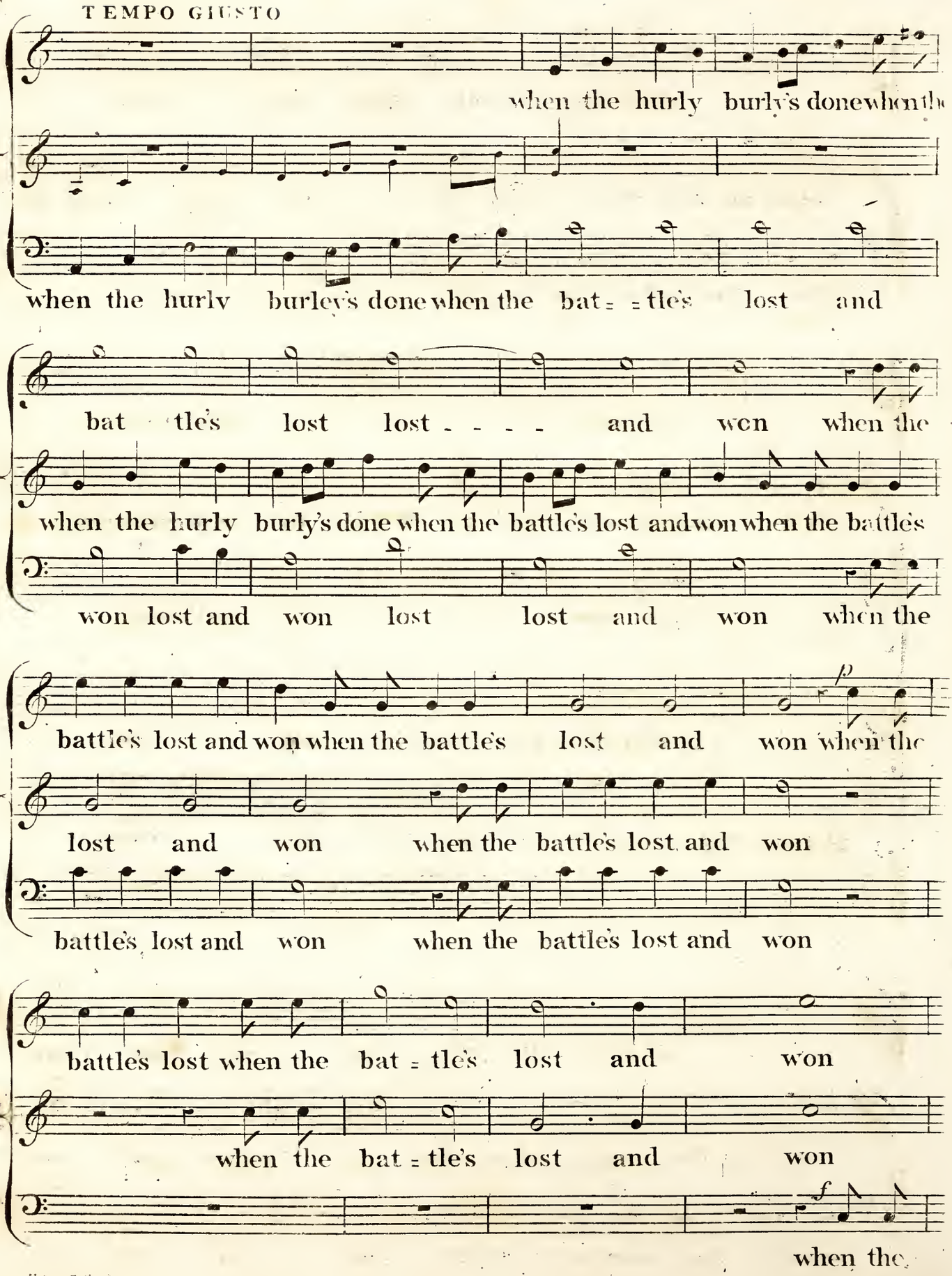
MAESTOSO.

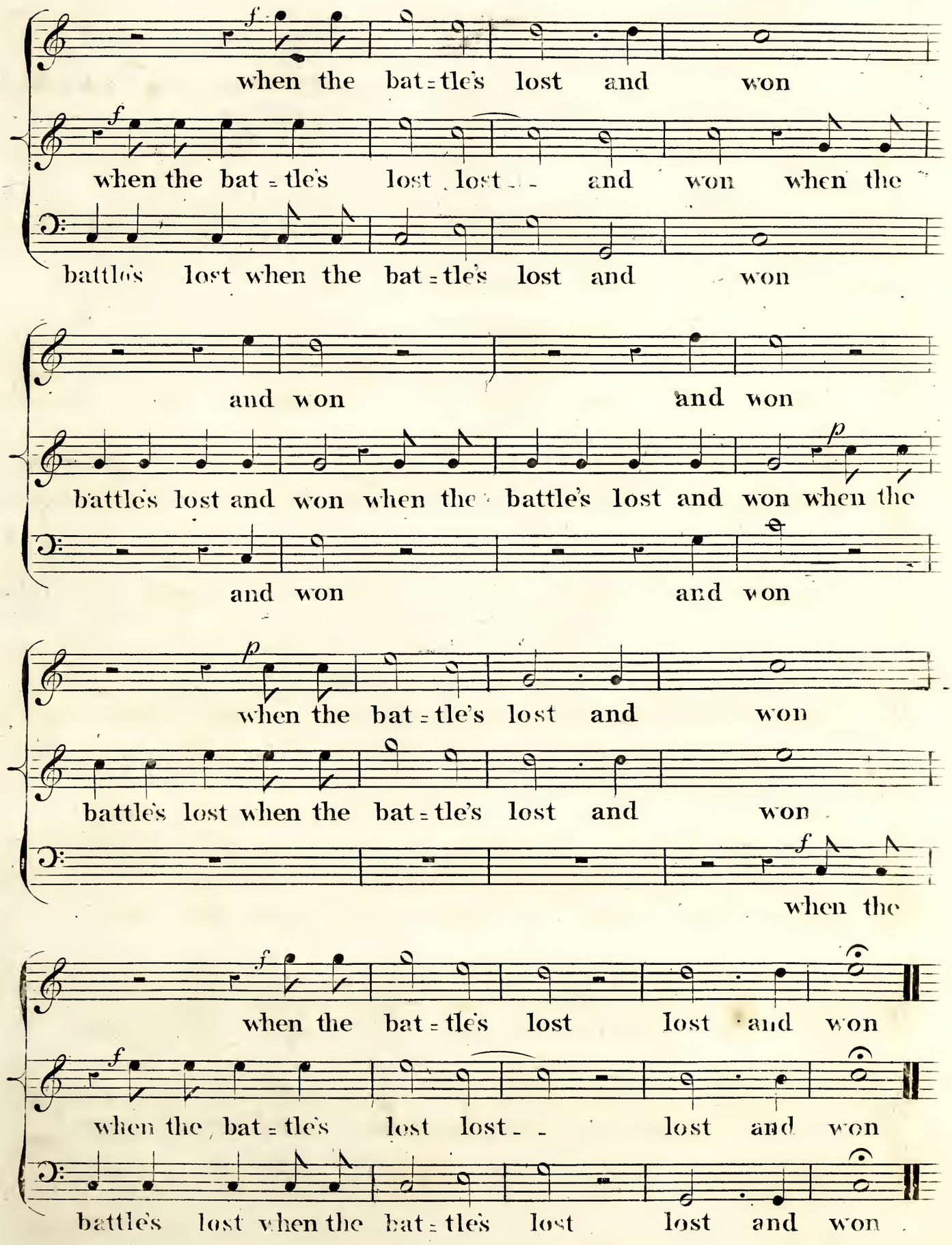



in thunder or in
lightning
When shall we three meet a = = gain
rain in thunder or in rain
lightning
when shall we three meet a = gain when shall
when shall we three meet when shall we three
when shall we three meet a = gain when shall we three
we three meet a = = gain when shall we three
meet a = = gain - - in thunder lightning or in rain
meet a = = gain - - in thunder lightning or in rain
meet a = = gain - - in thunder lightning or in rain in

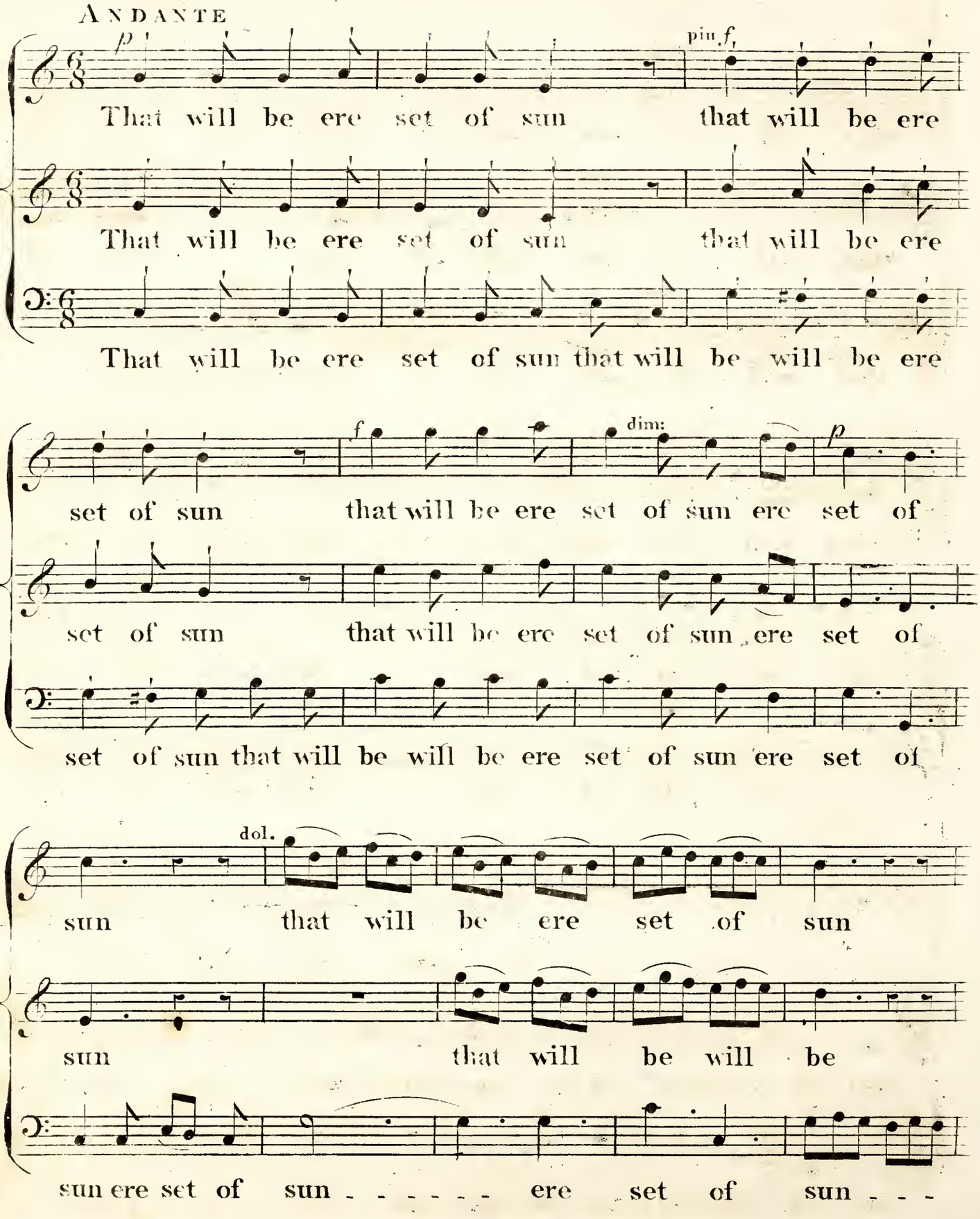

p
cres
f
p
in thun = = = der in thunder lightning or in rain
p
cres
f
p
in thun = = = der in thunder lightning or in rain
p
cres
f
p
thun = = = = der in thunder lightning or in rain
AD LIB:
when the
when the
When the hur = = = = = = = = ly burly's done
battle's lost and won
battle's lost and won
when the hur = = = = = = = = = = ly
when the bat = tle's lost and won
when the bat = tle's lost and won
burly's done

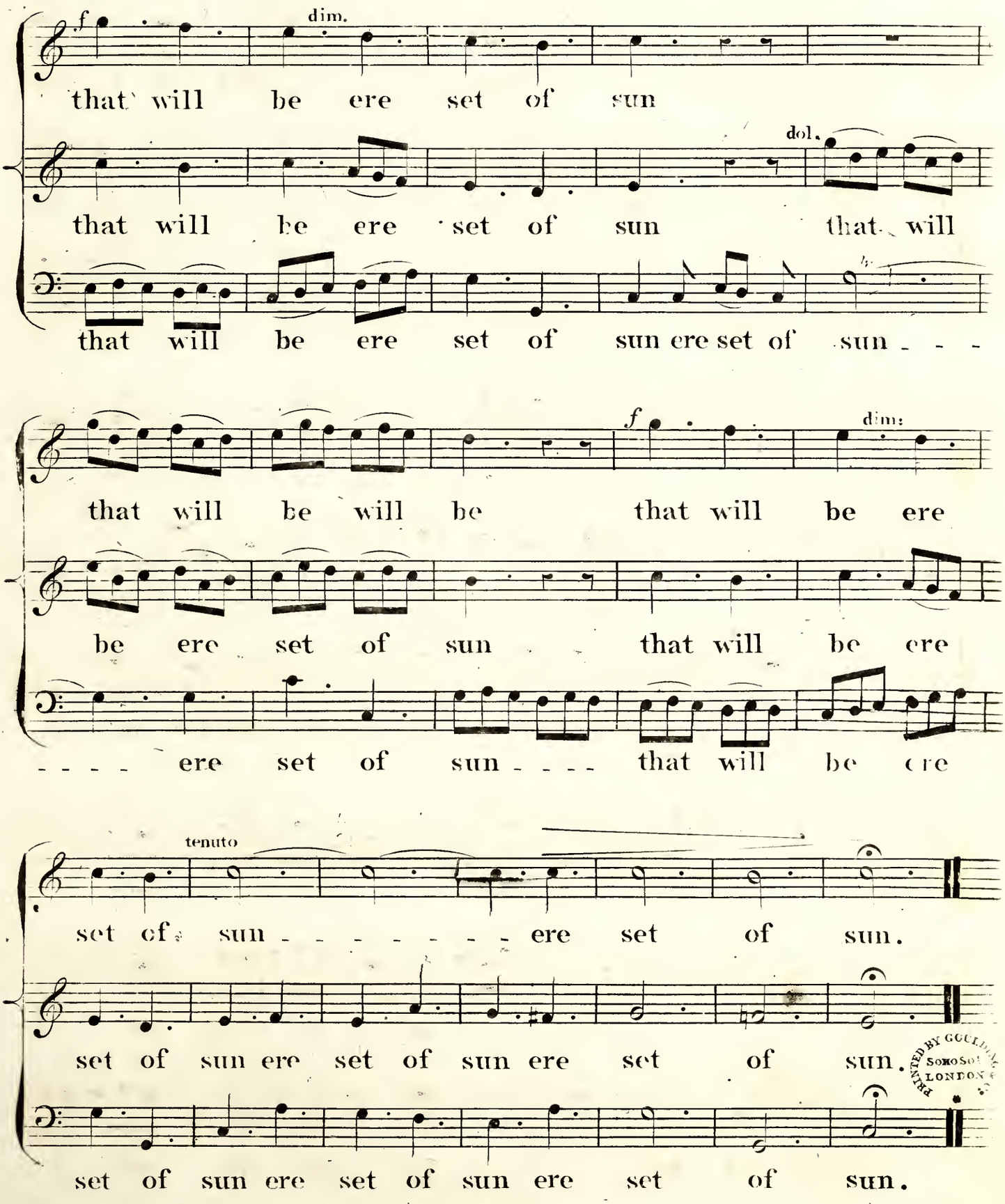
TEMPO GIUSTO




when the bat-tle's lost and won
when the bat-tle's lost lost and won when the
battle's lost when the bat-tle's lost and won
and won and won
battle's lost and won when the battle's lost and won when the
and won and won
when the bat-tle's lost and won
battle's lost when the bat-tle's lost and won
when the
when the bat-tle's lost lost and won
when the bat-tle's lost lost lost and won
battle's lost when the bat-tle's lost lost and won

ANDANTE


p
That will be ere set of sun
piu f
that will be ere
That will be ere set of sun
that will be ere
That will be ere set of sun that will be will be ere
f
set of sun
that will be ere set of sun
dim:
ere set of
p
set of sun
that will be ere set of sun
ere set of
set of sun that will be will be ere set of sun ere set of
dol.
sun
that will be ere set of sun
sun
that will be will be
sun ere set of sun - - - - - - ere set of sun - - -


f
dim.
that will be ere set of sun
dol.
that will be ere set of sun that will
that will be ere set of sun ere set of sun - - -
f
dim.
that will be will be that will be ere
be ere set of sun that will be ere
- - - - ere set of sun - - - - that will be ere
tenuto
set of sun - - - - - - - - ere set of sun.
set of sun ere set of sun ere set of sun.
set of sun ere set of sun ere set of sun.

THE MEETING OF SHIPS,

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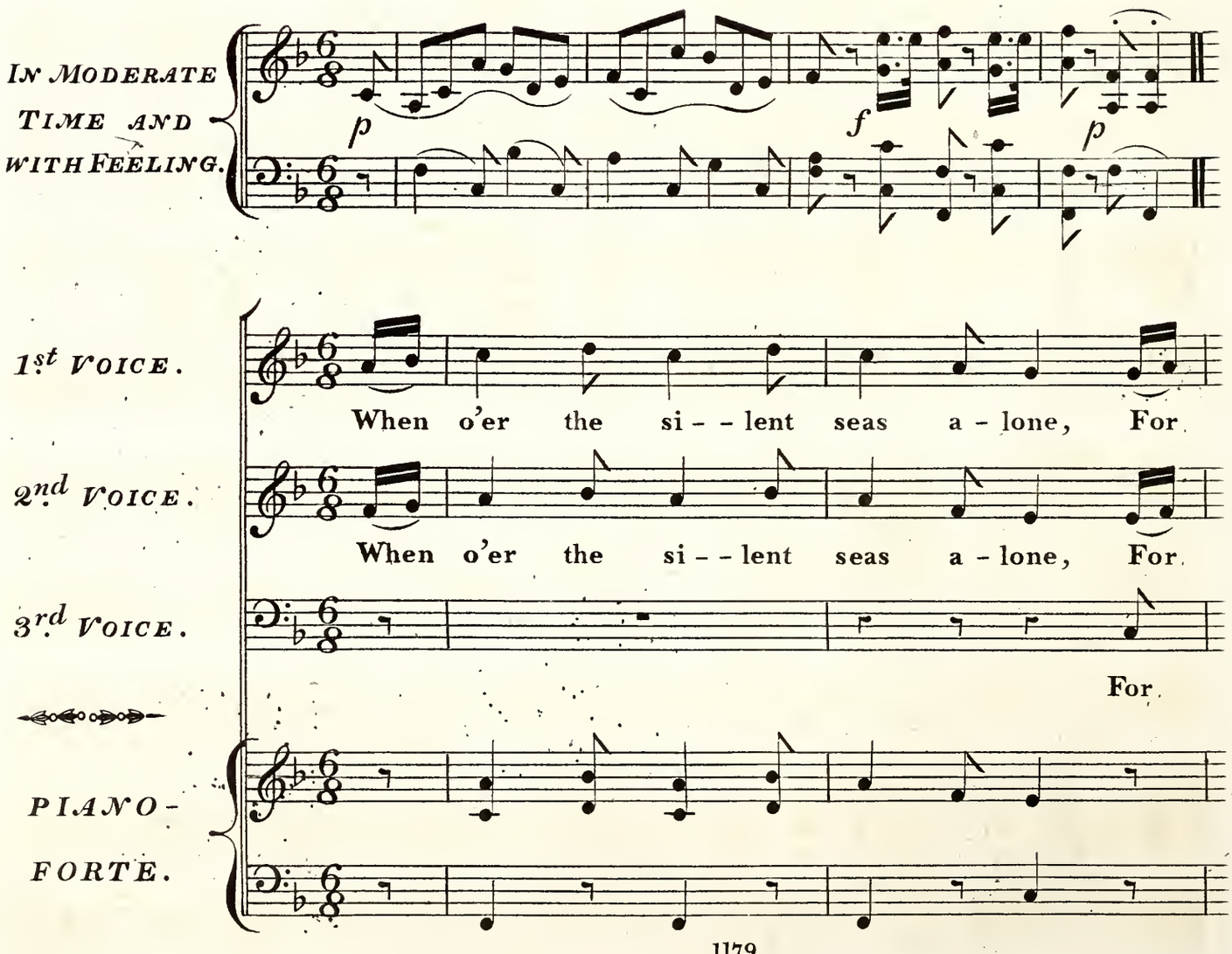


days and nights we've cheer- -less gone, Oh they who've felt it

days and nights we've cheer- -less gone, Oh they must

days and nights we've cheer- -less gone, Oh

know how sweet, Some sun - ny morn a Sail to meet. Some

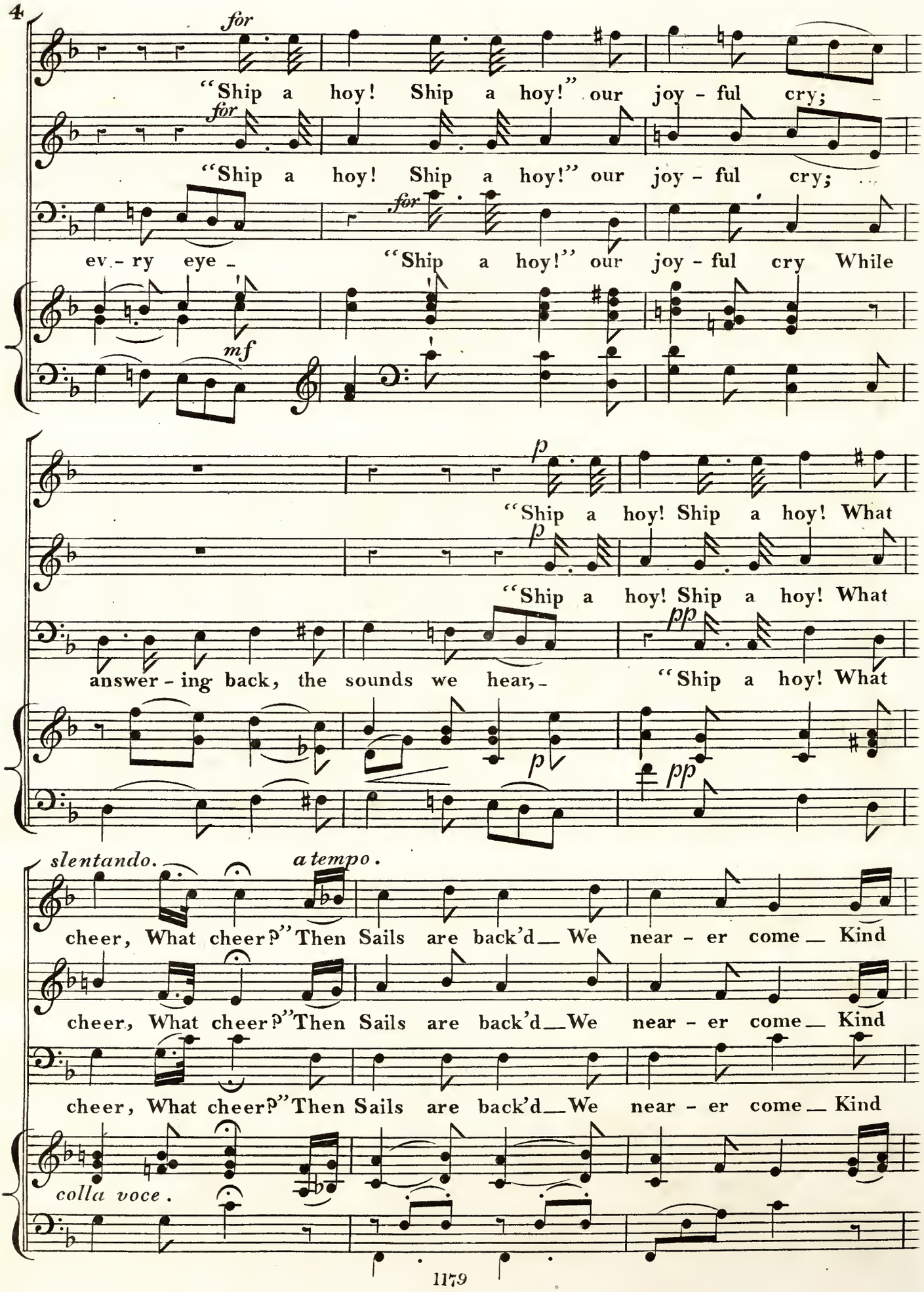
know how sweet, Some sun - ny morn a Sail to meet. Some

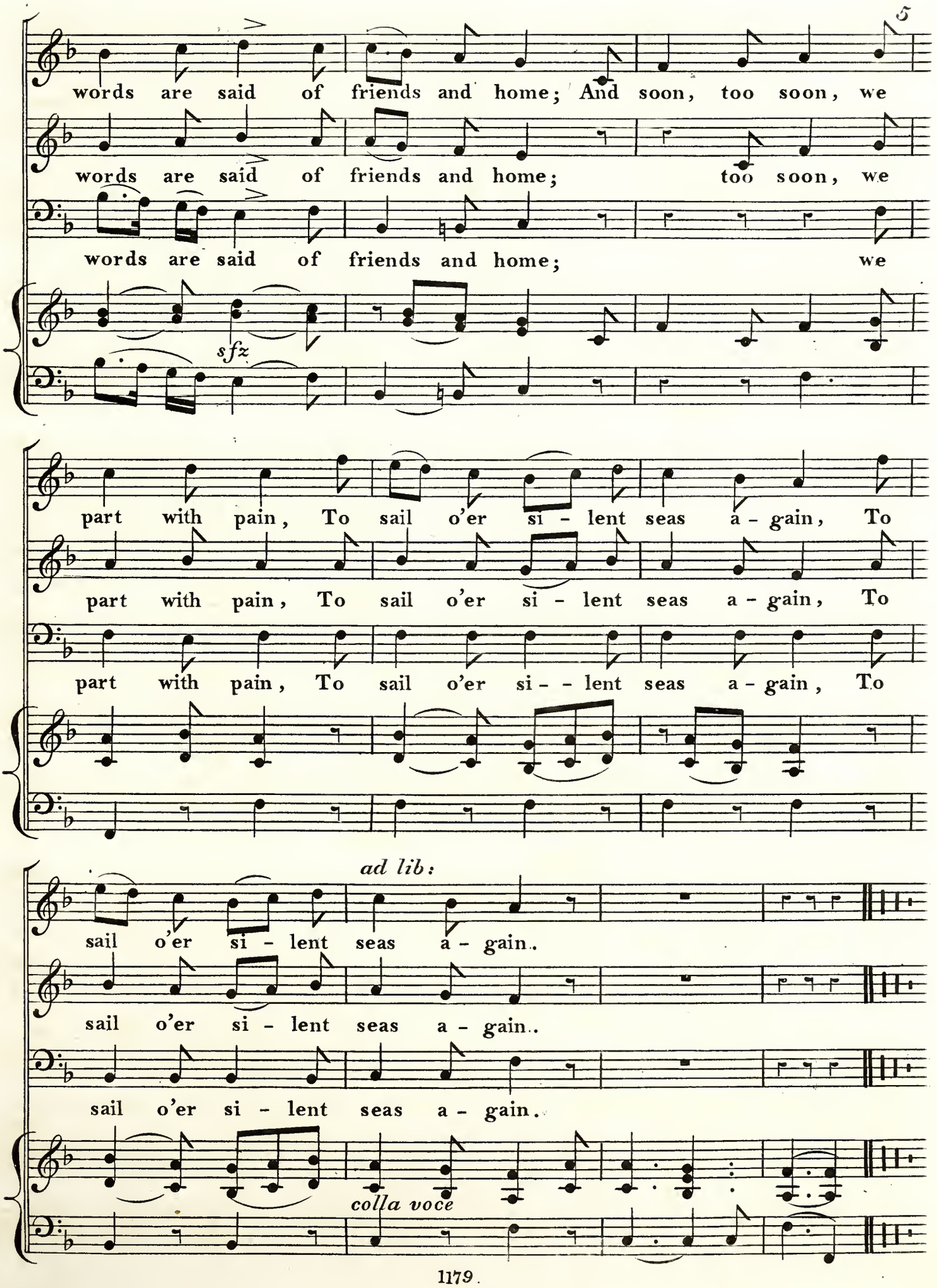
then how sweet, Some sun - ny morn a Sail to meet. Some

sun - ny morn a Sail to meet.

sun - ny morn a Sail to meet.

sun - ny morn a Sail to meet. Spark - ling at once is


for
"Ship a hoy! Ship a hoy!" our joy - ful cry; -
for
"Ship a hoy! Ship a hoy!" our joy - ful cry; ...
ev - ry eye -
for
"Ship a hoy!" our joy - ful cry While
mf
p
"Ship a hoy! Ship a hoy! What
p
"Ship a hoy! Ship a hoy! What
answer - ing back, the sounds we hear, -
pp
"Ship a hoy! What
p
pp
slentando.
a tempo.
cheer, What cheer?" Then Sails are back'd _ We near - er come _ Kind
cheer, What cheer?" Then Sails are back'd _ We near - er come _ Kind
cheer, What cheer?" Then Sails are back'd _ We near - er come _ Kind
colla voce.


words are said of friends and home; And soon, too soon, we
words are said of friends and home; too soon, we
words are said of friends and home; we
sfz
part with pain, To sail o'er si - lent seas a - gain, To
part with pain, To sail o'er si - lent seas a - gain, To
part with pain, To sail o'er si - - lent seas a - gain, To
ad lib:
sail o'er si - lent seas a - gain..
sail o'er si - lent seas a - gain..
sail o'er si - lent seas a - gain..
colla voce

27
1

T'ABBRACCIO TI STRINGO, MIO TENERO FIGLIO,

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IL CIRO,

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ANDANTE.

PIANO FORTE.

p

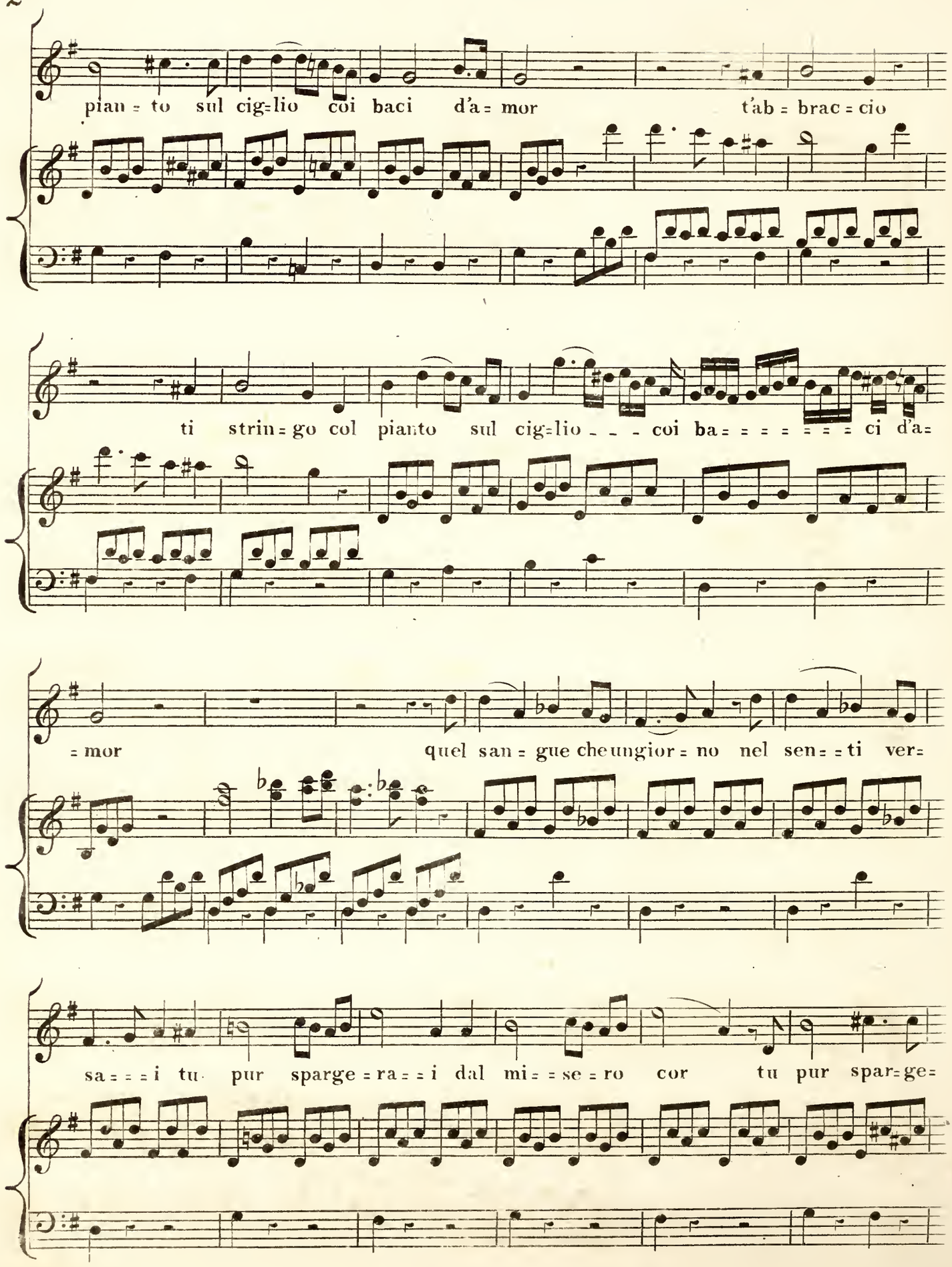
T'abbrac = cio ti strin=go mio

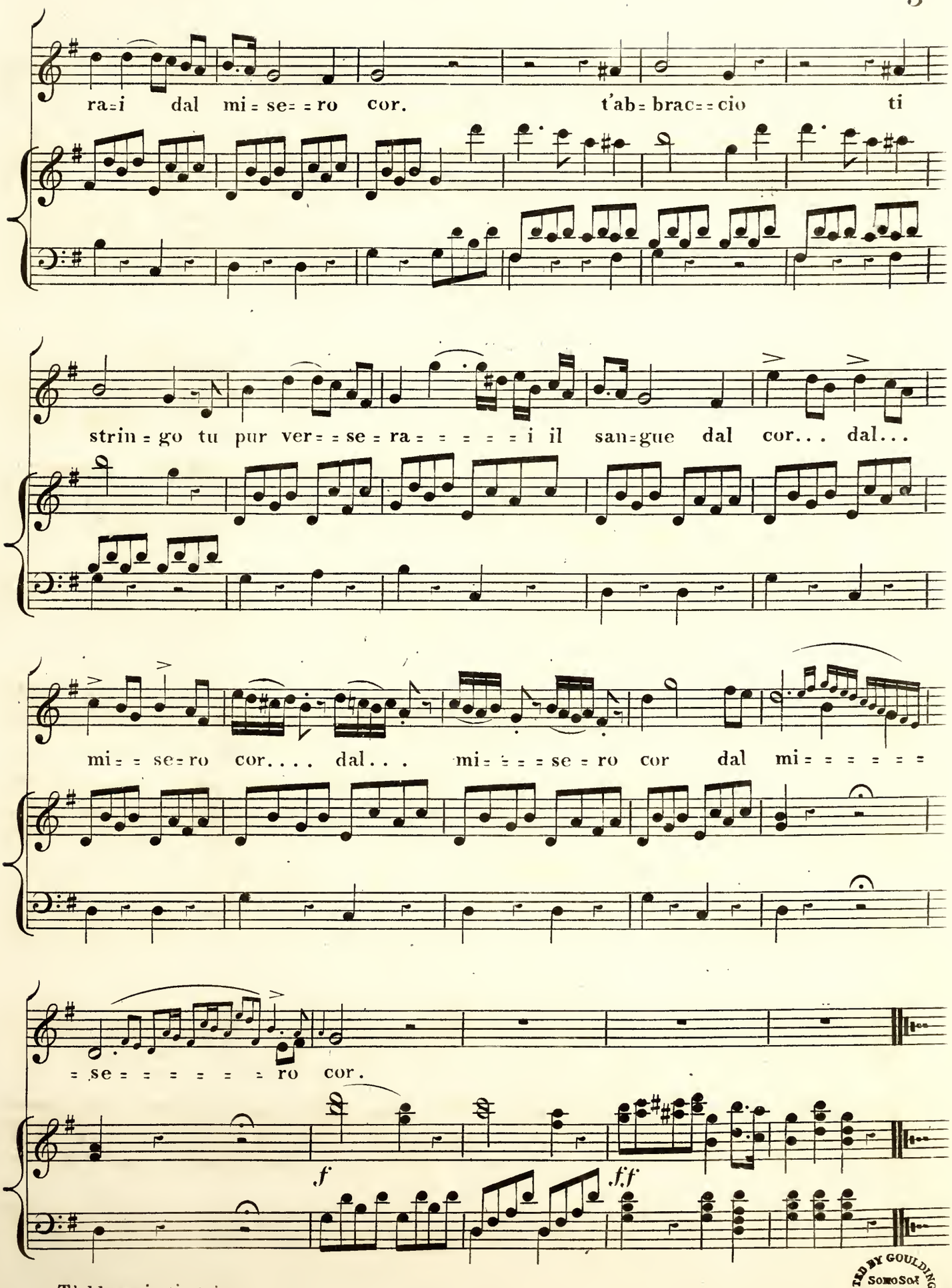
f

p

te = = ne=ro fi = = glio col pian = to sul ci = = glio coi ba = = ci d'a = = mor col

T'abbraccio ti stringo.


pian = to sul cig=lio coi baci d'a= mor t'ab = brac = cio
ti strin = go col pianto sul cig=lio _ _ _ coi ba= = = = = = = ci d'a=
= mor quel san = gue che un gior = no nel sen = = ti ver=
sa = = = i tu pur sparge = ra = = i dal mi = = se = ro cor tu pur spar=ge=



T'abbraccio ti stringo.

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ARRANGED

for Three Voices

BY

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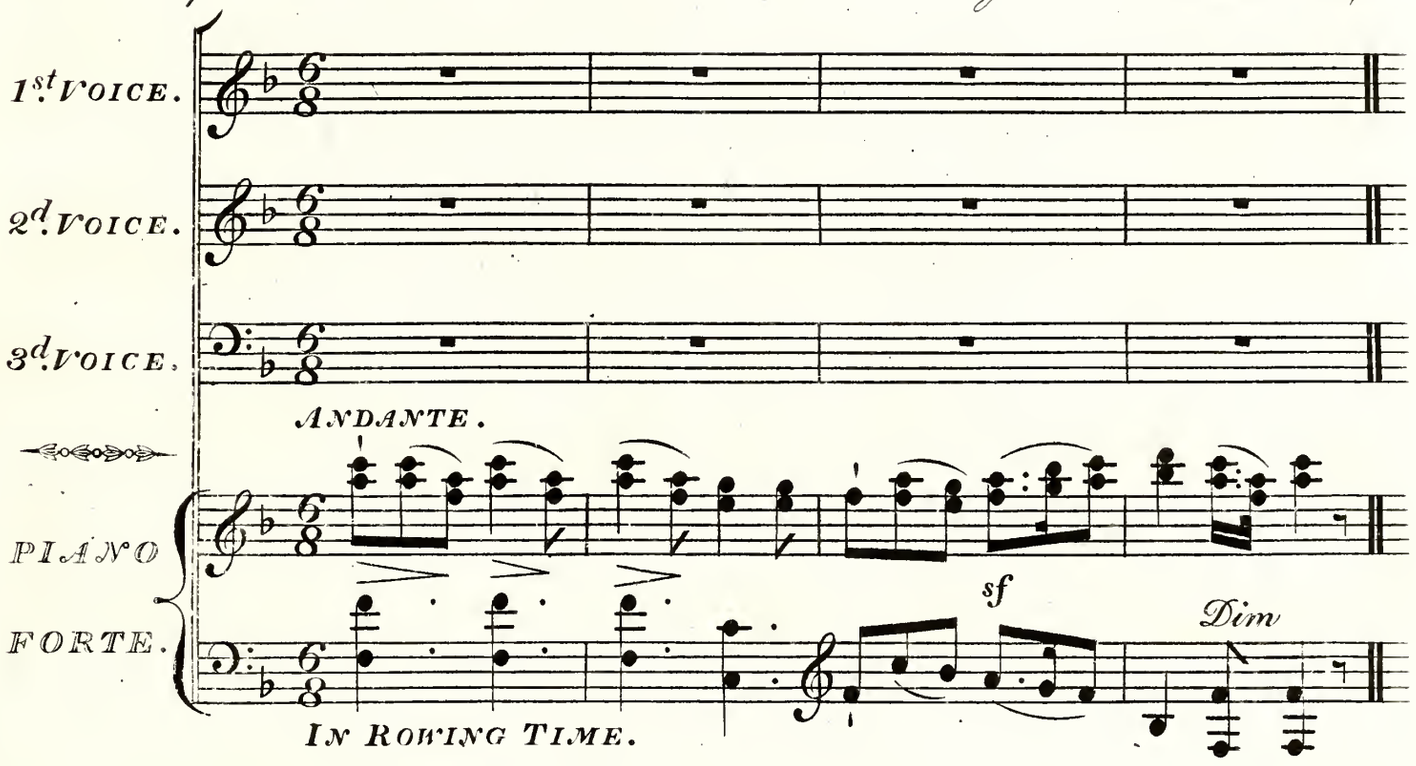
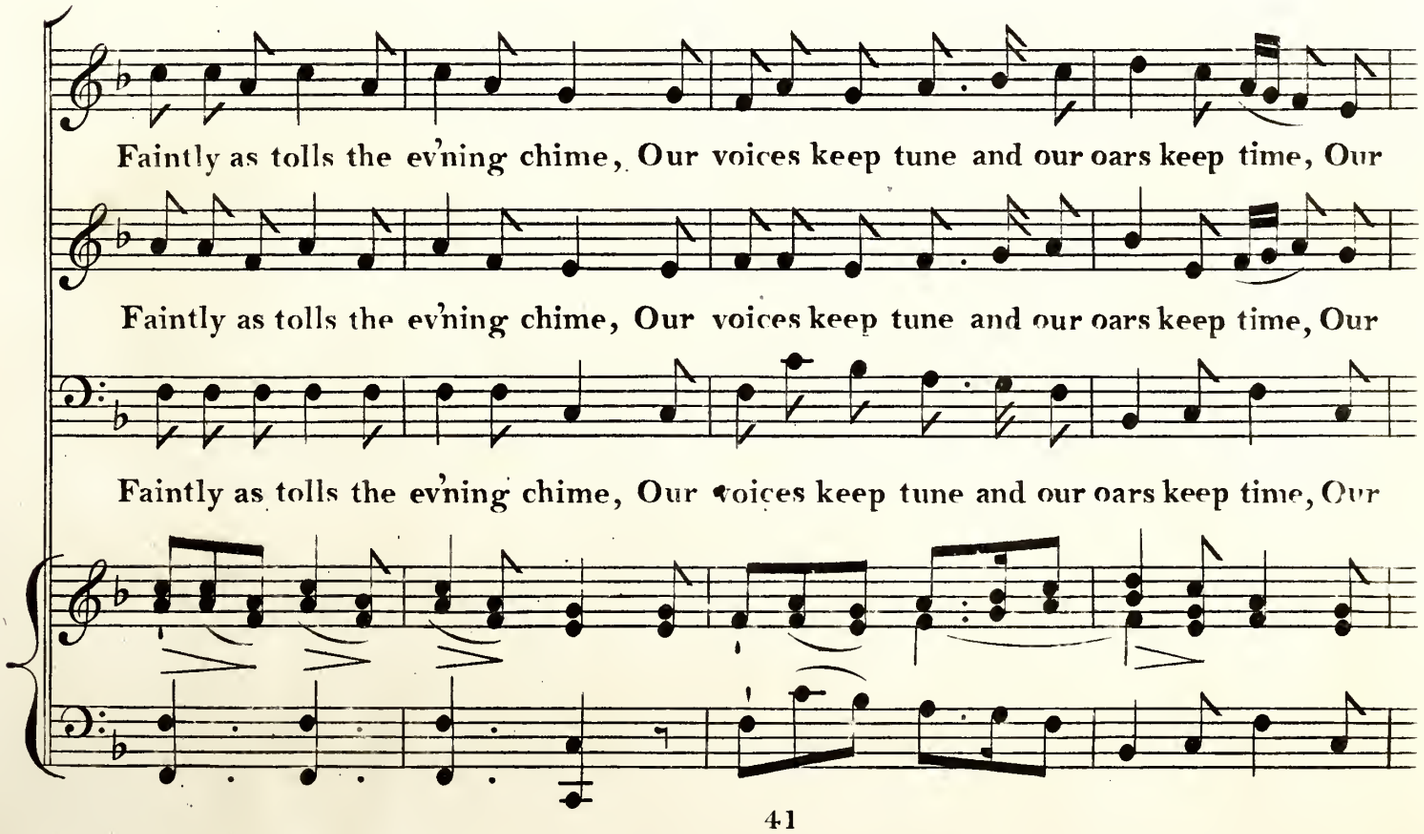
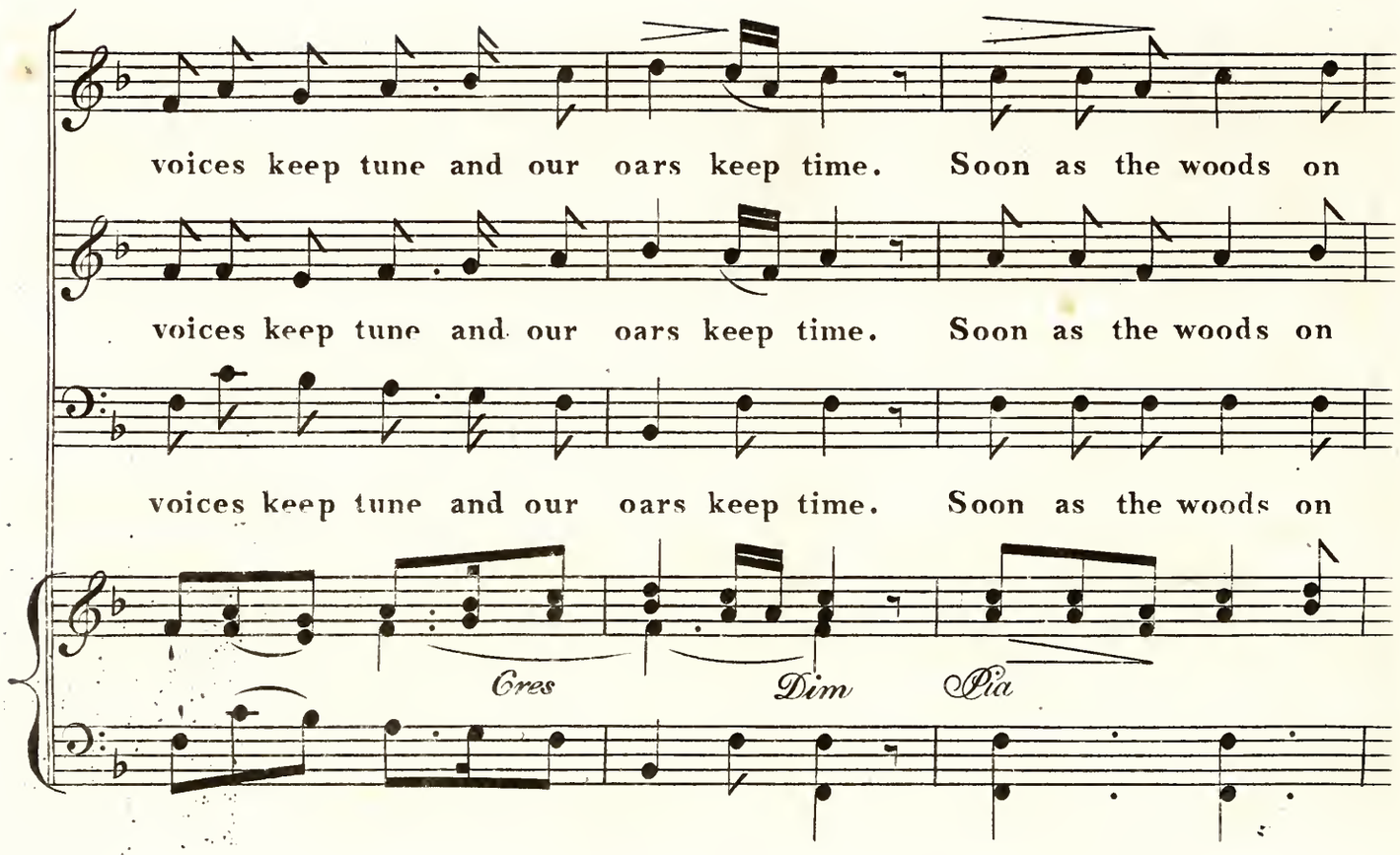
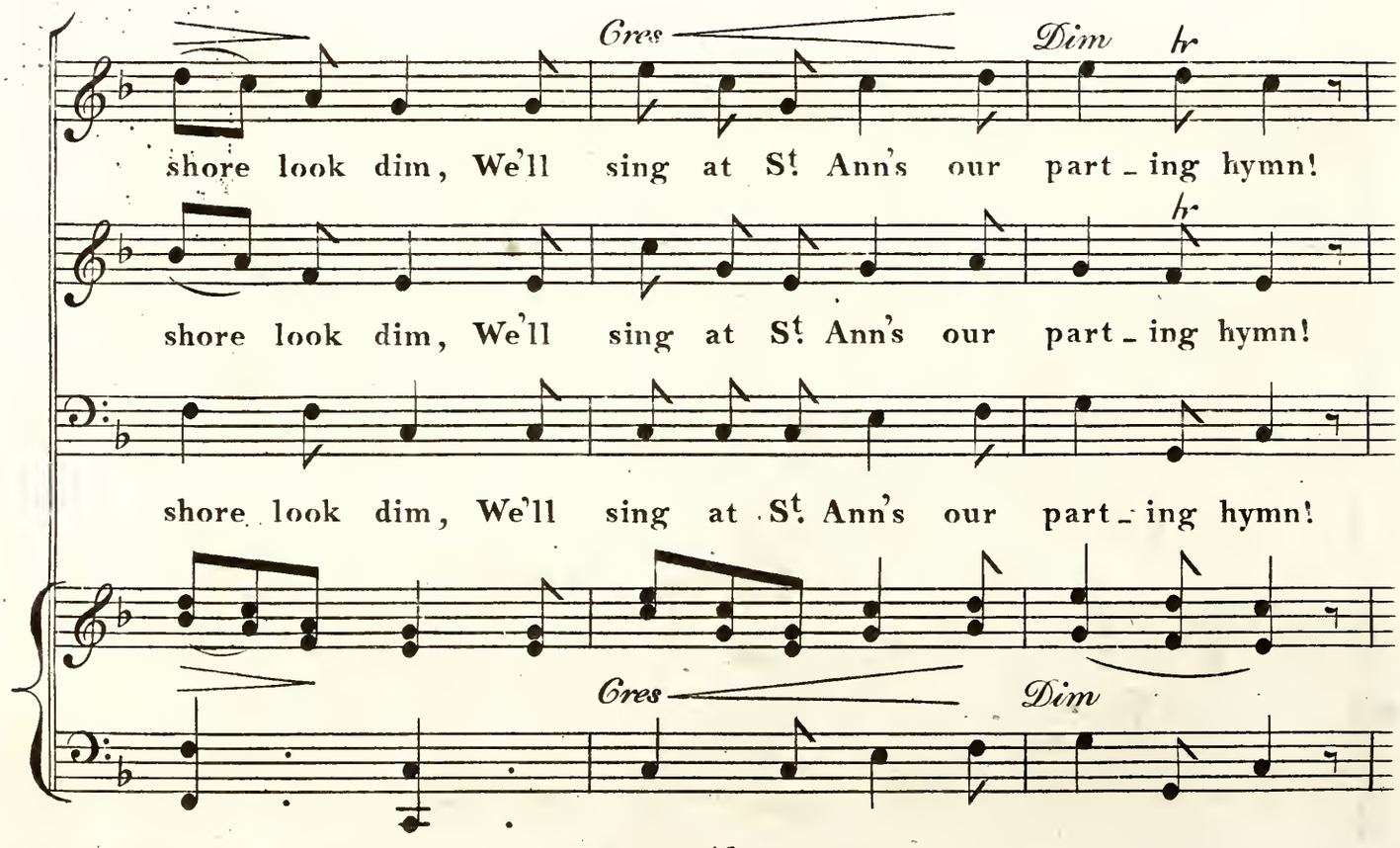
A CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.

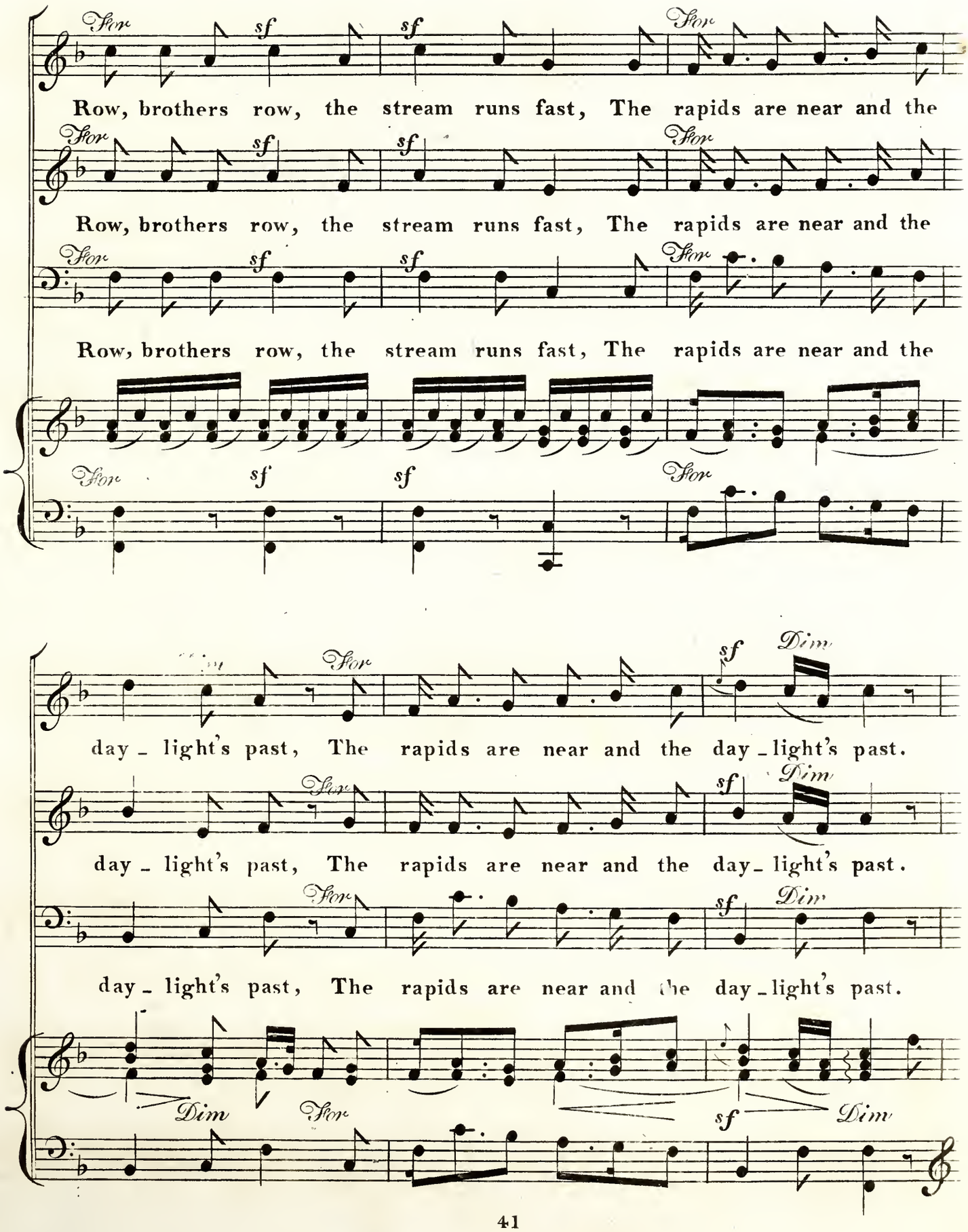
for Three Voices *by Thomas Moore Esqr.*

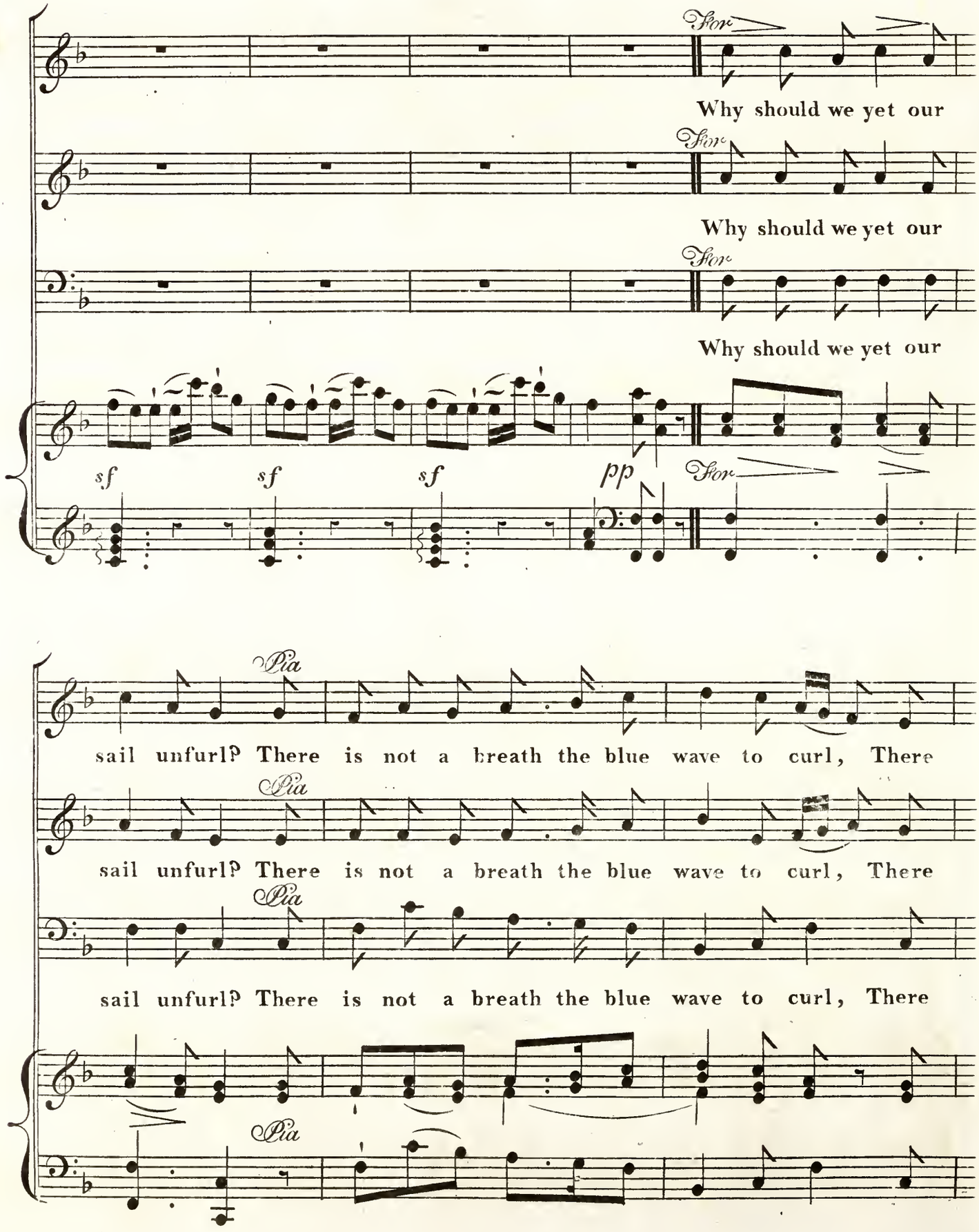


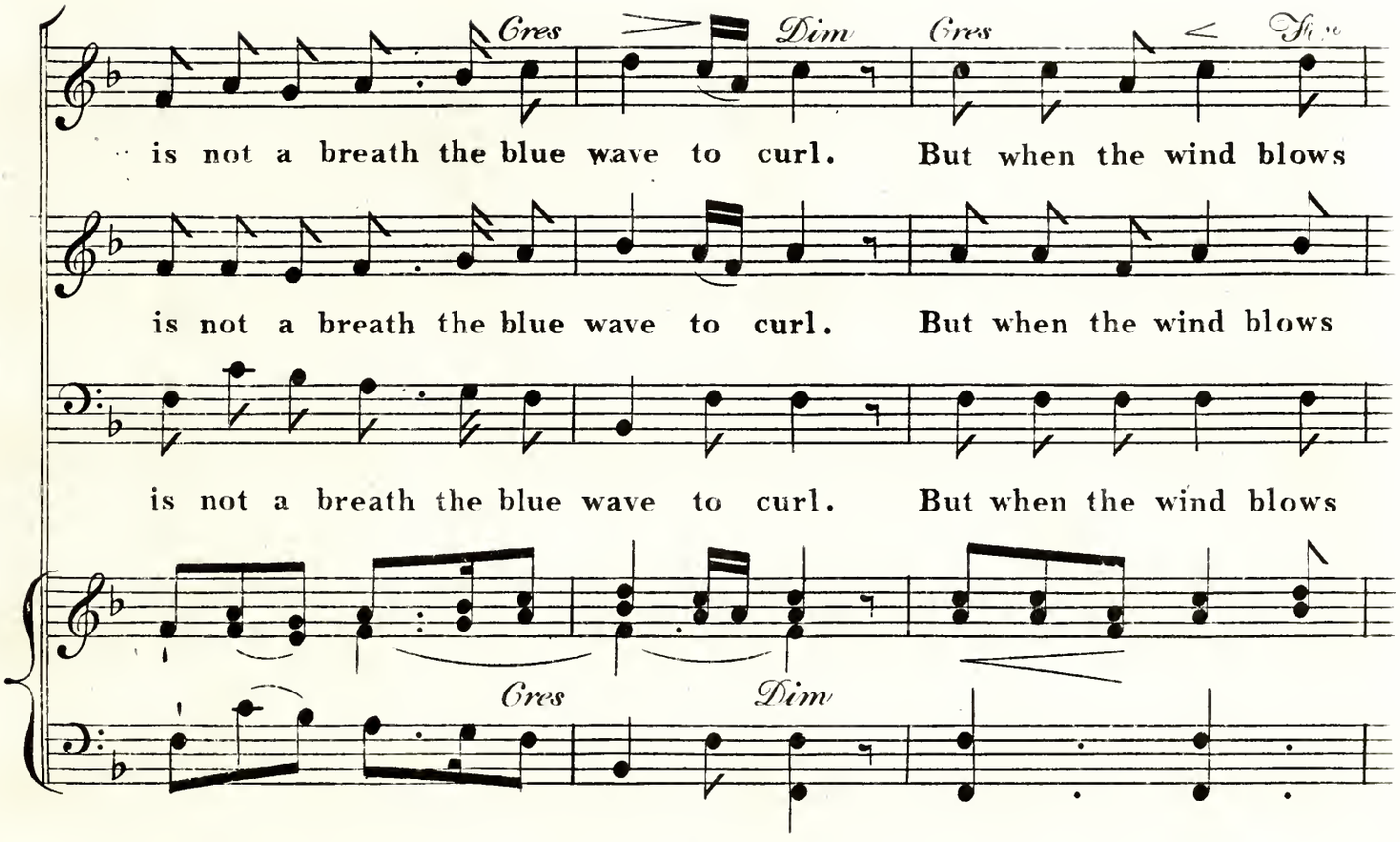


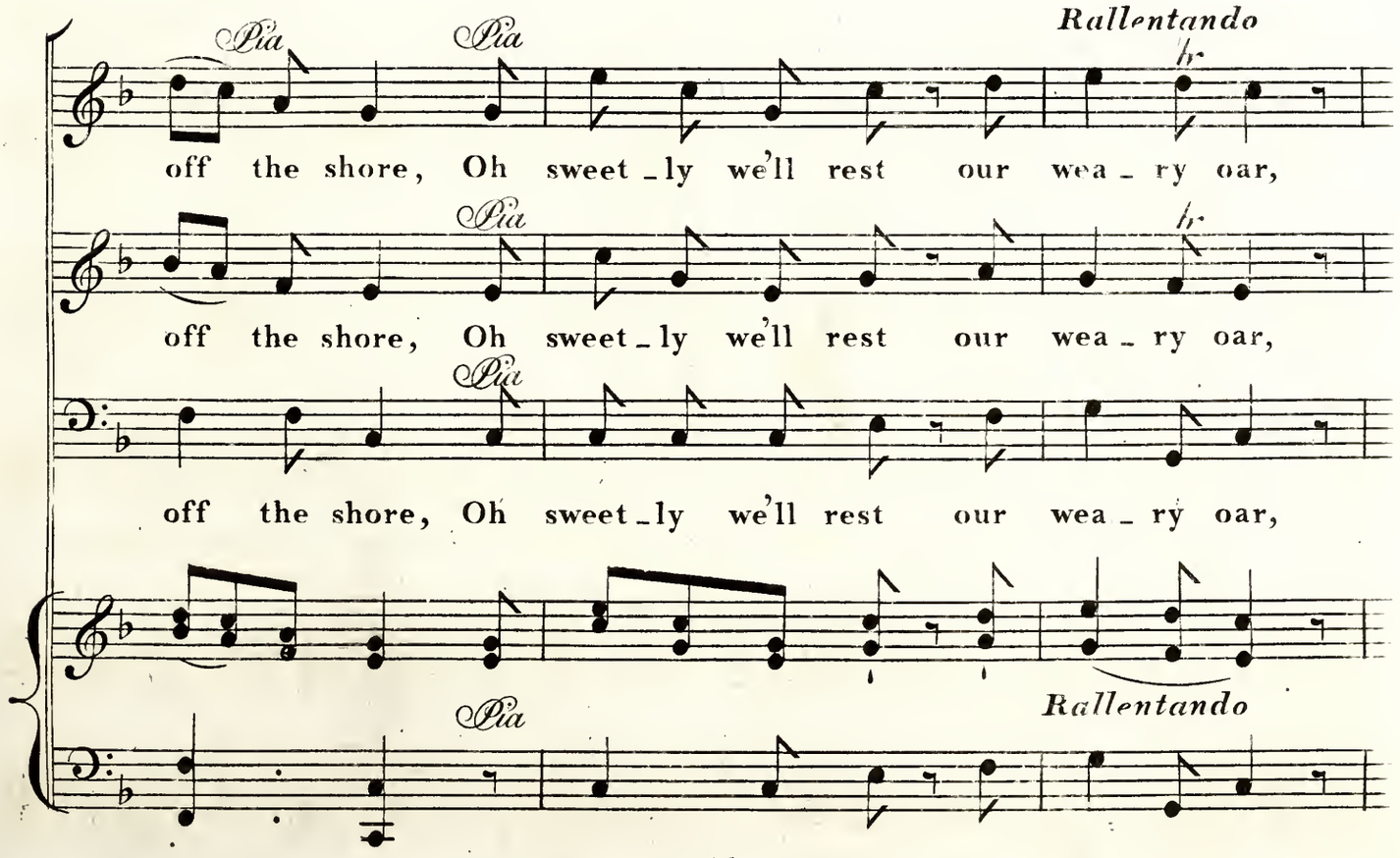

voices keep tune and our oars keep time. Soon as the woods on
voices keep tune and our oars keep time. Soon as the woods on
voices keep tune and our oars keep time. Soon as the woods on
Cres
Dim
Pia

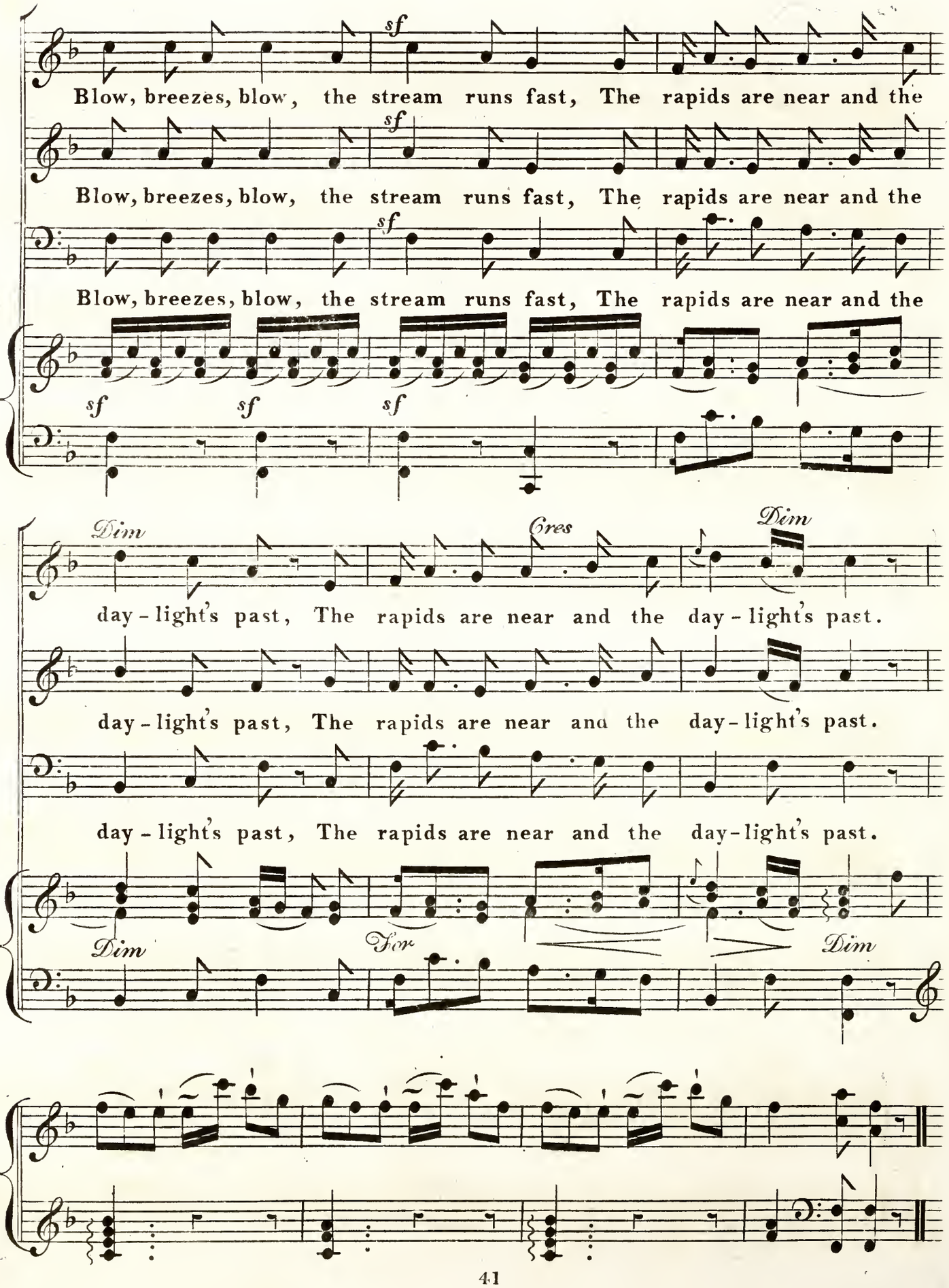

Cres
Dim
hr
shore look dim, We'll sing at St Ann's our part_ing hymn!
hr
shore look dim, We'll sing at St Ann's our part_ing hymn!
shore look dim, We'll sing at St Ann's our part_ing hymn!
Cres
Dim

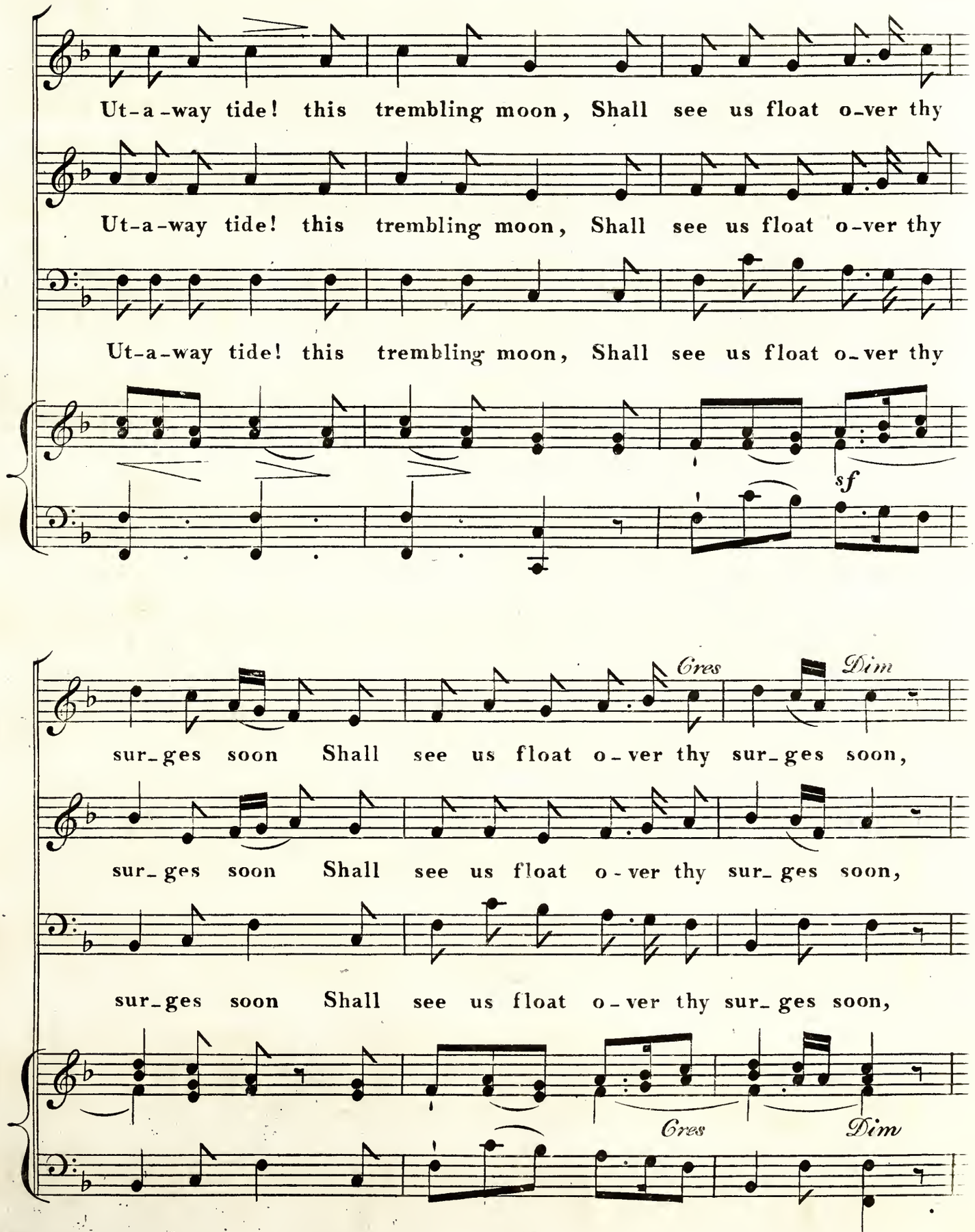

For
sf
sf
For
Row, brothers row, the stream runs fast, The rapids are near and the
Row, brothers row, the stream runs fast, The rapids are near and the
Row, brothers row, the stream runs fast, The rapids are near and the
day_light's past, The rapids are near and the day_light's past.
day_light's past, The rapids are near and the day_light's past.
day_light's past, The rapids are near and the day_light's past.
Dim
sf

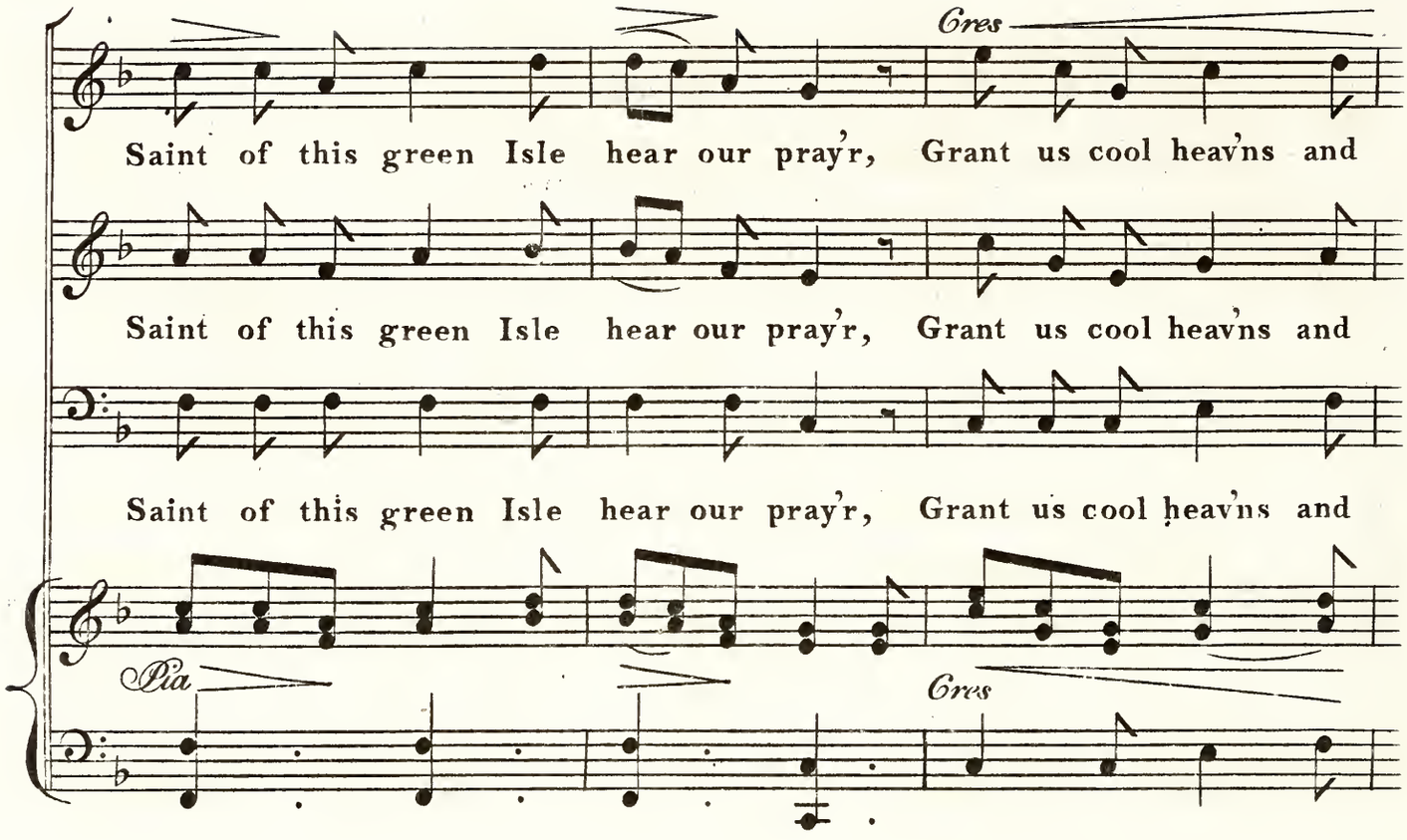

For
Why should we yet our
For
Why should we yet our
For
Why should we yet our
sf
sf
sf
pp
For
Pia
sail unfurl? There is not a breath the blue wave to curl, There
Pia
sail unfurl? There is not a breath the blue wave to curl, There
Pia
sail unfurl? There is not a breath the blue wave to curl, There
Pia

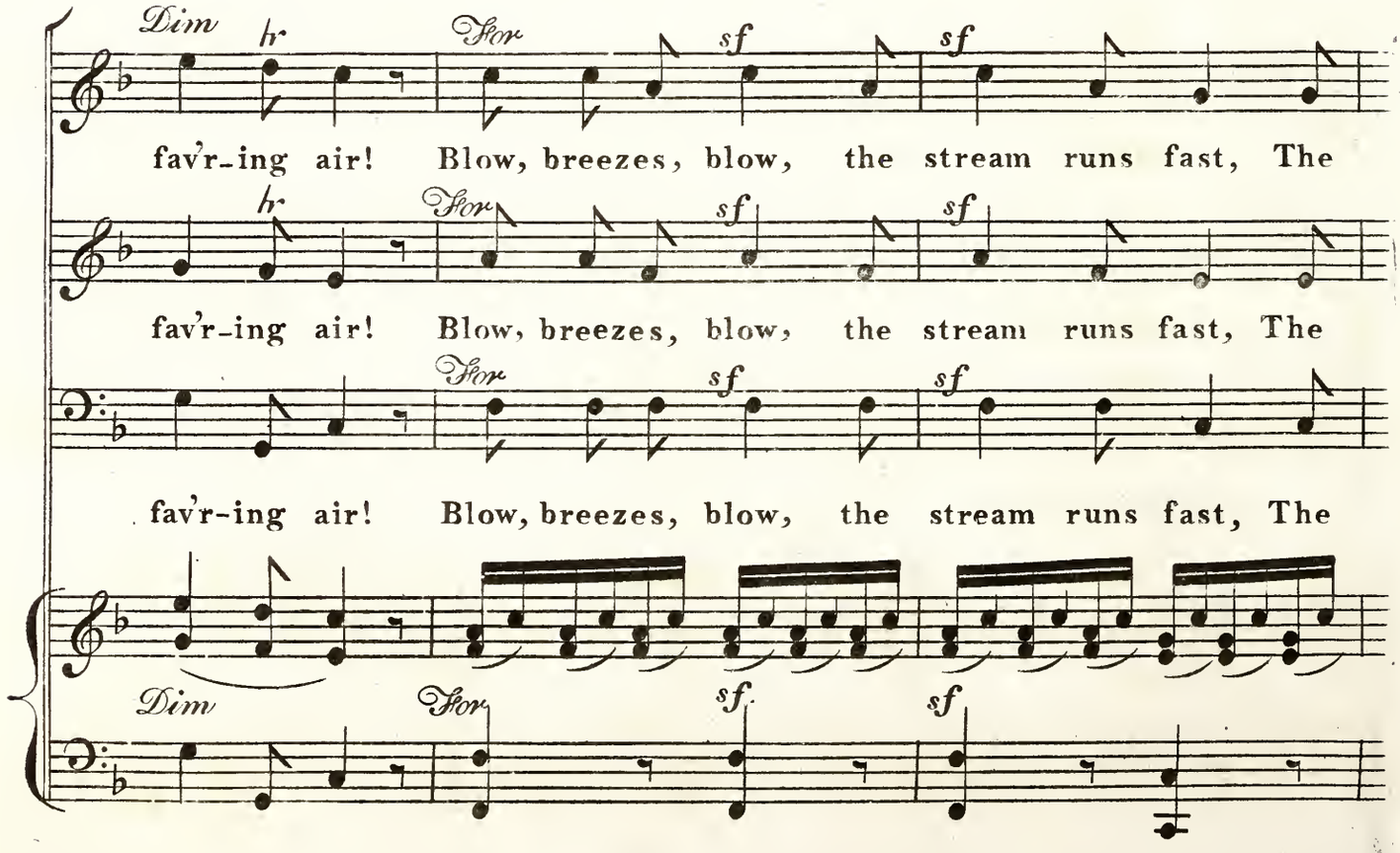

Cres
Dim
Cres
is not a breath the blue wave to curl. But when the wind blows
is not a breath the blue wave to curl. But when the wind blows
is not a breath the blue wave to curl. But when the wind blows
Cres
Dim

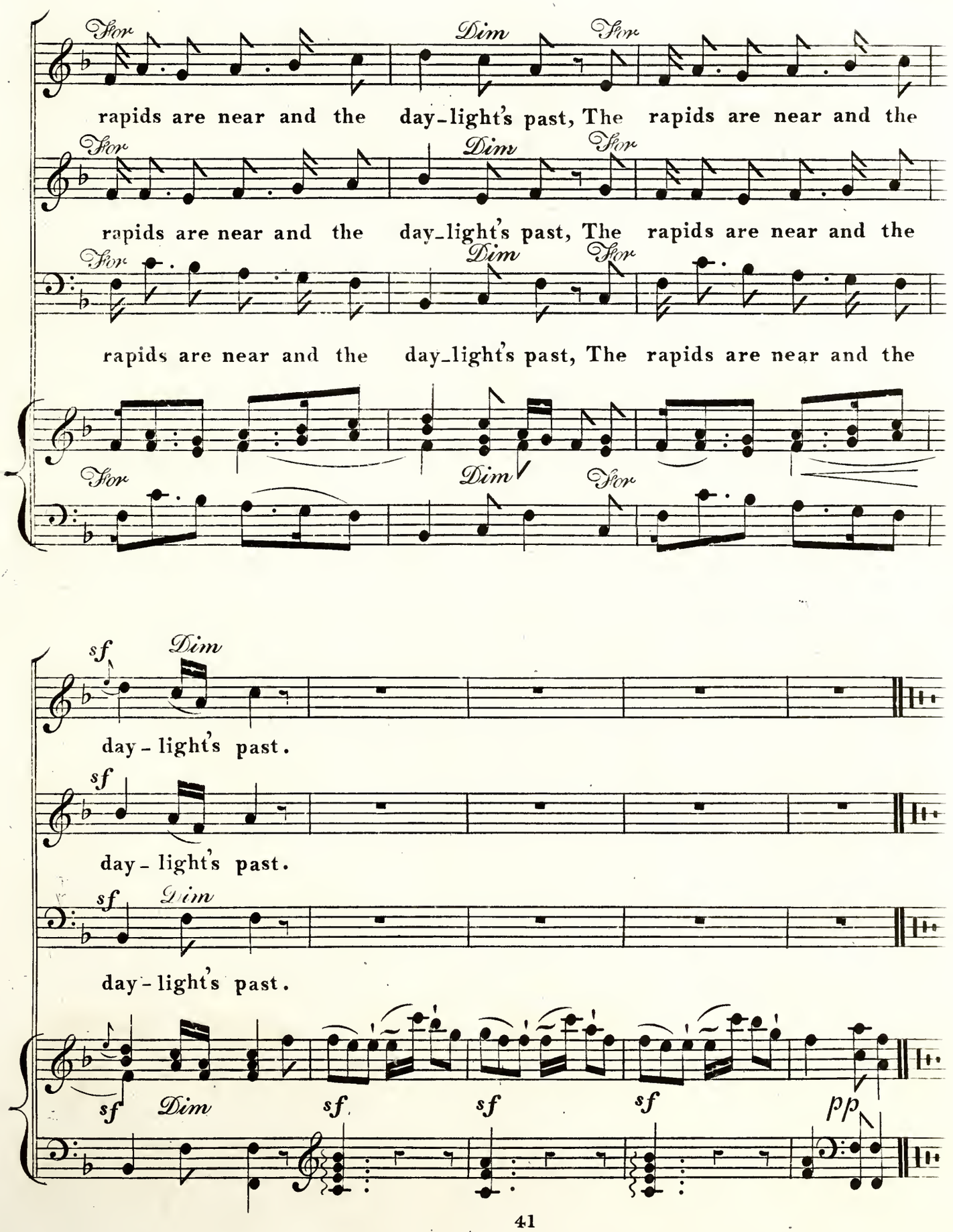

Pia
Pia
Rallentando
off the shore, Oh sweet_ly we'll rest our wea_ry oar,
Pia
off the shore, Oh sweet_ly we'll rest our wea_ry oar,
Pia
off the shore, Oh sweet_ly we'll rest our wea_ry oar,
Pia
Rallentando


sf
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast, The rapids are near and the
sf
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast, The rapids are near and the
sf
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast, The rapids are near and the
sf sf sf
Dim
Cres
Dim
day-light's past, The rapids are near and the day-light's past.
day-light's past, The rapids are near and the day-light's past.
day-light's past, The rapids are near and the day-light's past.
Dim
For
Dim


Ut-a-way tide! this trembling moon, Shall see us float o-ver thy
Ut-a-way tide! this trembling moon, Shall see us float o-ver thy
Ut-a-way tide! this trembling moon, Shall see us float o-ver thy
sf
Cres
Dim
sur-ges soon Shall see us float o-ver thy sur-ges soon,
sur-ges soon Shall see us float o-ver thy sur-ges soon,
sur-ges soon Shall see us float o-ver thy sur-ges soon,
Cres
Dim


Cres
Saint of this green Isle hear our pray'r, Grant us cool heav'ns and
Saint of this green Isle hear our pray'r, Grant us cool heav'ns and
Saint of this green Isle hear our pray'r, Grant us cool heav'ns and
Pia
Cres


Dim
hr
For
sf
sf
fav'r-ing air! Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast, The
hr
For
sf
sf
fav'r-ing air! Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast, The
For
sf
sf
fav'r-ing air! Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast, The
Dim
For
sf
sf


For
Dim
For
rapids are near and the day-light's past, The rapids are near and the
rapids are near and the day-light's past, The rapids are near and the
rapids are near and the day-light's past, The rapids are near and the
sf
Dim
day-light's past.
day-light's past.
day-light's past.
pp

The Red Cross Knight,

A Celebrated Glee,

Composed for

THREE VOICES,

by

Dr. CALLCOTT.

P: 1/6

London, Published at the Bedford Musical Repository, 45, Southampton Row, Russell Square.

ALLEGRETTO.

Blow Warder, blow thy sounding horn, And thy Banner wave on high

For the

in the Ho-ly Land, and have won the Vic-to-ry, and have won the.

in the Ho-ly Land, and have won the Vic-to-ry, and have won the

Christians have fought in the Ho-ly Land, and have won the Vic-to-ry, and have won the

Victo-ry.

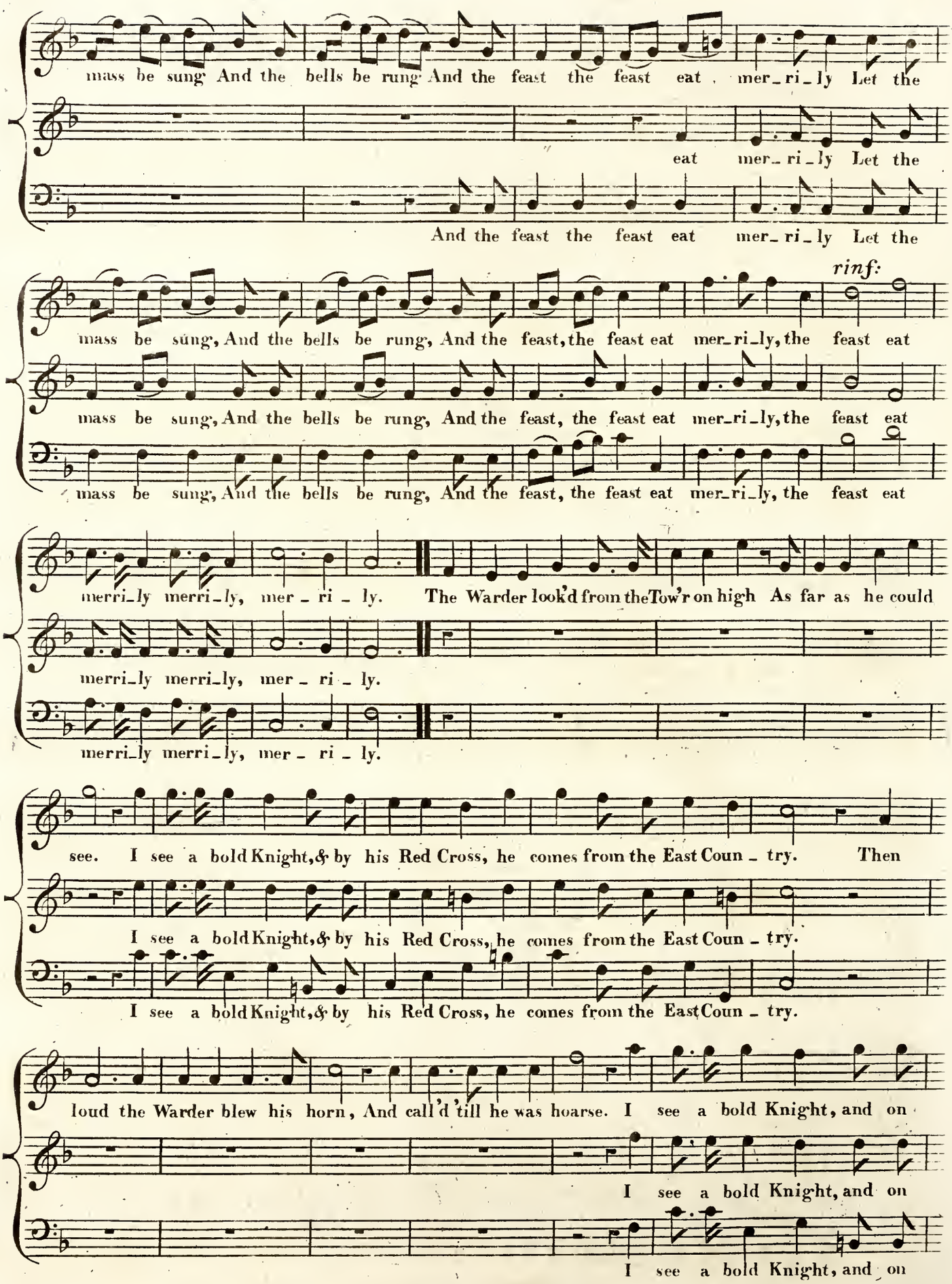
Victo-ry. Loud loud the War-der blew his horn, And his Ban-ner wav'd on

Victo-ry. Loud loud the War-der blew his horn, his horn, And his Ba-ner wav'd on

Let the.

high.

high. Let the Mass be sung, And the bells be rung, And the feast, the feast eat mer-ri-ly.


mass be sung And the bells be rung And the feast the feast eat mer_ri_ly Let the
eat mer_ri_ly Let the
And the feast the feast eat mer_ri_ly Let the
rinf:
mass be sung, And the bells be rung, And the feast, the feast eat mer_ri_ly, the feast eat
mass be sung, And the bells be rung, And the feast, the feast eat mer_ri_ly, the feast eat
mass be sung, And the bells be rung, And the feast, the feast eat mer_ri_ly, the feast eat
merri_ly merri_ly, mer _ ri _ ly. The Warder look'd from the Tow'r on high As far as he could
merri_ly merri_ly, mer _ ri _ ly.
merri_ly merri_ly, mer _ ri _ ly.
see. I see a bold Knight, & by his Red Cross, he comes from the East Coun _ try. Then
I see a bold Knight, & by his Red Cross, he comes from the East Coun _ try.
I see a bold Knight, & by his Red Cross, he comes from the East Coun _ try.
loud the Warder blew his horn, And call'd 'till he was hoarse. I see a bold Knight, and on
I see a bold Knight, and on
I see a bold Knight, and on

his Shield bright, He beareth a Flaming Cross.

his Shield bright, He beareth a Flaming Cross. Then down the Lord of the Cas - tle

his Shield bright, He beareth a Flaming Cross.

came, the Red Cross Knight to meet, And when the Red Cross Knight he espied, Right

Thou'rt wel - come here, dear Red Cross Knight, dear Knight for thy

Loving he did him Greet.

Thou'rt wel - come here, dear Red Cross Knight, for thy

fame's well known to me, And the mass shall be sung, and the bells shall be rung, And we'll

And the mass shall be sung, and the bells shall be rung, And we'll

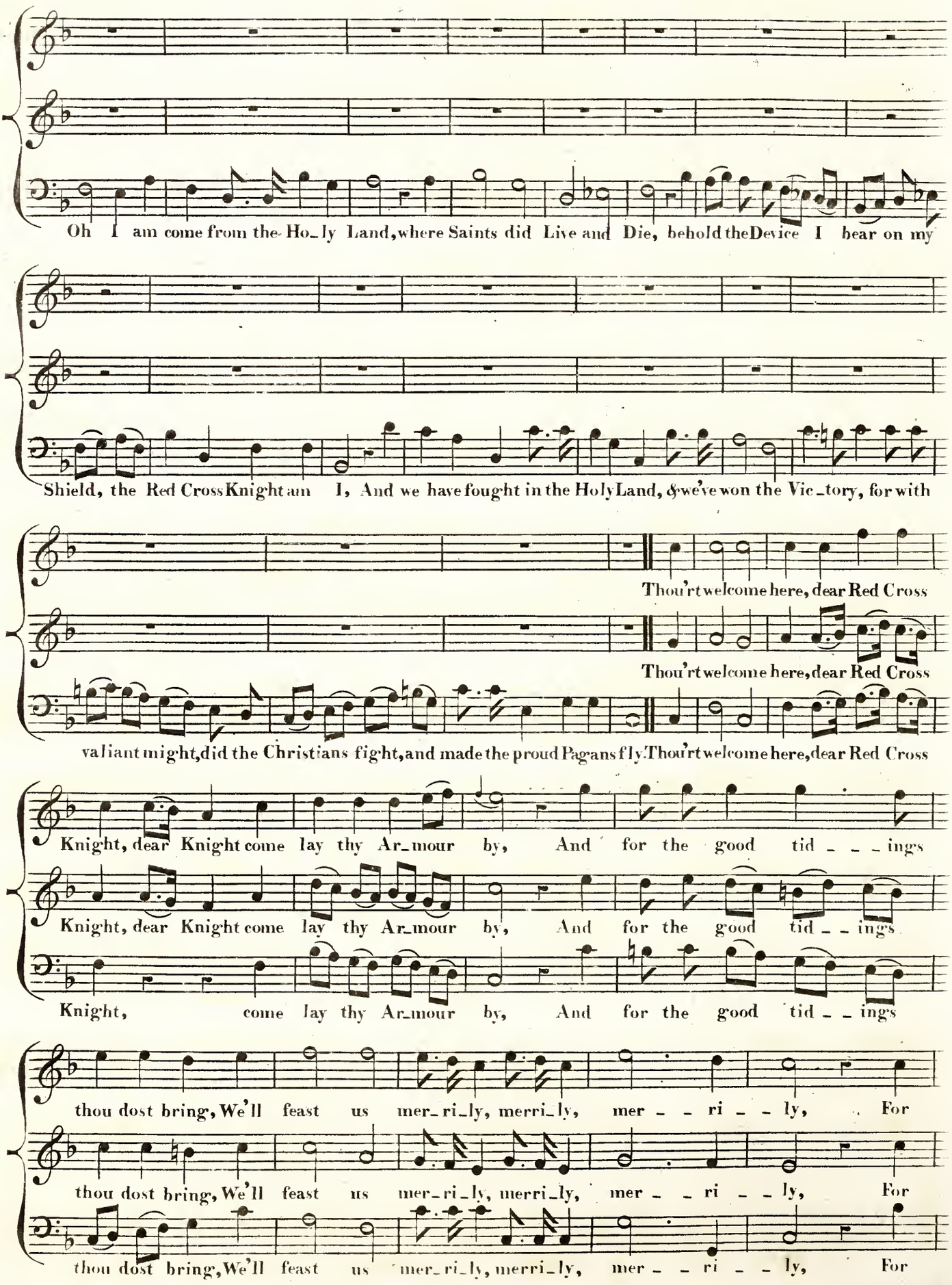
fame's well known to me, And the mass shall be sung, and the bells shall be rung, And we'll

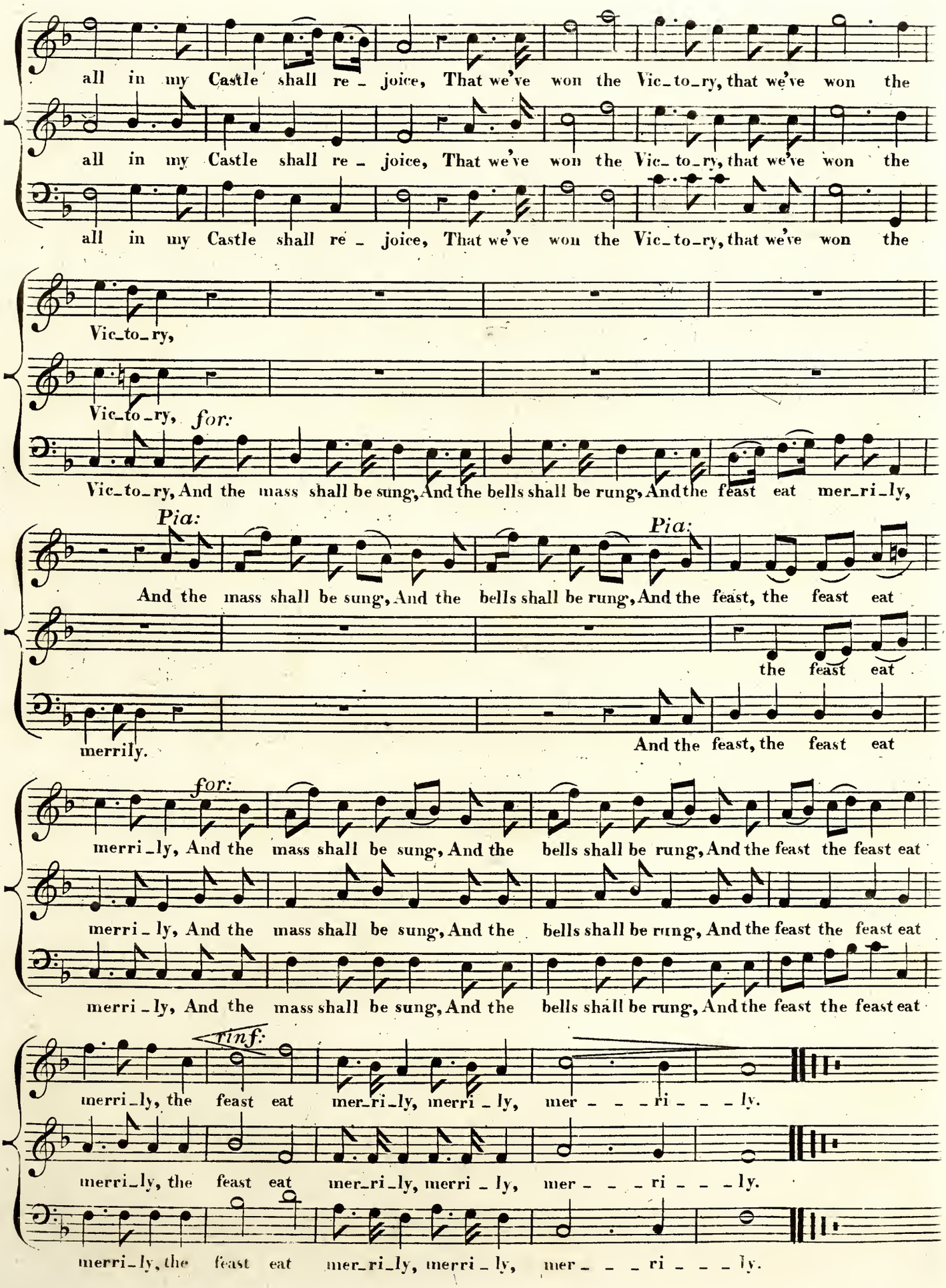
rinf:

feast right mer_ri_ly, mer_ri_ly, And we'll feast right mer_ri_ly, mer_ri_ly, mer - ri - ly.

feast right mer_ri_ly, mer_ri_ly, And we'll feast right mer_ri_ly, mer_ri_ly, mer - ri - ly.

feast right mer_ri_ly, mer_ri_ly, And we'll feast right mer_ri_ly, mer_ri_ly, mer - ri - ly.


Oh I am come from the Ho_ly Land, where Saints did Live and Die, behold the Device I bear on my
Shield, the Red Cross Knight am I, And we have fought in the Holy Land, & we've won the Vic_tory, for with
Thou'rt welcome here, dear Red Cross
Thou'rt welcome here, dear Red Cross
valiant might, did the Christians fight, and made the proud Pagans fly. Thou'rt welcome here, dear Red Cross
Knight, dear Knight come lay thy Ar_mour by, And for the good tid _ _ _ ings
Knight, dear Knight come lay thy Ar_mour by, And for the good tid _ _ ings
Knight, come lay thy Ar_mour by, And for the good tid _ _ ings
thou dost bring, We'll feast us mer_ri_ly, merri_ly, mer _ _ ri _ _ ly, For
thou dost bring, We'll feast us mer_ri_ly, merri_ly, mer _ _ ri _ _ ly, For
thou dost bring, We'll feast us mer_ri_ly, merri_ly, mer _ _ ri _ _ ly, For


all in my Castle shall re - joice, That we've won the Vic-to-ry, that we've won the
all in my Castle shall re - joice, That we've won the Vic-to-ry, that we've won the
all in my Castle shall re - joice, That we've won the Vic-to-ry, that we've won the
Vic-to-ry,
Vic-to-ry, for:
Vic-to-ry, And the mass shall be sung, And the bells shall be rung, And the feast eat mer-ri-ly,
Pia:
And the mass shall be sung, And the bells shall be rung, And the feast, the feast eat
Pia:
the feast eat
merrily.
And the feast, the feast eat
for:
merri-ly, And the mass shall be sung, And the bells shall be rung, And the feast the feast eat
merri-ly, And the mass shall be sung, And the bells shall be rung, And the feast the feast eat
merri-ly, And the mass shall be sung, And the bells shall be rung, And the feast the feast eat
rinf:
merri-ly, the feast eat mer-ri-ly, merri-ly, mer - - - ri - - - ly.
merri-ly, the feast eat mer-ri-ly, merri-ly, mer - - - ri - - - ly.
merri-ly, the feast eat mer-ri-ly, merri-ly, mer - - - ri - - - ly.

TO LADIES' EYES,

From MOORE'S Selection

OF

IRISH MELODIES,

ARRANGED WITH SYMPHONIES

and Accompaniment by

SIR JOHN STEVENSON, Mus. Doc.

Ent. at Sta. Hall. *Price 2/-*

LONDON,

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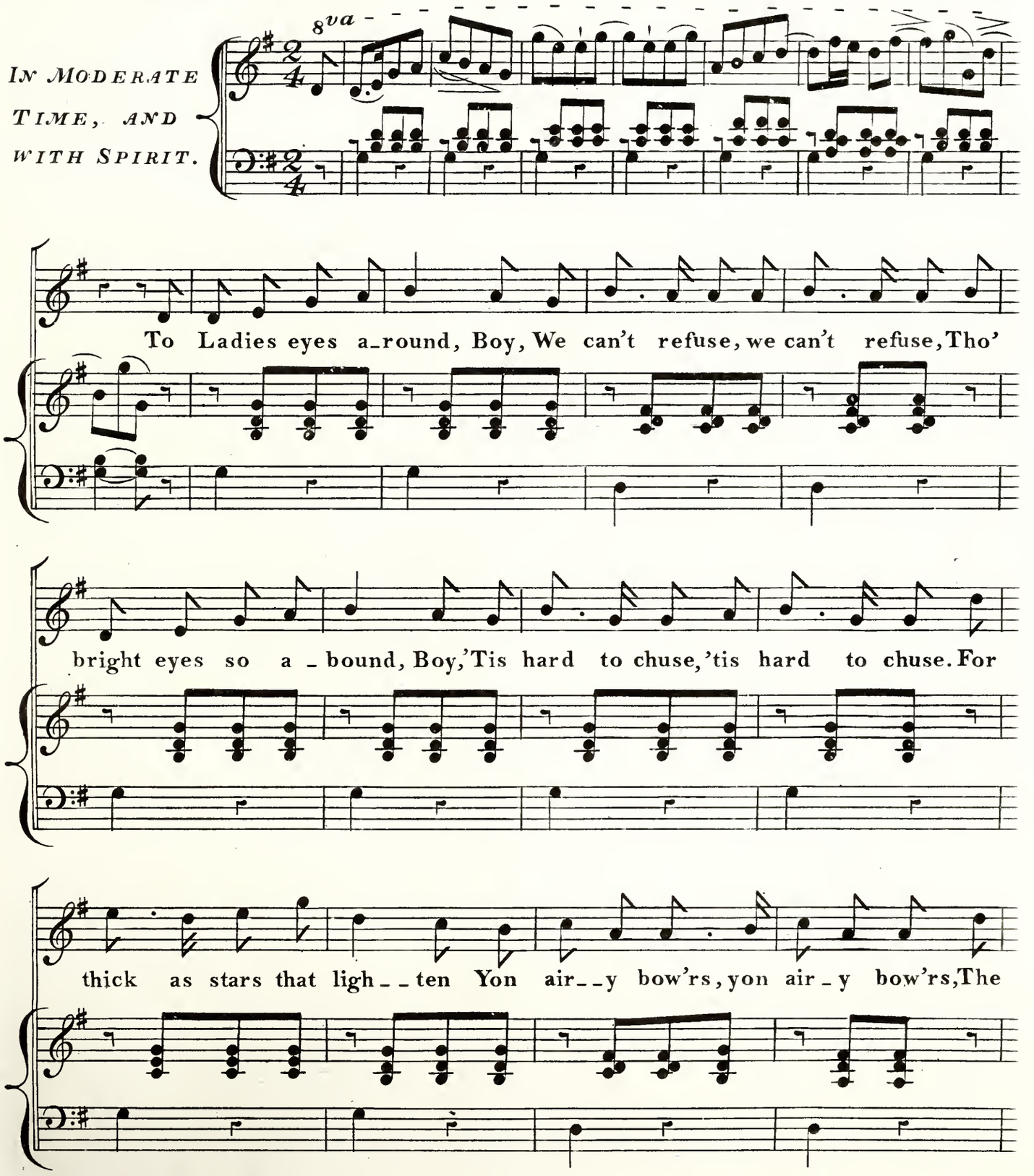
TO LADIES' EYES,

The Words by Thomas Moore Esq.r Arranged by Sir John Stevenson Mus. Doc.

In Moderate Time, and with Spirit.



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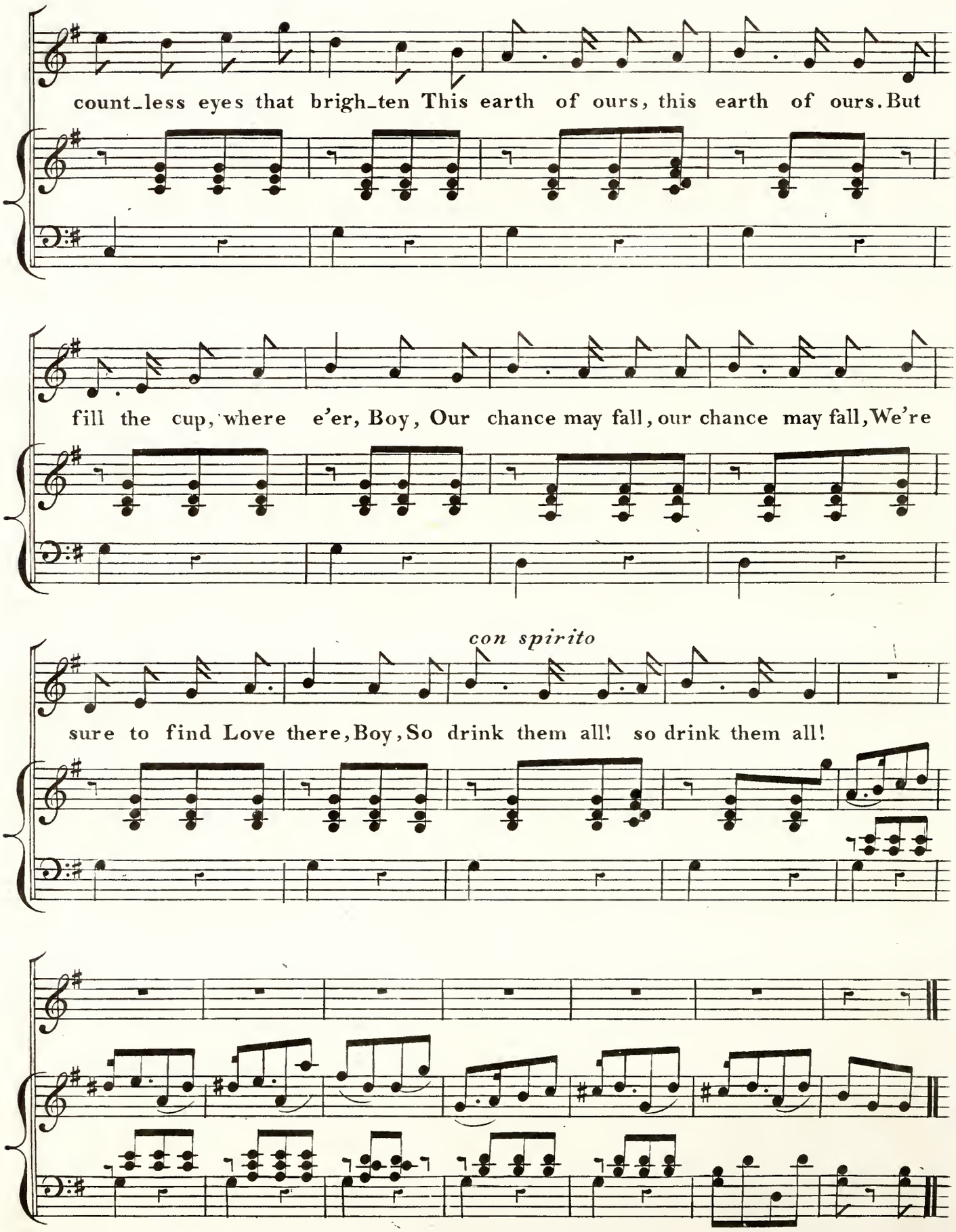
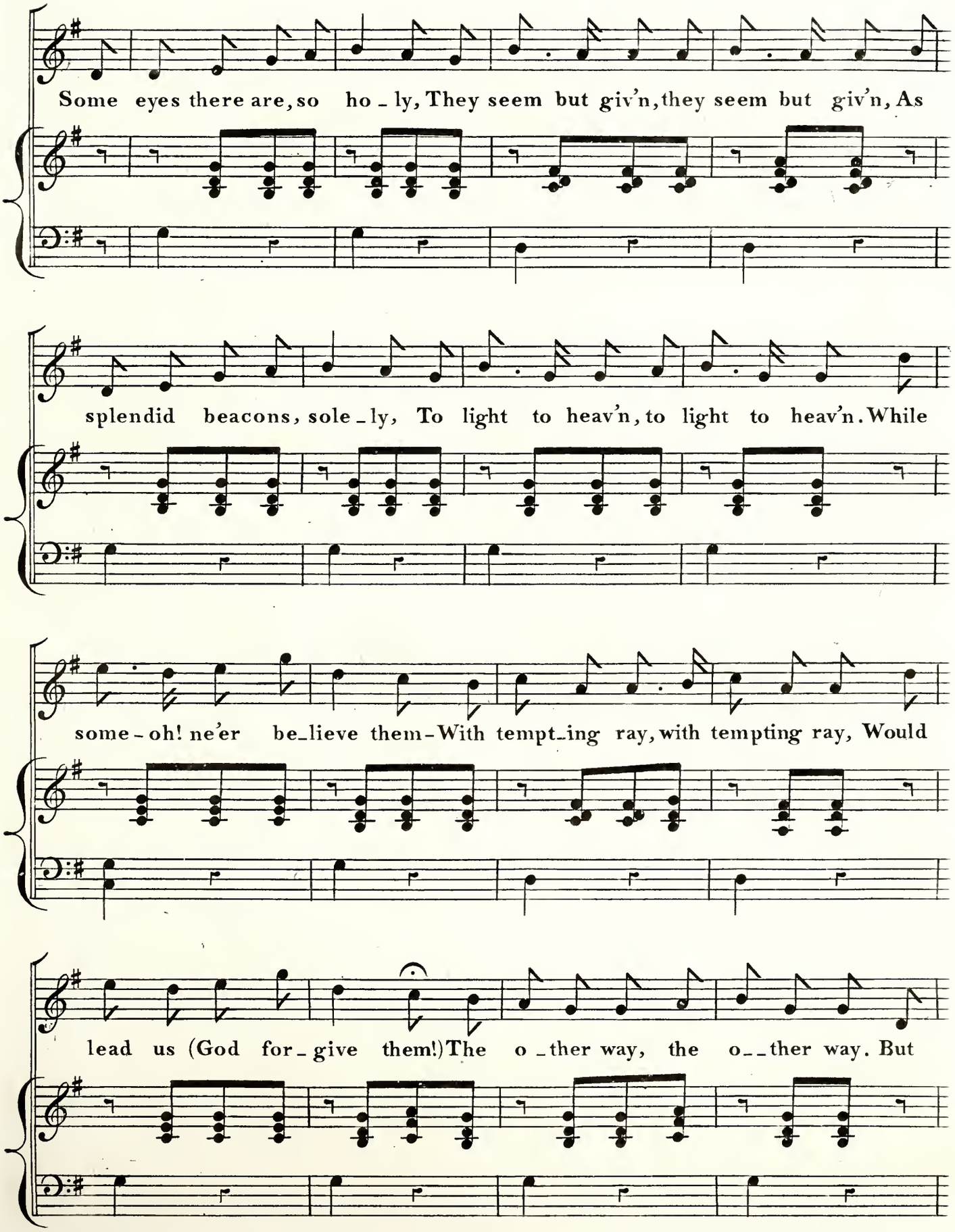
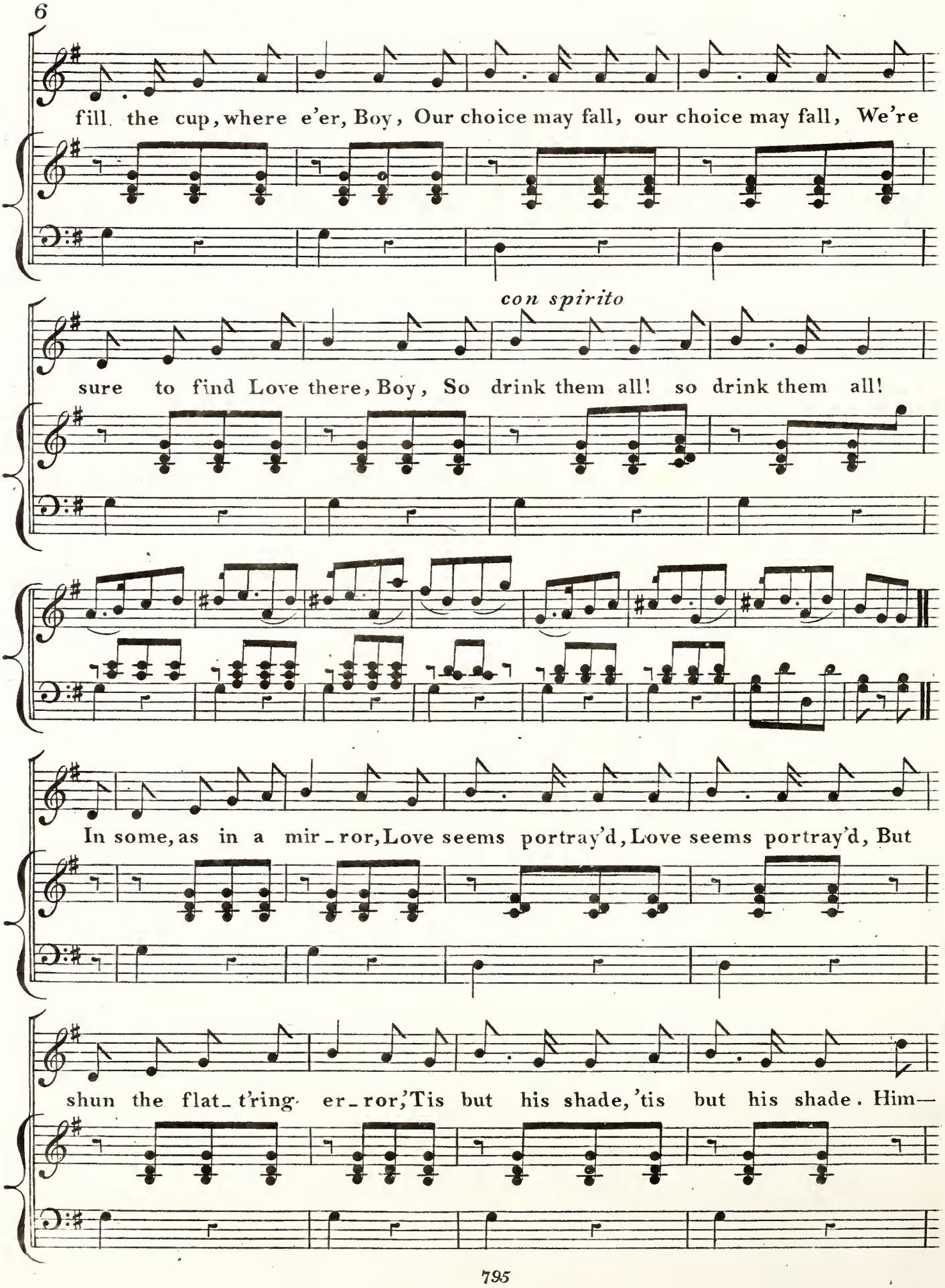
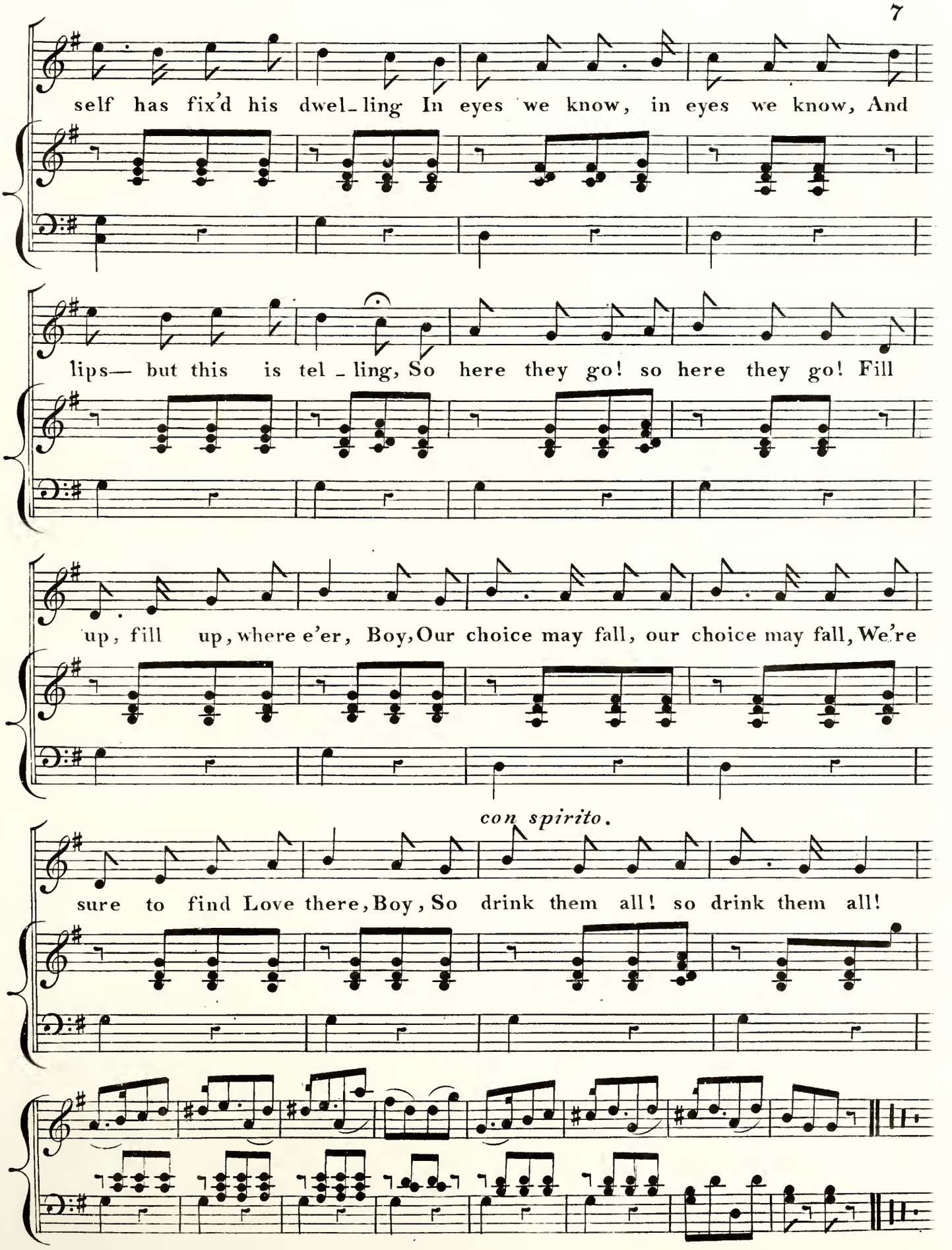

count_less eyes that brigh_ten This earth of ours, this earth of ours. But
fill the cup, where e'er, Boy, Our chance may fall, our chance may fall, We're
con spirito
sure to find Love there, Boy, So drink them all! so drink them all!


Some eyes there are, so ho - ly, They seem but giv'n, they seem but giv'n, As
splendid beacons, sole - ly, To light to heav'n, to light to heav'n. While
some - oh! ne'er be - lieve them - With tempt - ing ray, with tempting ray, Would
lead us (God for - give them!) The o - ther way, the o - - ther way. But


fill the cup, where e'er, Boy, Our choice may fall, our choice may fall, We're
sure to find Love there, Boy, So drink them all! so drink them all!

In some, as in a mir_ror, Love seems portray'd, Love seems portray'd, But
shun the flat_t'ring er_ror, 'Tis but his shade, 'tis but his shade. Him—


self has fix'd his dwel_ling In eyes we know, in eyes we know, And
lips— but this is tel _ ling, So here they go! so here they go! Fill
up, fill up, where e'er, Boy, Our choice may fall, our choice may fall, We're
con spirito.
sure to find Love there, Boy, So drink them all! so drink them all!

Love thee dearest, Love thee,

A Ballad

BY

THOMAS MOORE ESQ.R

Sung by

MRS. ASHE

AT THE

London & Bath Concerts.

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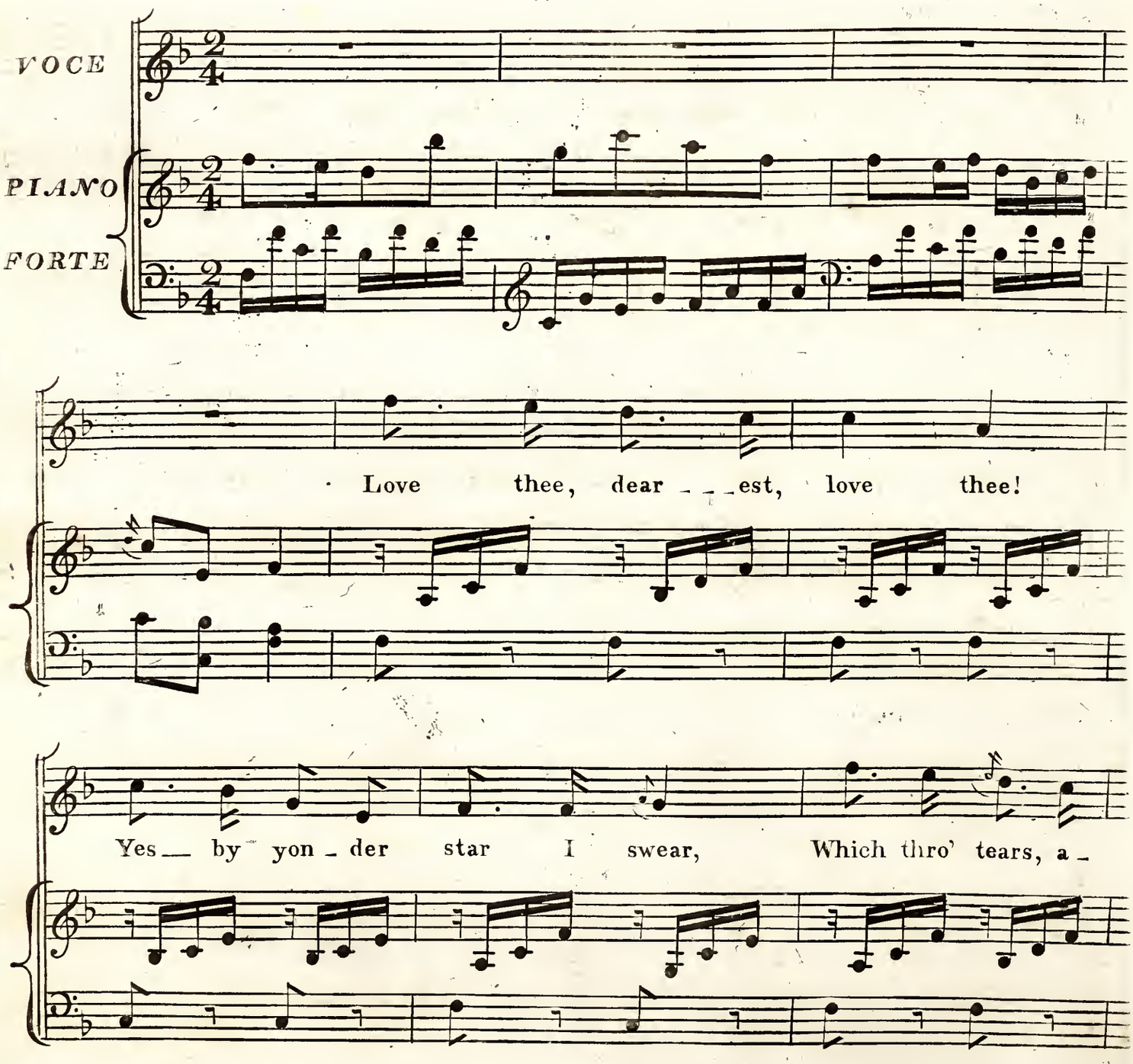
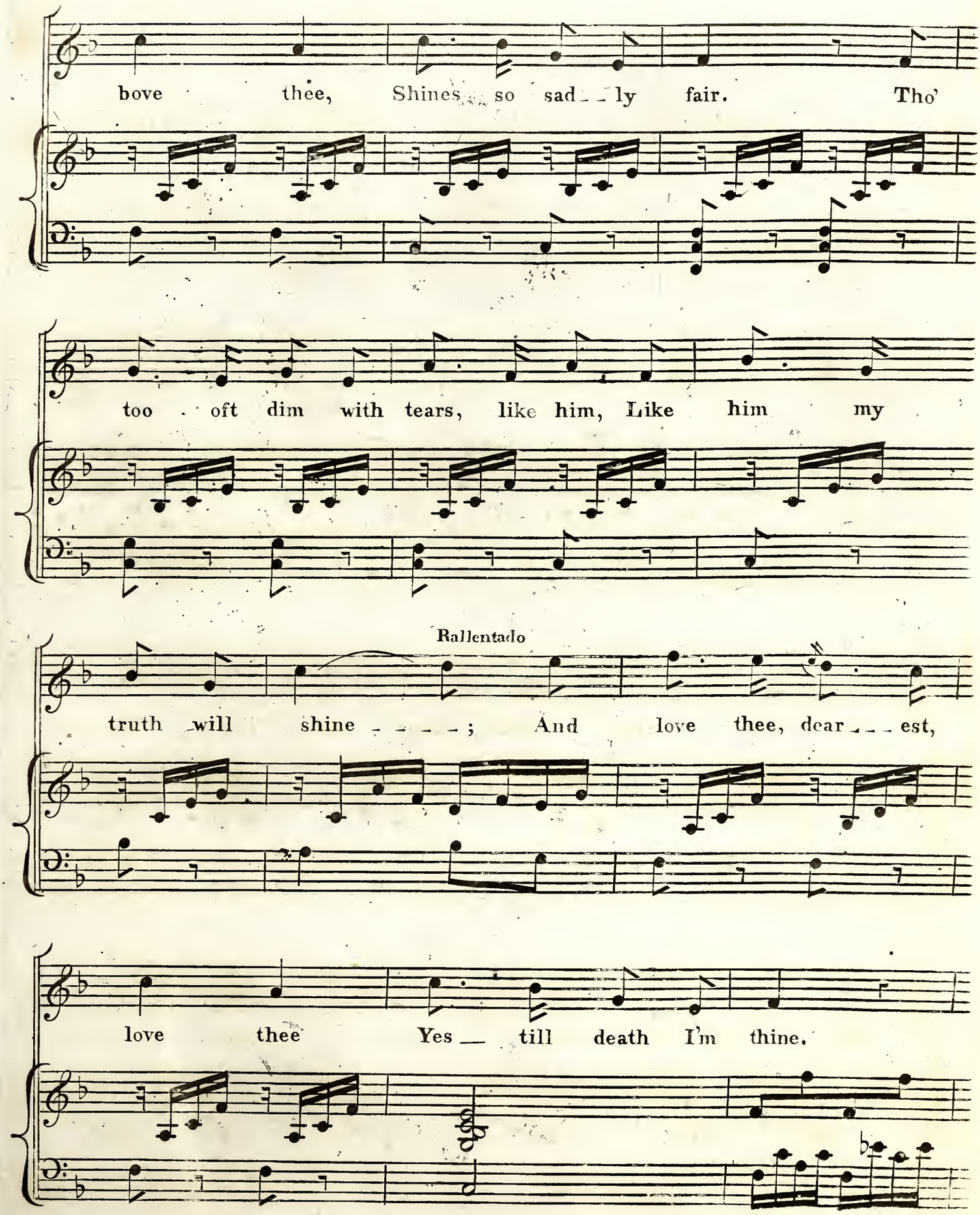
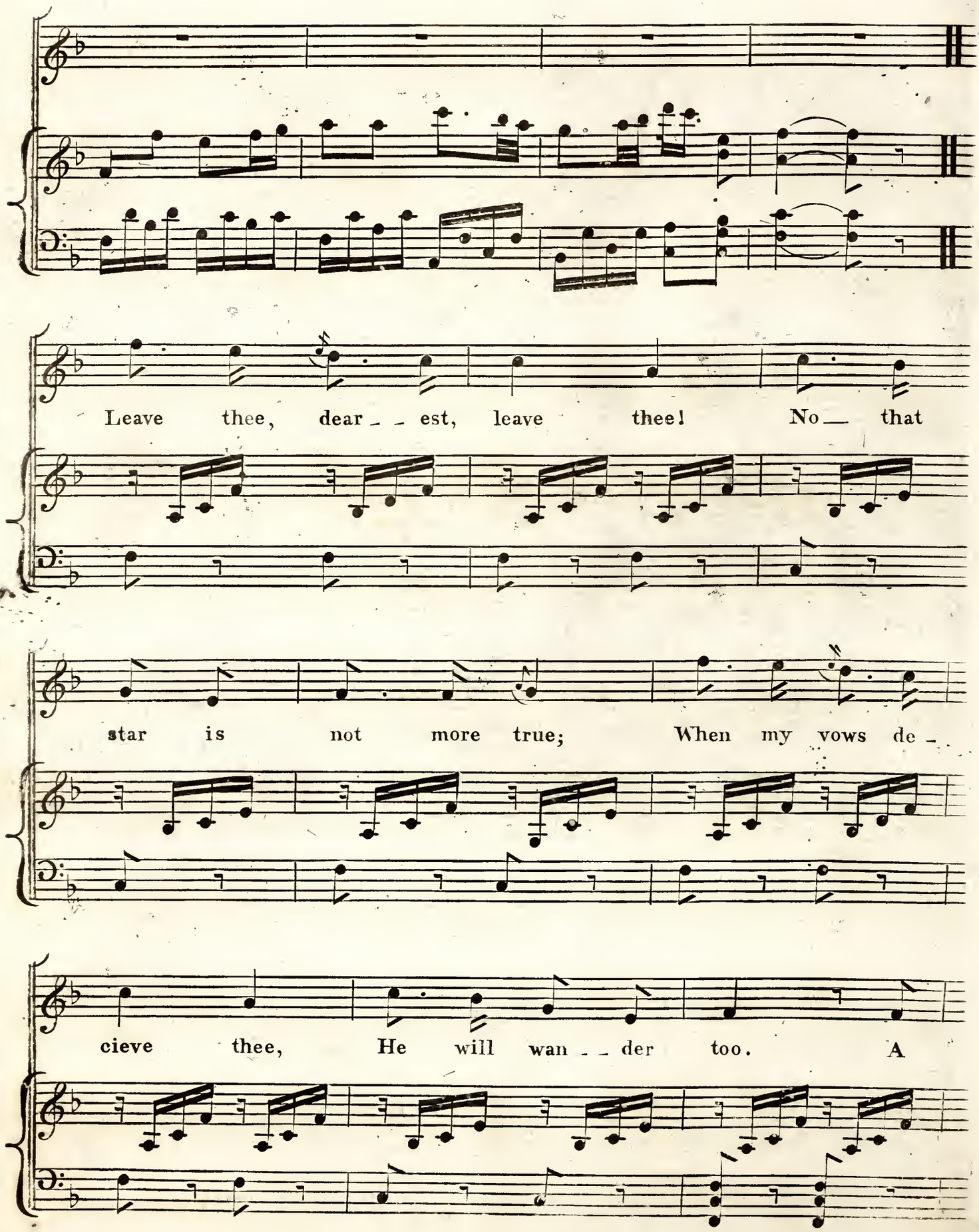
Love thee, dearest, Love thee.

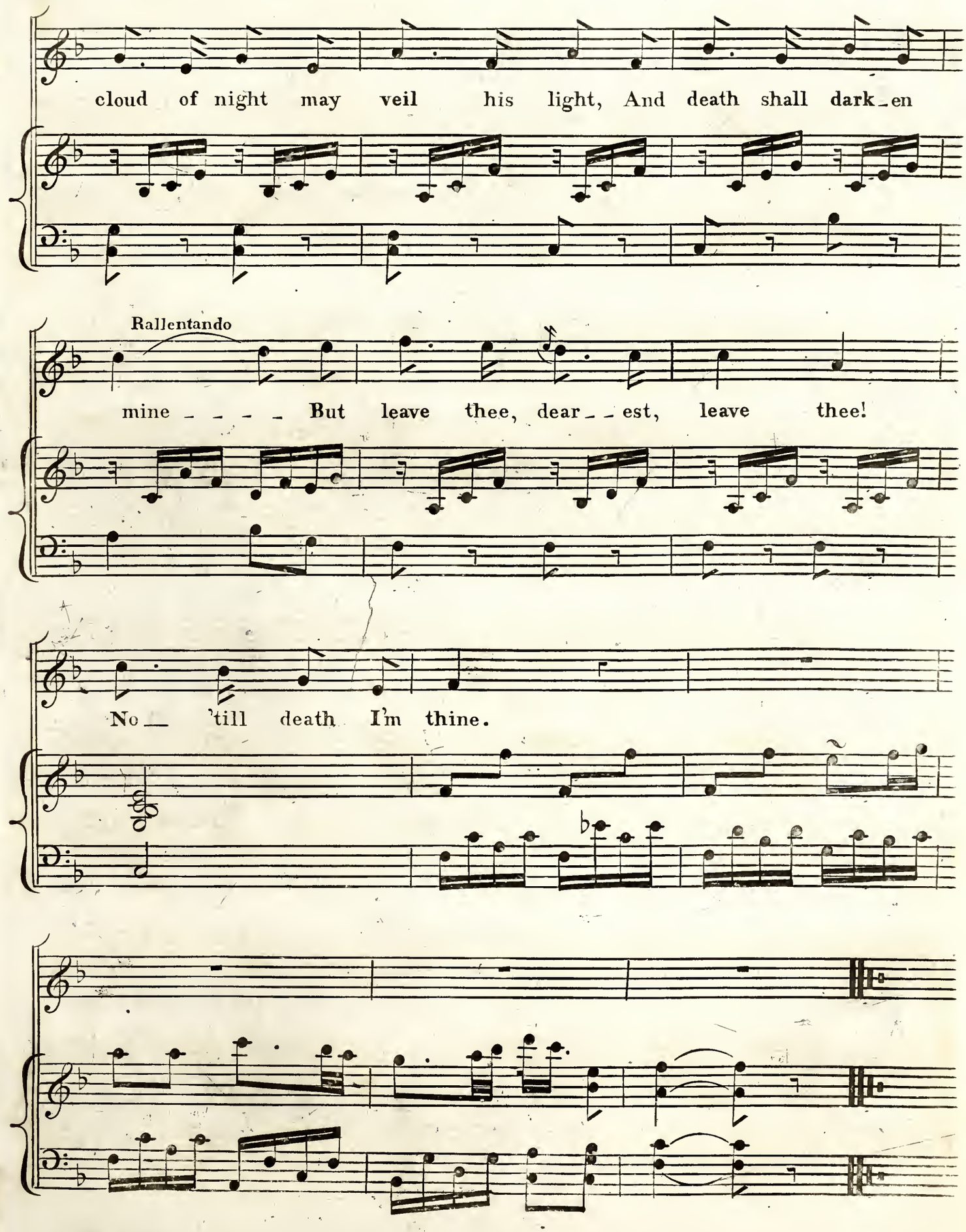
Subject from Viotti.

Words by Tho.s Moore Esq.r




bove thee, Shines so sad ly fair. Tho'
too oft dim with tears, like him, Like him my
Rallentado
truth will shine ; And love thee, dear est,
love thee Yes till death I'm thine.


Leave thee, dear_ _ est, leave thee! No_ that
star is not more true; When my vows de_
cieve thee, He will wan_ _ der too. A


cloud of night may veil his light, And death shall dark_en
Rallentando
mine _ _ _ _ But leave thee, dear_ _est, leave thee!
No__ 'till death I'm thine.

Farewell Theresa,

FROM

A Selection of

NATIONAL AIRS,

BY

Thomas Moore Esq.r

Arranged with Symphonies

and Accompaniment by

HENRY R. BISHOP.

Ent. at Sta. Hall.

Price 2/-

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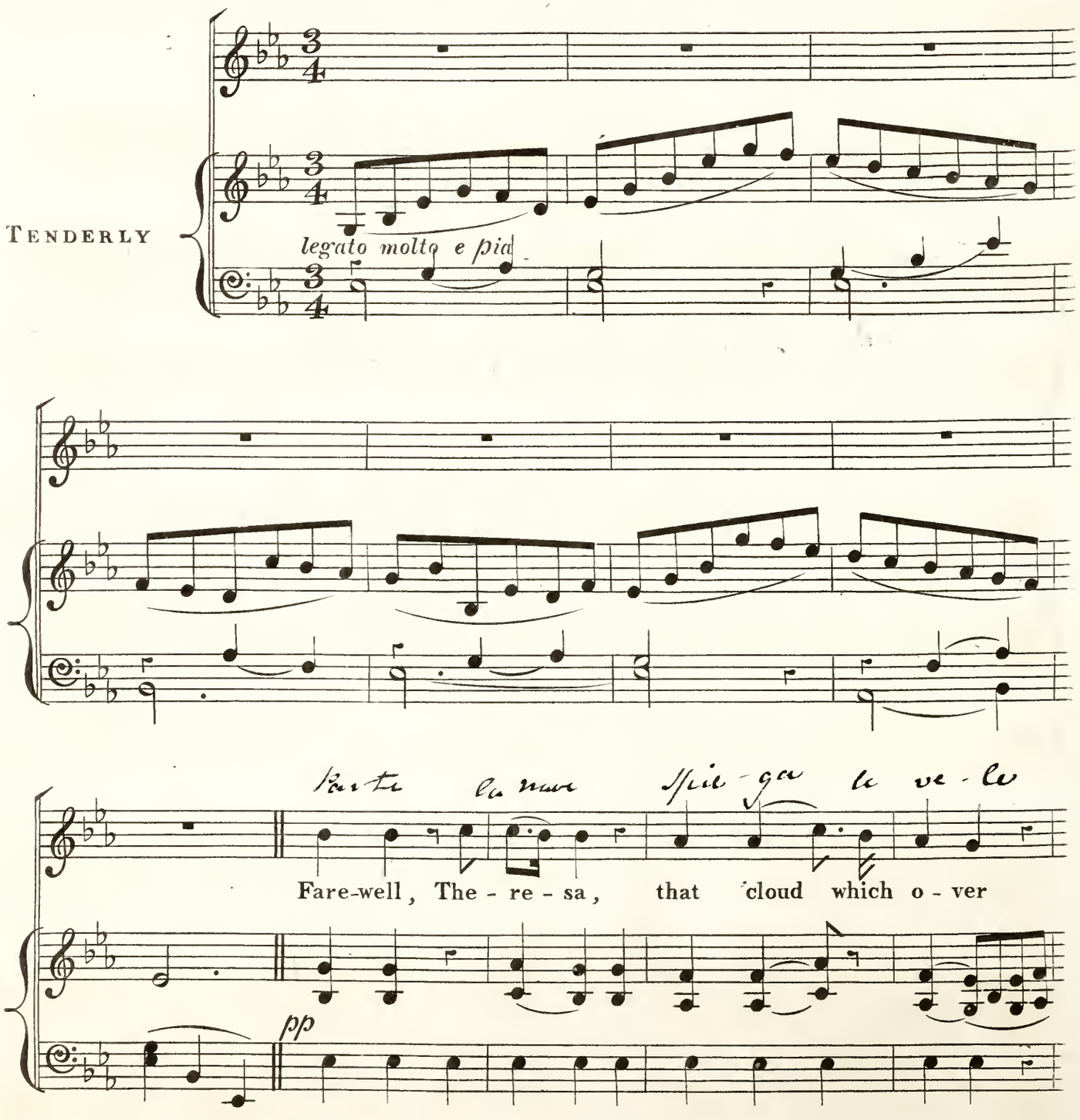
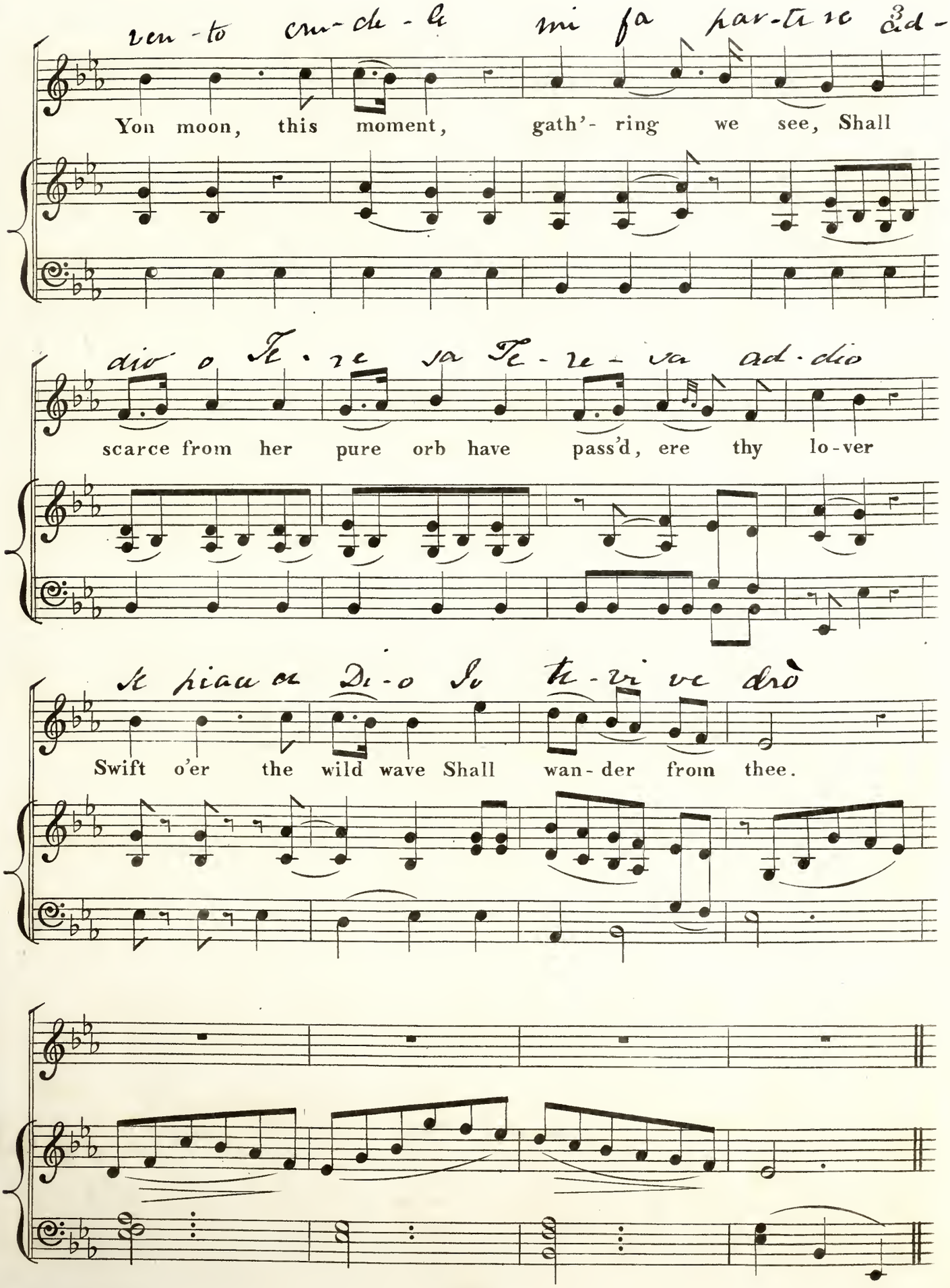
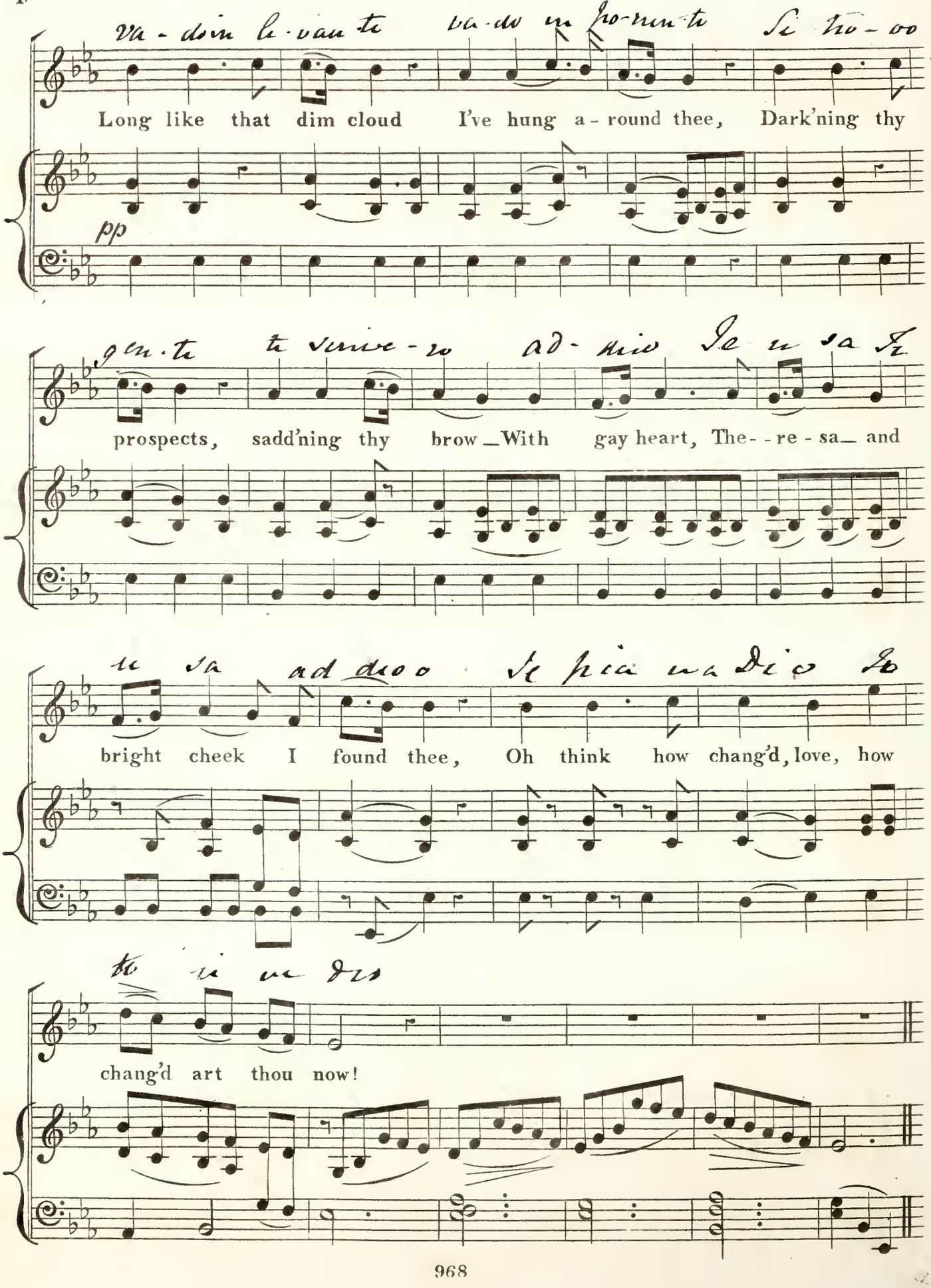
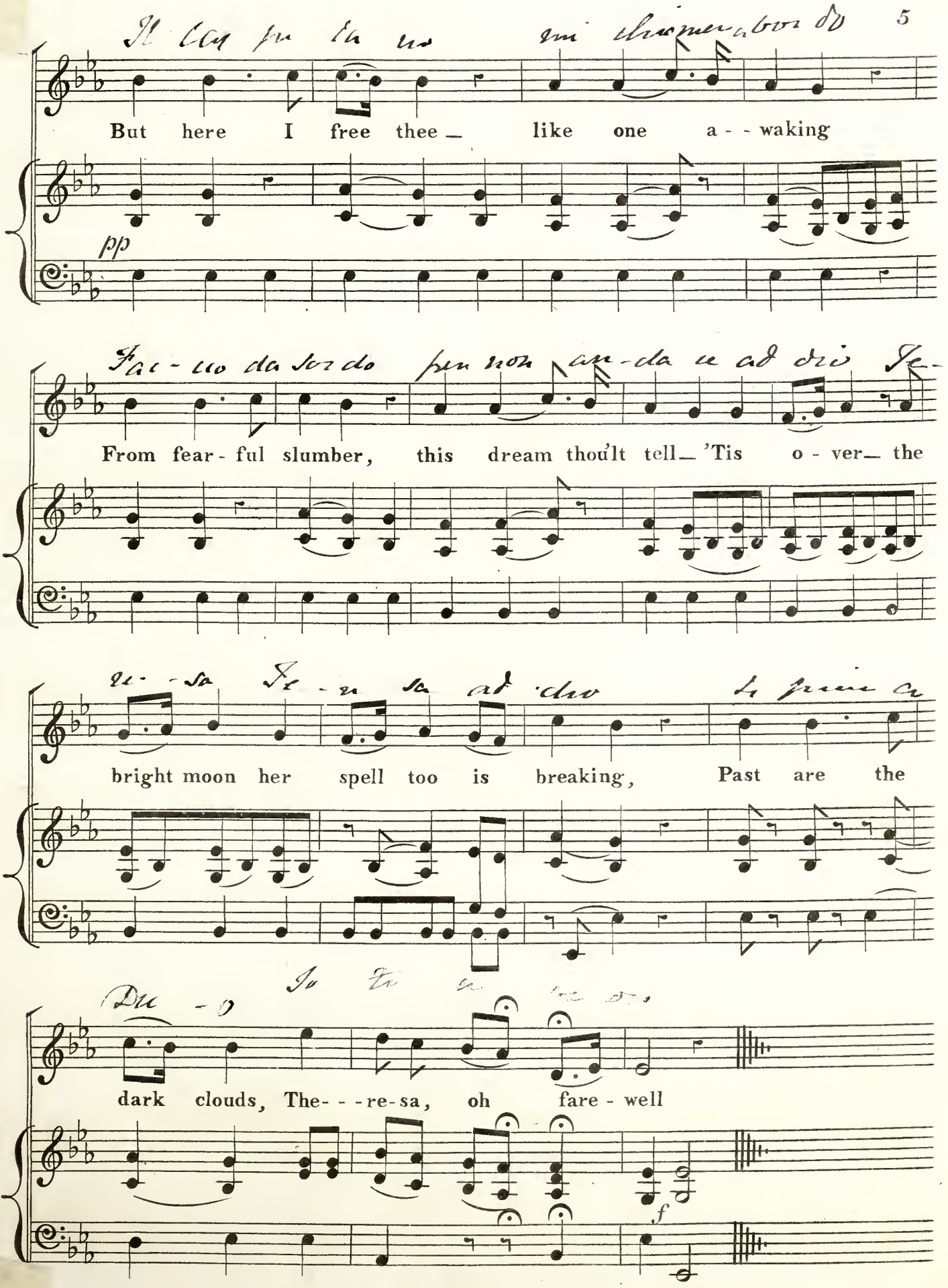
FAREWELL THERESA,

Written by Thomas Moore Esq.r *Arranged by Henry R. Bishop.*




ven - to cru - de - li mi fa par - ti re 3d -
Yon moon, this moment, gath'- ring we see, Shall
dio o Te - re va Te - re - va ad - dio
scarce from her pure orb have pass'd, ere thy lo - ver
Se piac a Di - o Io ti - ri ve drò
Swift o'er the wild wave Shall wan - der from thee.


Long like that dim cloud I've hung a-round thee, Dark'ning thy
prospects, sadd'ning thy brow _ With gay heart, The--re-sa_ and
bright cheek I found thee, Oh think how chang'd, love, how
chang'd art thou now!


But here I free thee _ like one a - - waking
pp
From fear - ful slumber, this dream thou'lt tell _ 'Tis o - ver _ the
bright moon her spell too is breaking, Past are the
dark clouds, The- - -re-sa, oh fare - well
f

THE FRYAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

Glee for Three Voices

Composed by

J. W. CALLCOTT, Mus Doc Oxon.

Pr. 1s. 6d.

LONDON Printed by G. WALKER, 17 Soho Square & 64 Burlington Arcade.

Lento, con espressione.

It was a Fryar of Orders Grey, Walk'd forth to tell his beads; And he

It was a Fryar of Orders Grey Walk'd forth to tell his beads; And he

It was a Fryar of Orders Grey Walk'd forth to tell his beads; And he

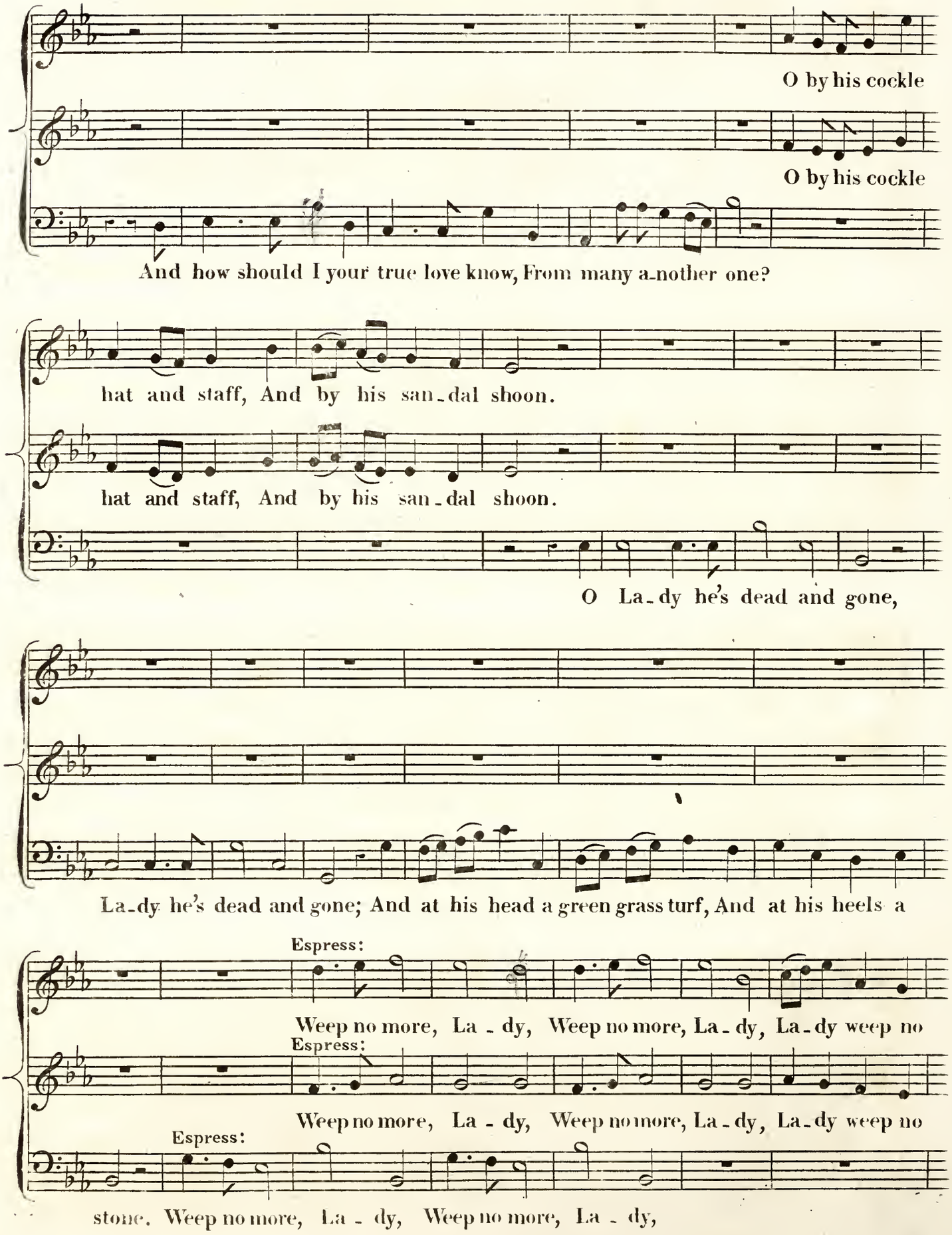
met with a Lady fair, Clad in a Pilgrim's weeds: Now Heav'n thee save! thou rev'rend

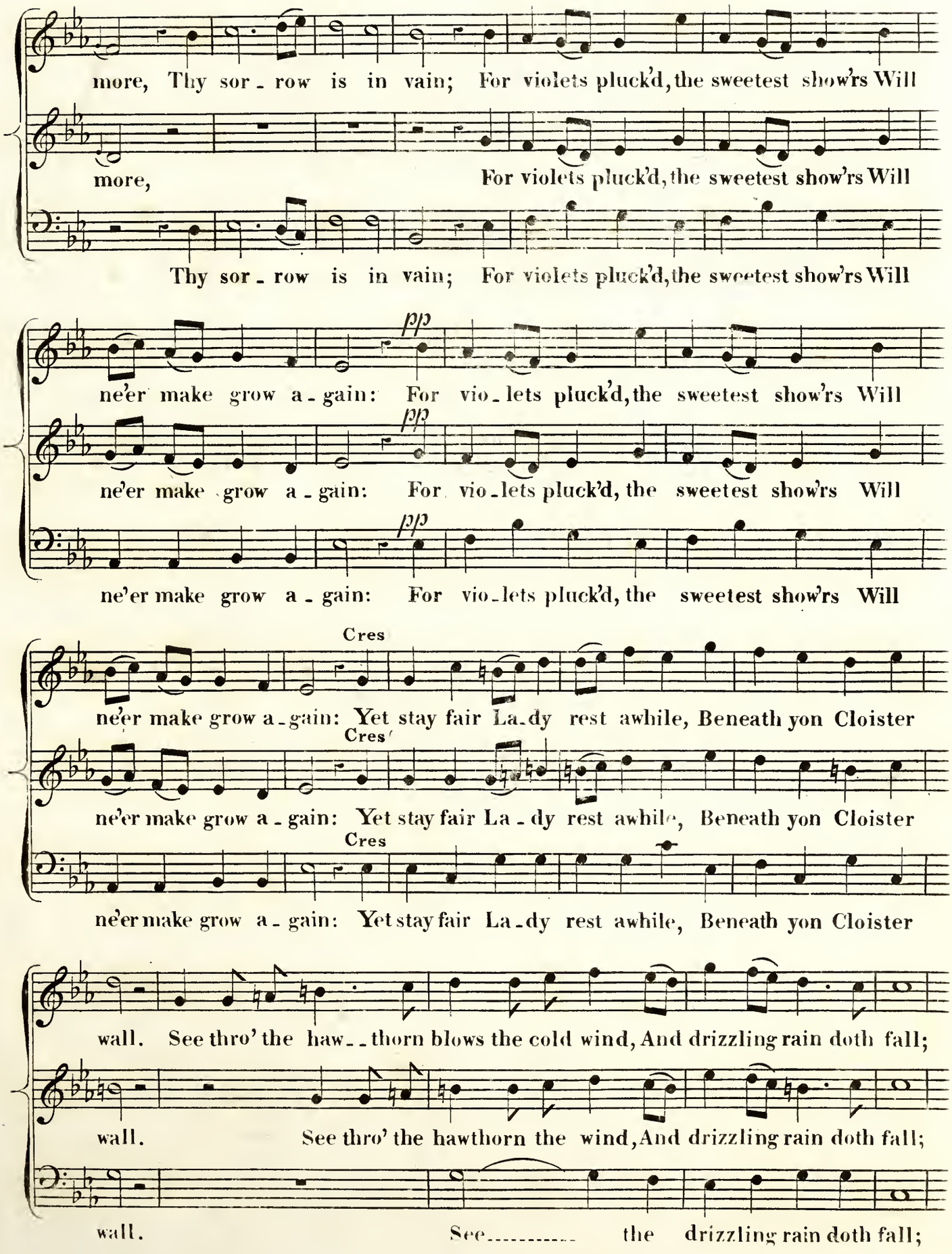
met with a Lady fair, Clad in a Pilgrim's weeds: Now Heav'n thee save! thou rev'rend

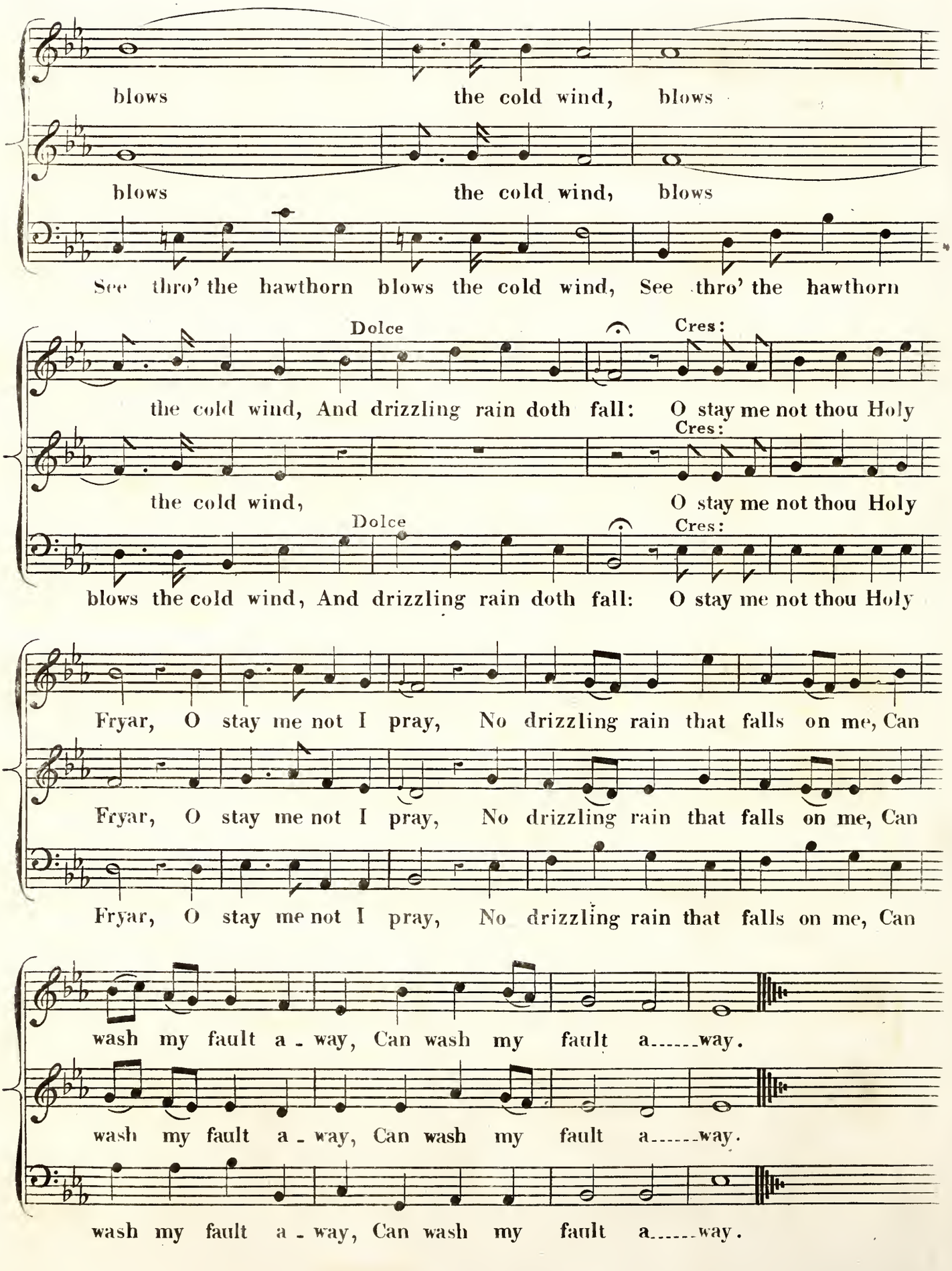
met with a Lady fair, Clad in a Pilgrim's weeds:

Fryar, I pray thee tell to me If e_ver at your Holy shrine, My true love thou didst see?

Fryar, I pray thee tell to me If e_ver at your Holy shrine, My true love thou didst see?


O by his cockle
O by his cockle
And how should I your true love know, From many a-nother one?
hat and staff, And by his san-dal shoon.
hat and staff, And by his san-dal shoon.
O La-dy he's dead and gone,
La-dy he's dead and gone; And at his head a green grass turf, And at his heels a
Espress:
Weep no more, La-dy, Weep no more, La-dy, La-dy weep no
Espress:
Weep no more, La-dy, Weep no more, La-dy, La-dy weep no
Espress:
stone. Weep no more, La-dy, Weep no more, La-dy,


more, Thy sor - row is in vain; For violets pluck'd, the sweetest show'rs Will
more, For violets pluck'd, the sweetest show'rs Will
Thy sor - row is in vain; For violets pluck'd, the sweetest show'rs Will
pp
ne'er make grow a - gain: For vio - lets pluck'd, the sweetest show'rs Will
ne'er make grow a - gain: For vio - lets pluck'd, the sweetest show'rs Will
ne'er make grow a - gain: For vio - lets pluck'd, the sweetest show'rs Will
Cres
ne'er make grow a - gain: Yet stay fair La - dy rest awhile, Beneath yon Cloister
Cres
ne'er make grow a - gain: Yet stay fair La - dy rest awhile, Beneath yon Cloister
Cres
ne'er make grow a - gain: Yet stay fair La - dy rest awhile, Beneath yon Cloister
wall. See thro' the haw - thorn blows the cold wind, And drizzling rain doth fall;
wall. See thro' the hawthorn the wind, And drizzling rain doth fall;
wall. See..... the drizzling rain doth fall;


blows the cold wind, blows
blows the cold wind, blows
See thro' the hawthorn blows the cold wind, See thro' the hawthorn
Dolce
Cres:
the cold wind, And drizzling rain doth fall: O stay me not thou Holy
Cres:
the cold wind, O stay me not thou Holy
Dolce
Cres:
blows the cold wind, And drizzling rain doth fall: O stay me not thou Holy
Fryar, O stay me not I pray, No drizzling rain that falls on me, Can
Fryar, O stay me not I pray, No drizzling rain that falls on me, Can
Fryar, O stay me not I pray, No drizzling rain that falls on me, Can
wash my fault a - way, Can wash my fault a_____way.
wash my fault a - way, Can wash my fault a_____way.
wash my fault a - way, Can wash my fault a_____way.

'TWAS ONE OF THOSE DREAMS,

FROM

A Selection of Irish Melodies

By

THOMAS MOORE ESQ.

Arranged with Symphonies

AND ACCOMPANIMENT BY

HENRY R. BISHOP.

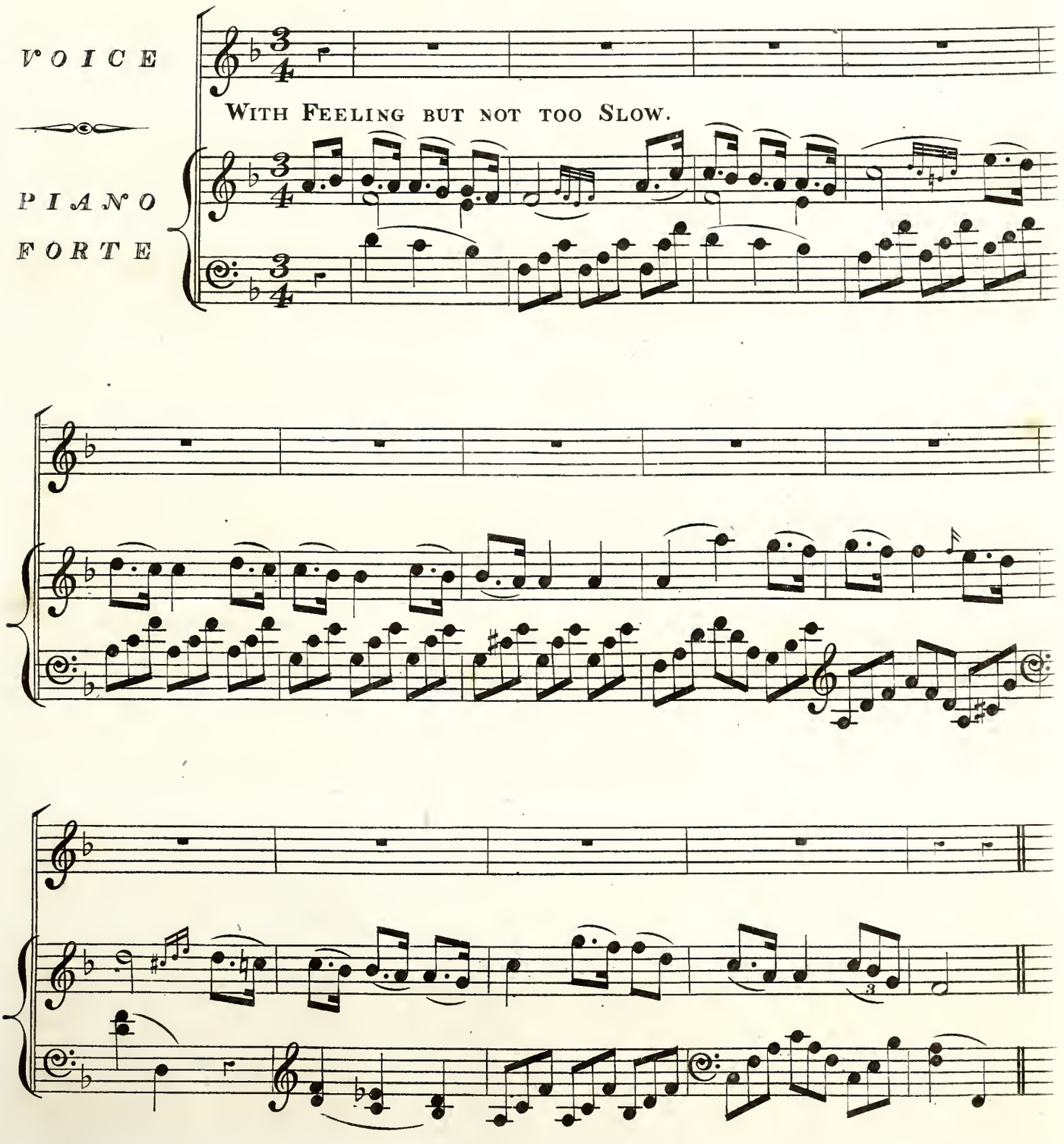
Ent. Sta. Hall. *Price 2s*

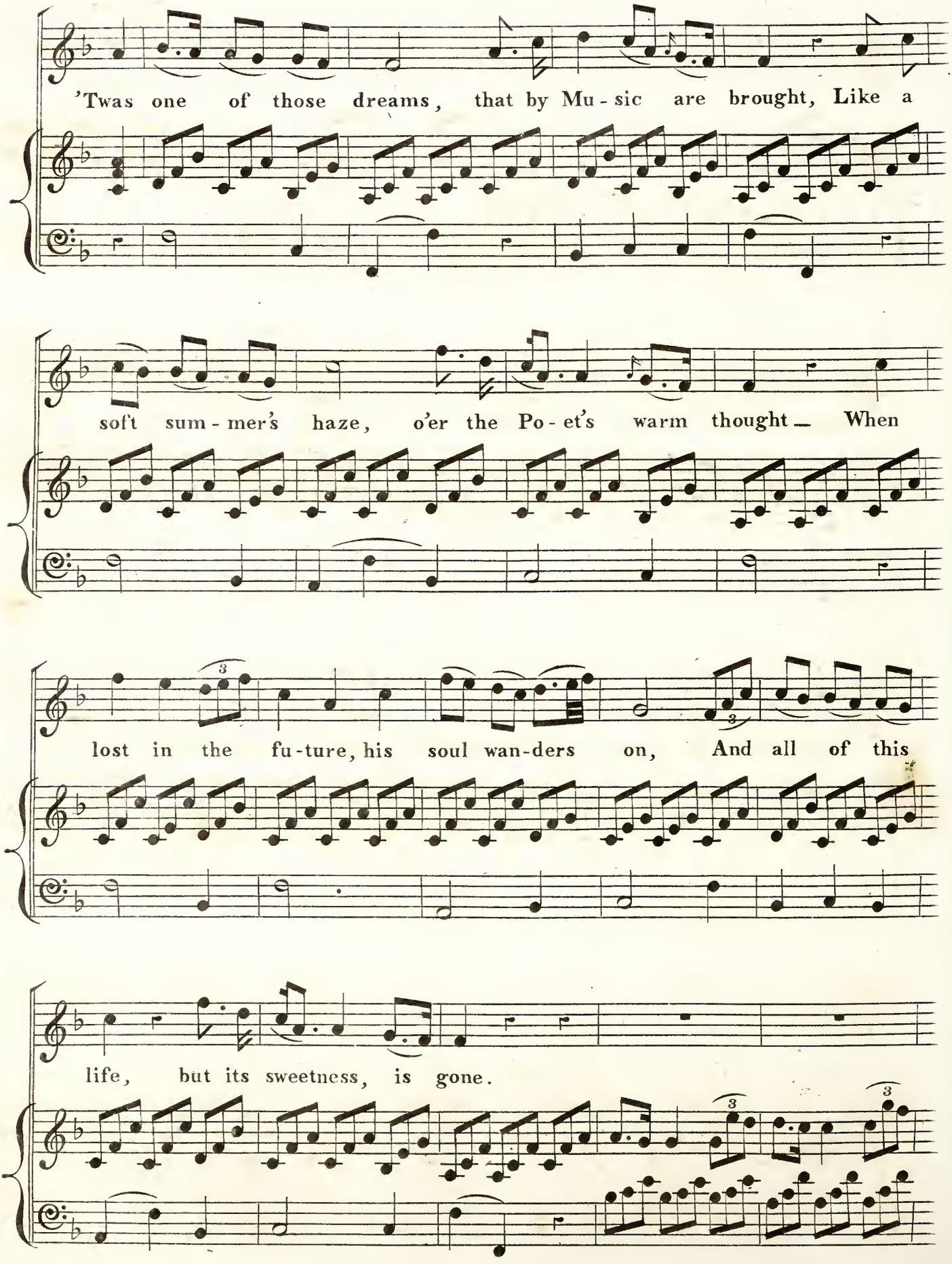
LONDON

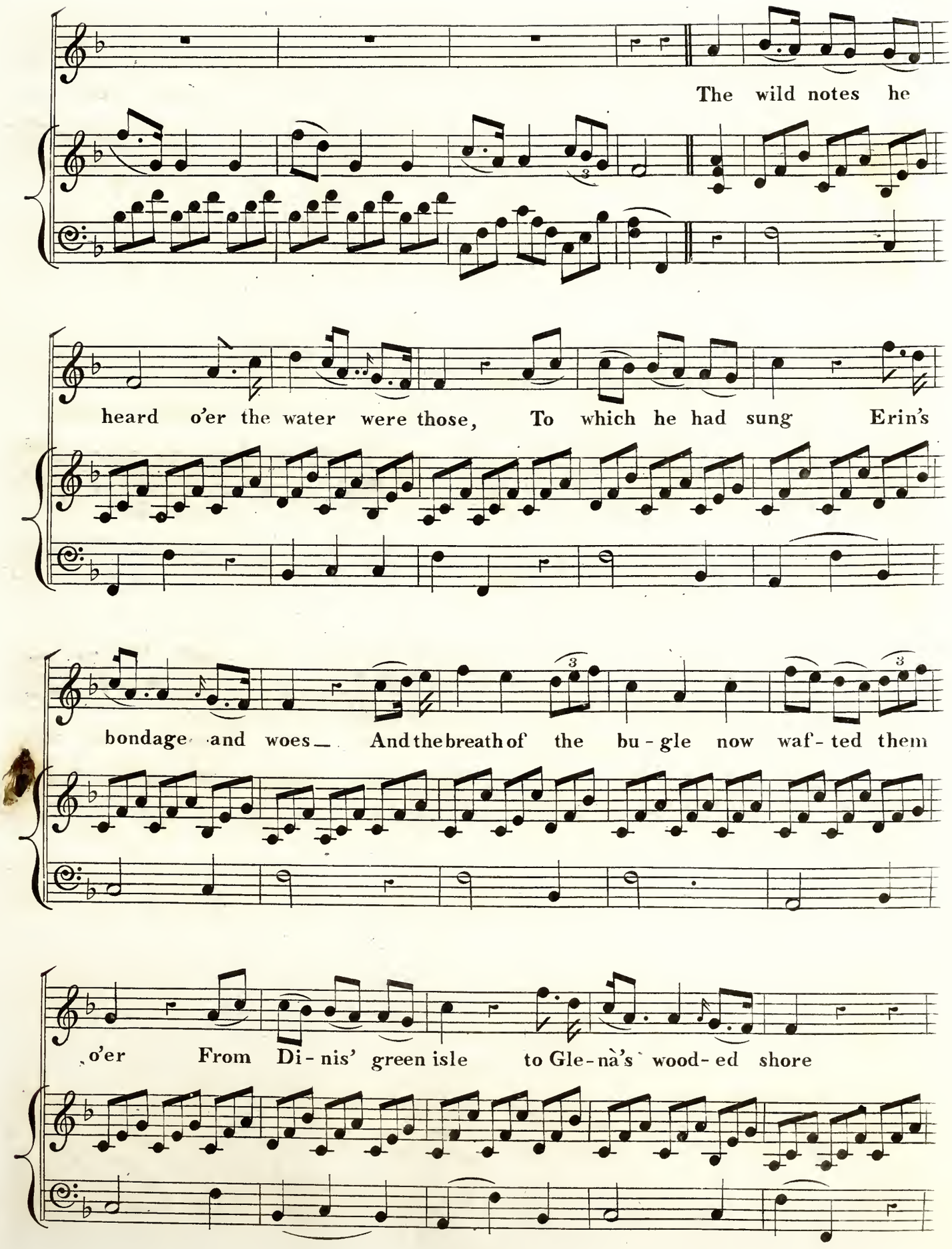
Published by J. Power, 34, Strand.

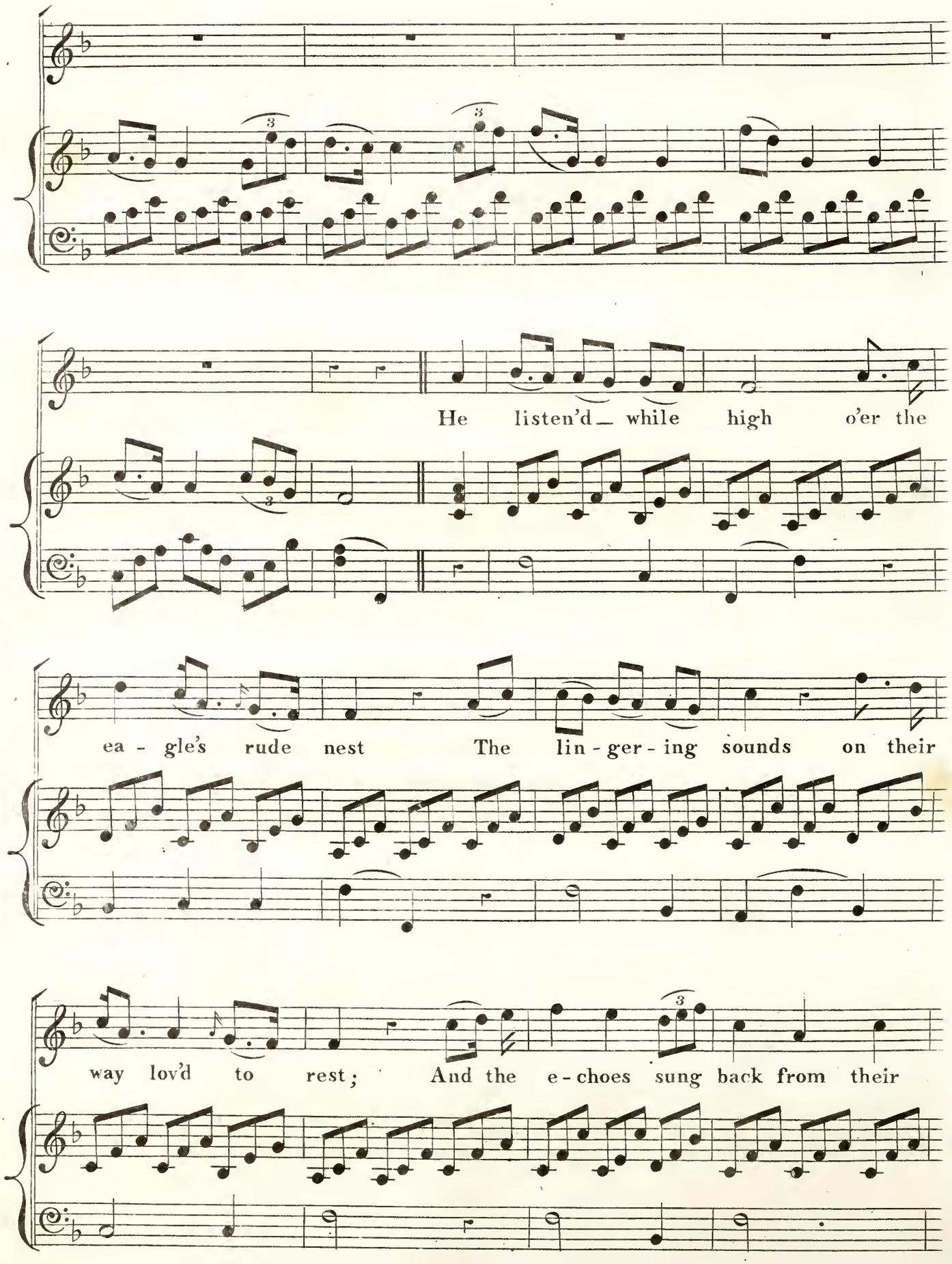
'TWAS ONE OF THOSE DREAMS,

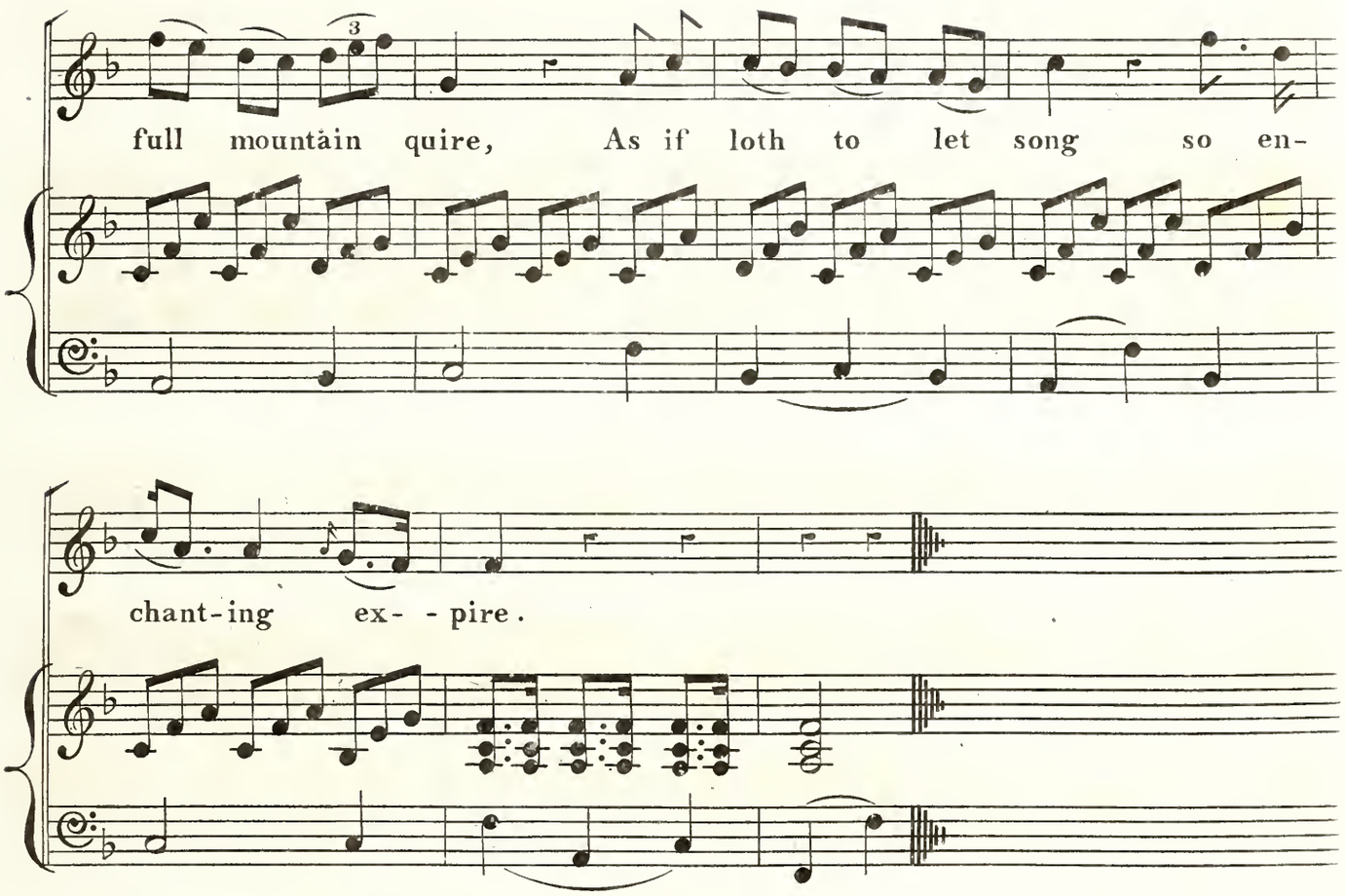
Written by Thomas Moore Esq. ..... *Arranged by Henry R. Bishop.*




'Twas one of those dreams, that by Mu - sic are brought, Like a
soft sum - mer's haze, o'er the Po - et's warm thought — When
lost in the fu - ture, his soul wan - ders on, And all of this
life, but its sweetness, is gone.


The wild notes he
heard o'er the water were those, To which he had sung Erin's
bondage and woes_ And the breath of the bu-gle now waf-ted them
o'er From Di-nis' green isle to Gle-na's wood-ed shore


He listen'd_ while high o'er the
ea - gle's rude nest The lin - ger - ing sounds on their
way lov'd to rest; And the e - choes sung back from their



It seem'd as if ev'ry sweet note, that died here,
Was again brought to life in some airier sphere,
Some heaven in those hills, where the soul of the strain
That had ceas'd upon earth was awaking again!

Oh forgive, if, while listening to music, whose breath
Seemed to circle his name with a charm against death,
He should feel a proud Spirit within him proclaim,
"Even so shalt thou live in the echoes of Fame:

"Even so, tho' thy memory should now die away,
"'Twill be caught up again in some happier day,
"And the hearts and the voices of Erin prolong,
"Through the answering Future, thy name and thy song!"

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU.

Written by

Sir Walter Scott,

and Sung with the most unbounded Applause by

Mr. BRAHAM,

at the Oratorio's &c. &c.

Arranged with Symphonies & Accompaniments

By

JOHN WHITAKER.

Ent. Sta. Hall. *Pr. 2*

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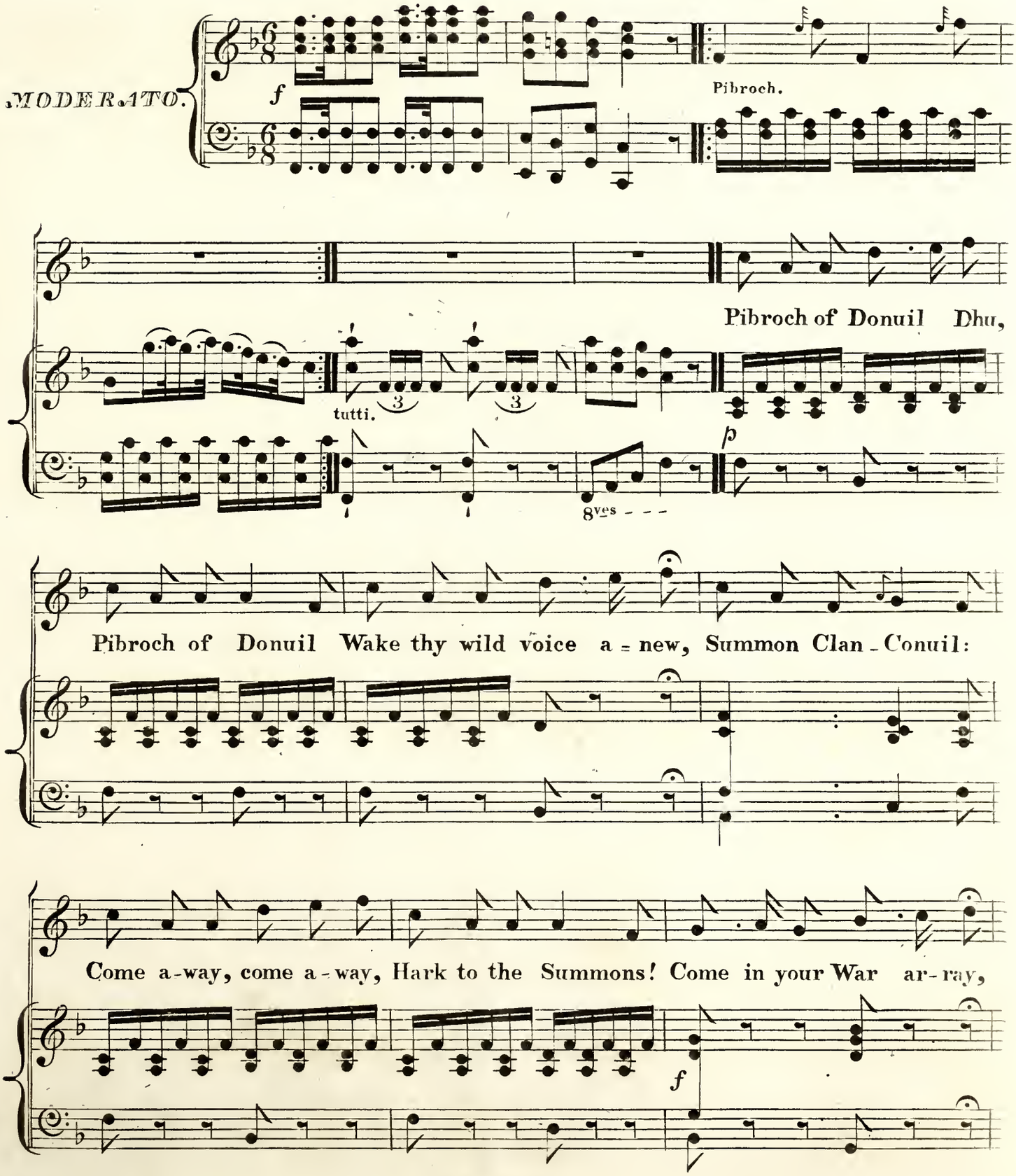
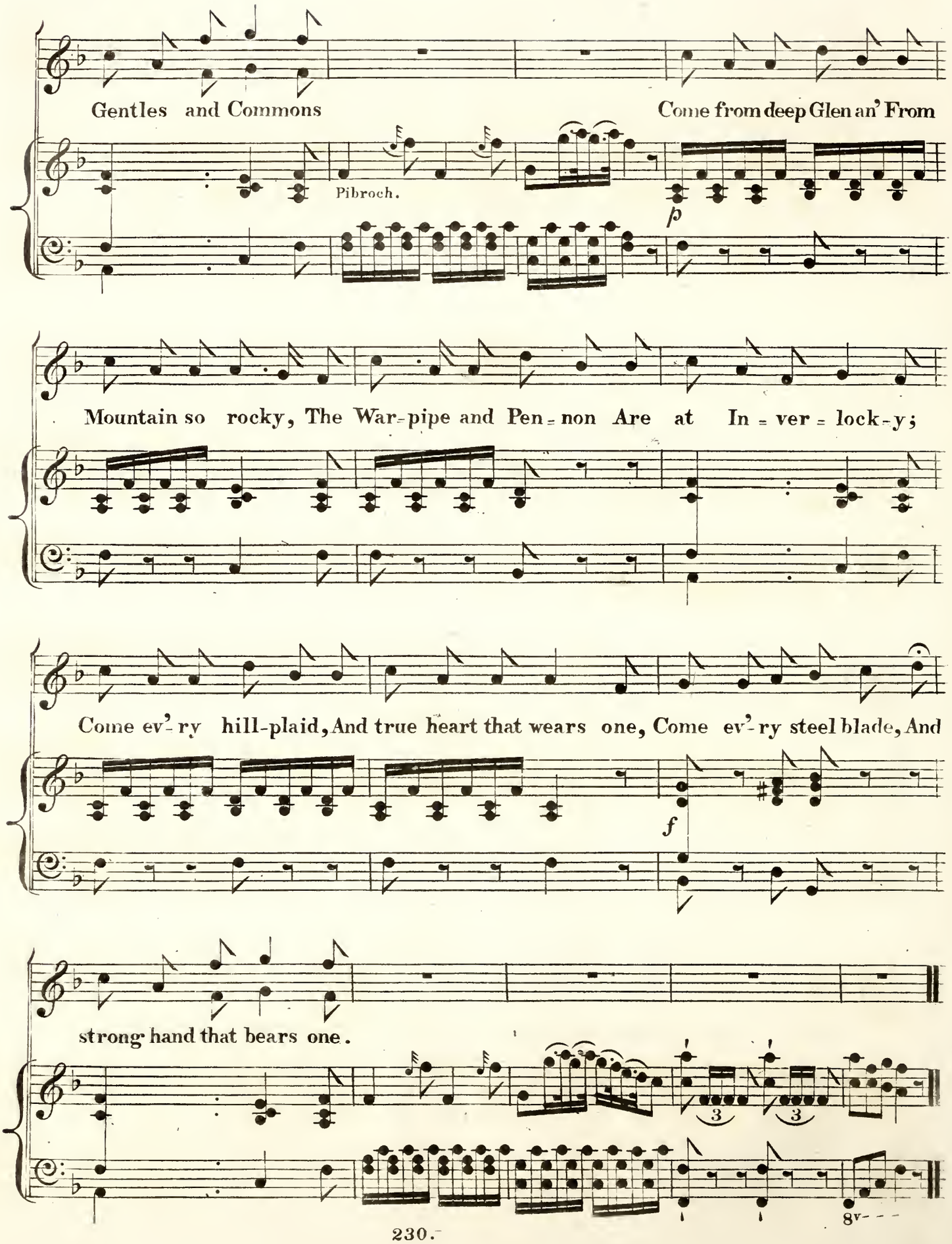
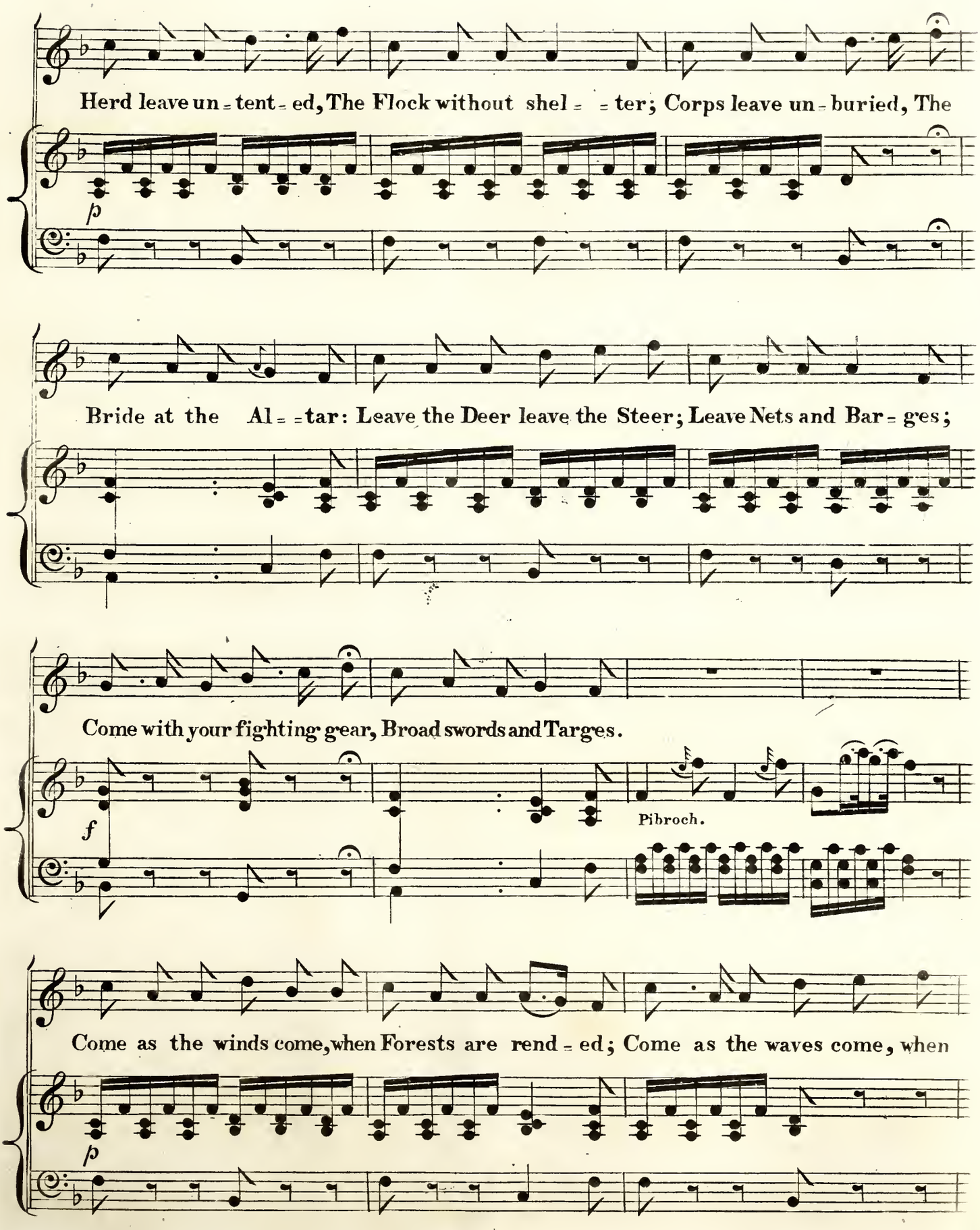
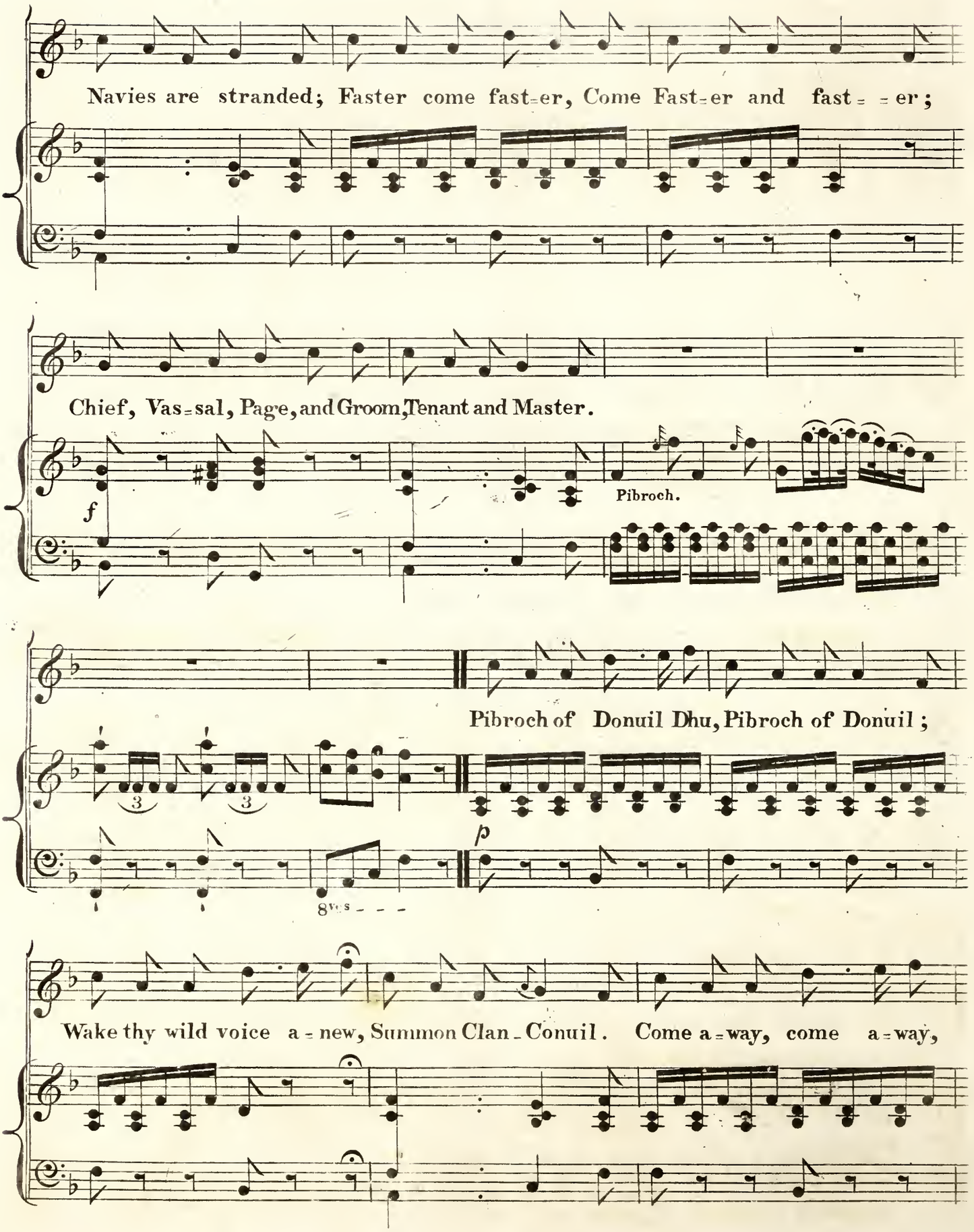
PIBROUCH OF DONUIL DHU.

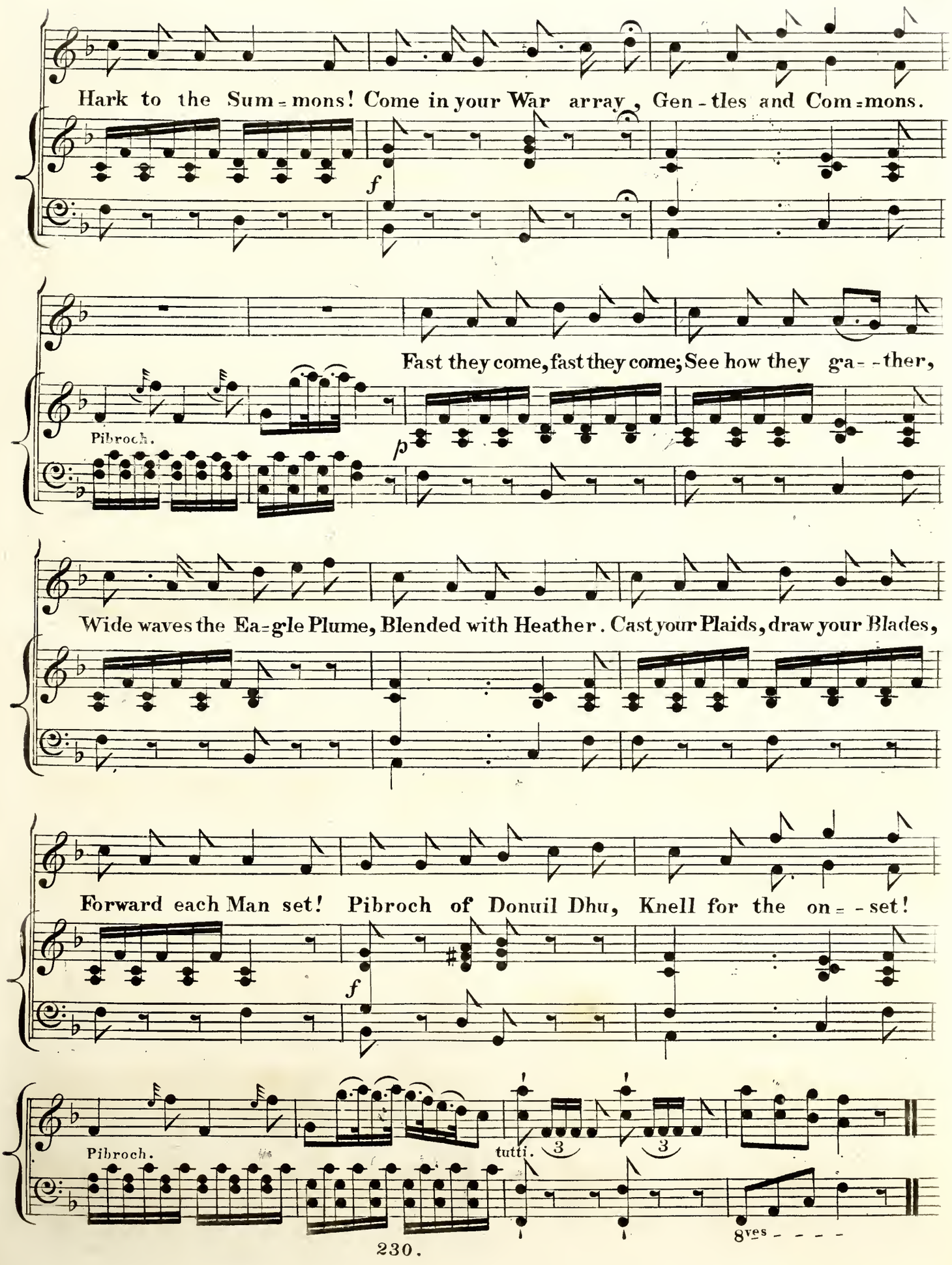
John Whitaker.




Gentles and Commons
Come from deep Glen an' From
Pibroch.
p
Mountain so rocky, The War-pipe and Pen-non Are at In-ver-lock-y;
Come ev'-ry hill-plaid, And true heart that wears one, Come ev'-ry steel blade, And
f
strong hand that bears one.
3
3
8va


Herd leave un = tent = ed, The Flock without shel = = ter; Corps leave un = buried, The
p
Bride at the Al = = tar: Leave the Deer leave the Steer; Leave Nets and Bar = ges;
Come with your fighting gear, Broad swords and Targes.
f
Pibroch.
Come as the winds come, when Forests are rend = ed; Come as the waves come, when
p


Navies are stranded; Faster come fast-er, Come Fast-er and fast - - er;
Chief, Vas-sal, Page, and Groom, Tenant and Master.
f
Pibroch.
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu, Pibroch of Donuil;
3
3
p
8vas
Wake thy wild voice a - new, Summon Clan-Conuil. Come a-way, come a-way,


Hark to the Sum-mons! Come in your War array, Gen-tles and Com-mons.
f
Fast they come, fast they come; See how they ga--ther,
Pibroch.
p
Wide waves the Ea-gle Plume, Blended with Heather. Cast your Plaids, draw your Blades,
Forward each Man set! Pibroch of Donuil Dhu, Knell for the on--set!
f
Pibroch.
tutti.
3
3
8ves

Caroline Hart 1829

36

TYROLESE EVENING HYMN,

The Words by

Mrs. HEMANS,

The Music by

HER SISTER.

Ent. Sta. Hall. Price 2

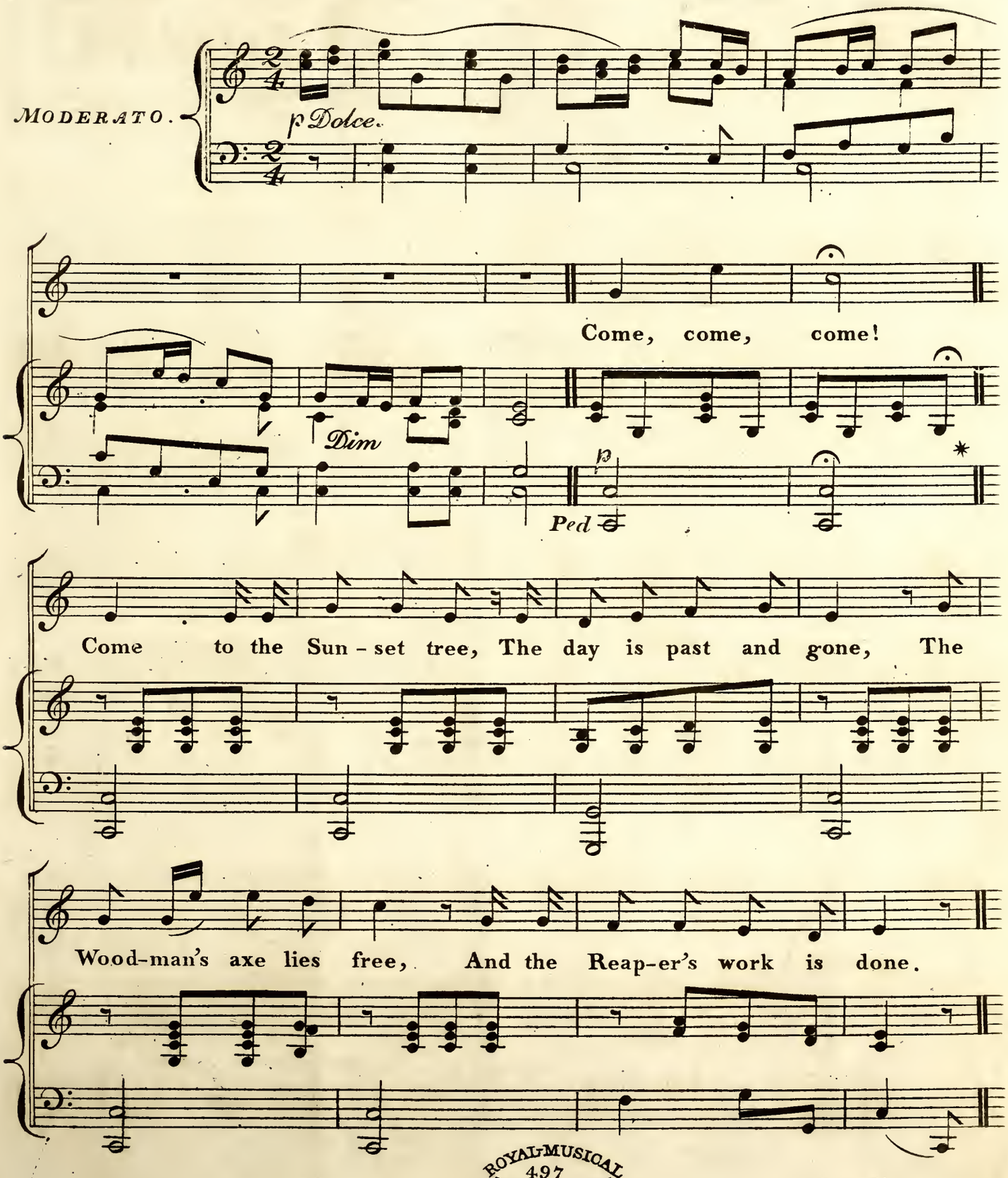
London, Published by I. WILLIS & Co. Royal Musical Repository,
Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, & 7, Westmorland Street, Dublin.

Where may be had just published.

	Author	Composer	Price
The Captive Knight	Mrs. Hemans	Her Sister	2/
Waverly Melodies	Sir Walter Scott	Miss F.	4/
The Swiss Boy *with Variations*	W. Ball, Esqr.	J. Pixis	4/
The Rose upon the Tree	Goethe	T. Philipps	2/
The Fairies Invitation	J. F.	R. Guylott	2
Naughty Baby	J. G. Lockhart, Esqr.	Rosa Willis	16

TYROLESE EVENING HYMN.

THE WORDS BY Mrs HEMANS. THE MUSIC BY HER SISTER.



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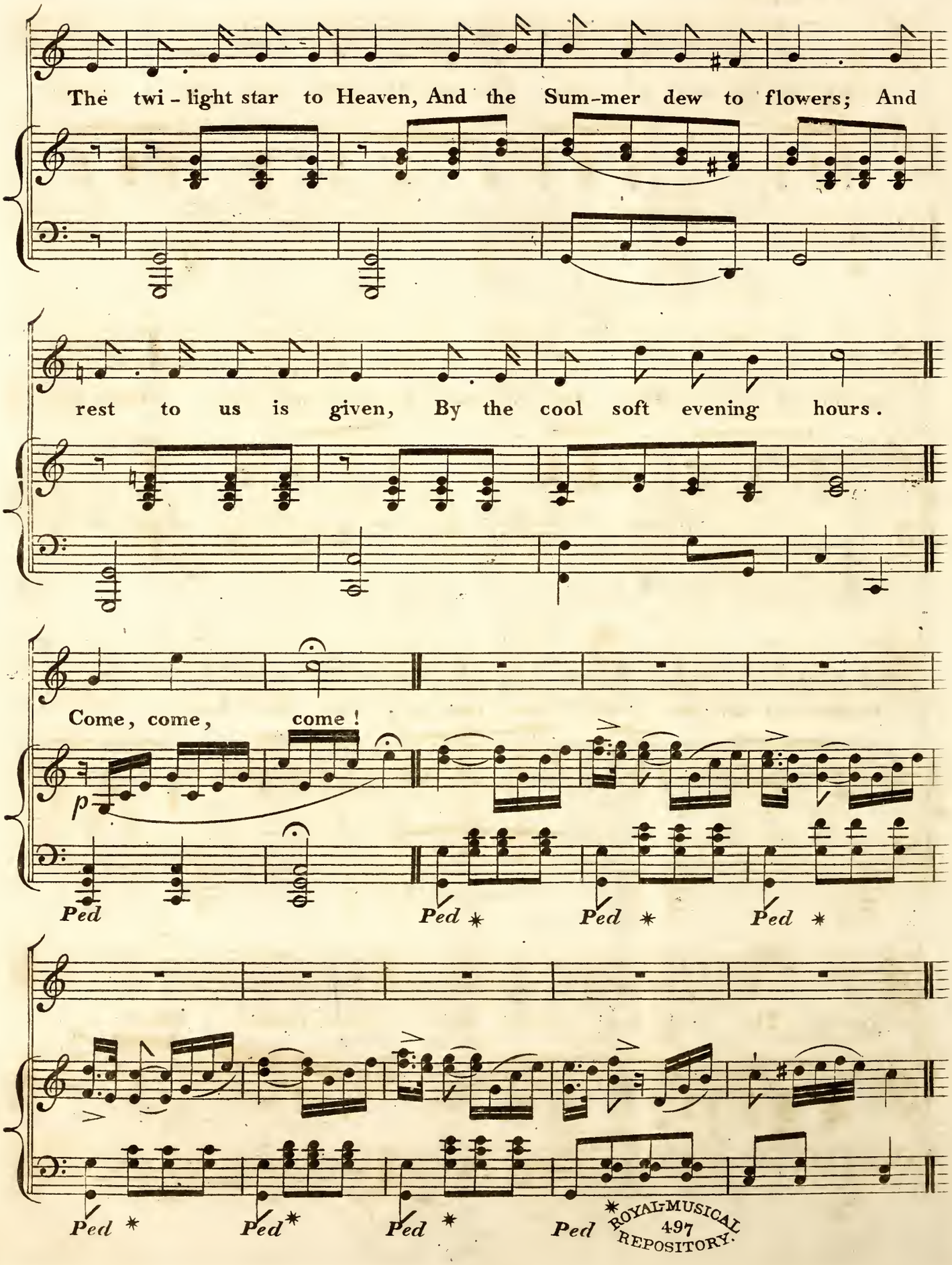

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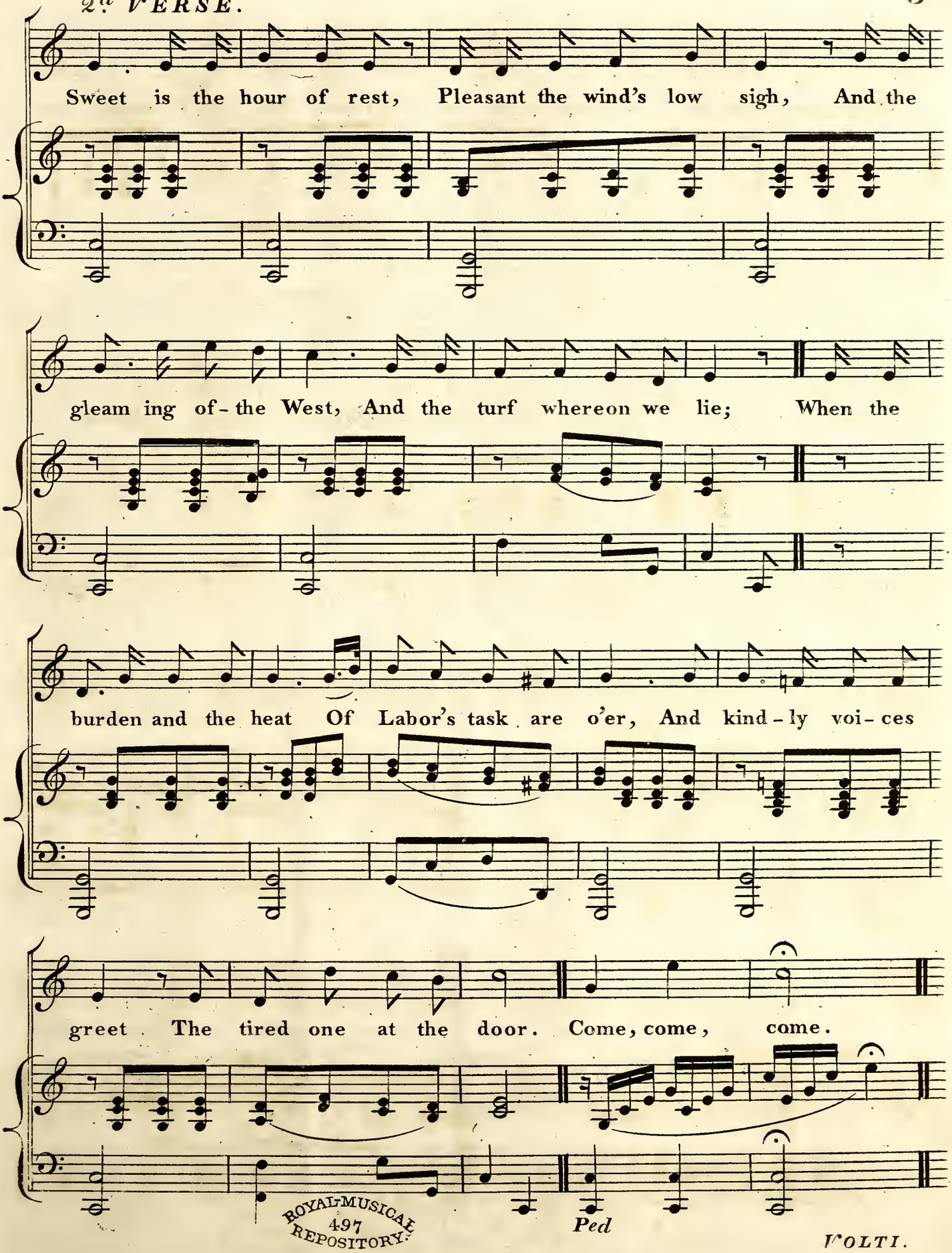

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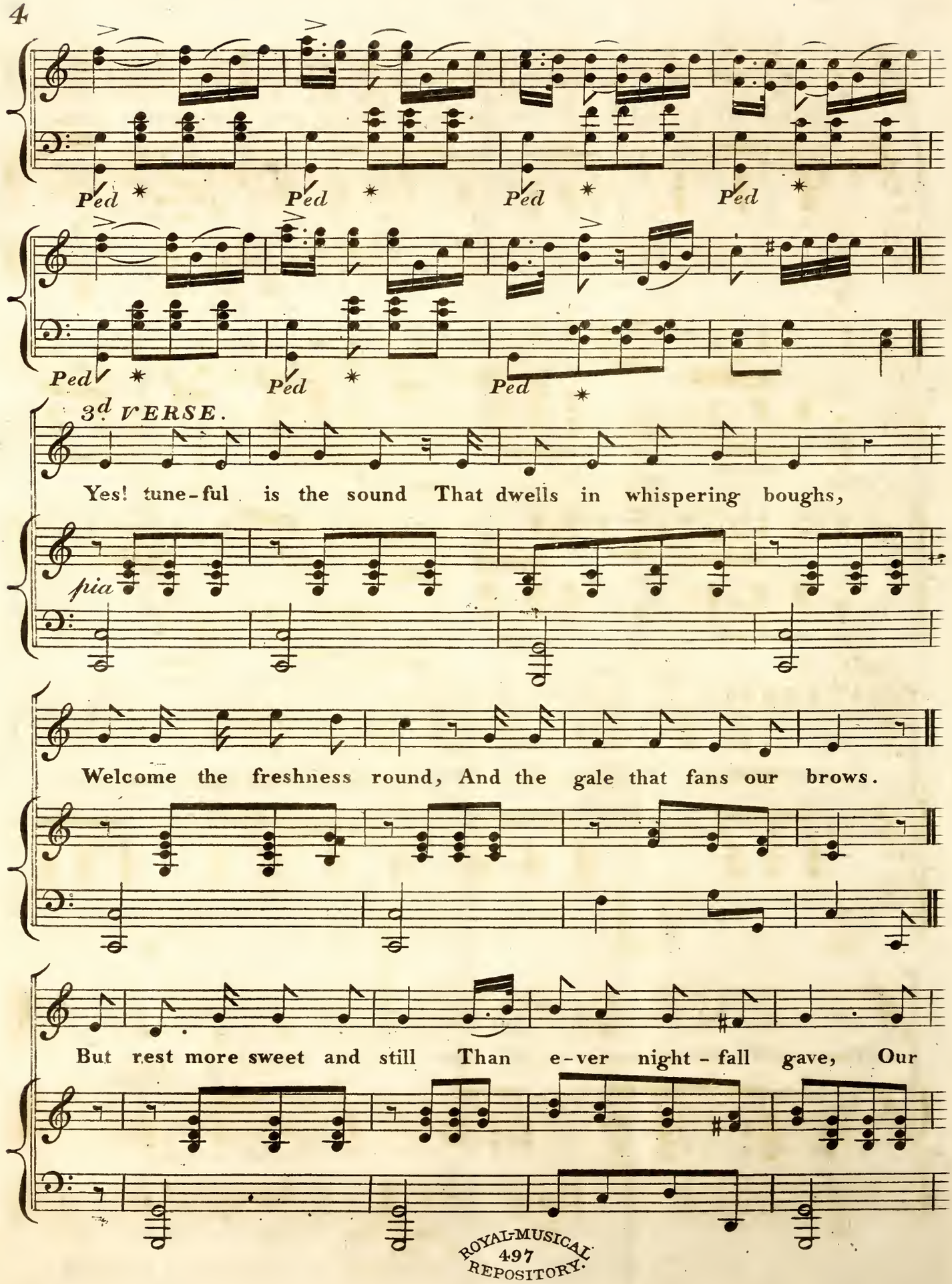

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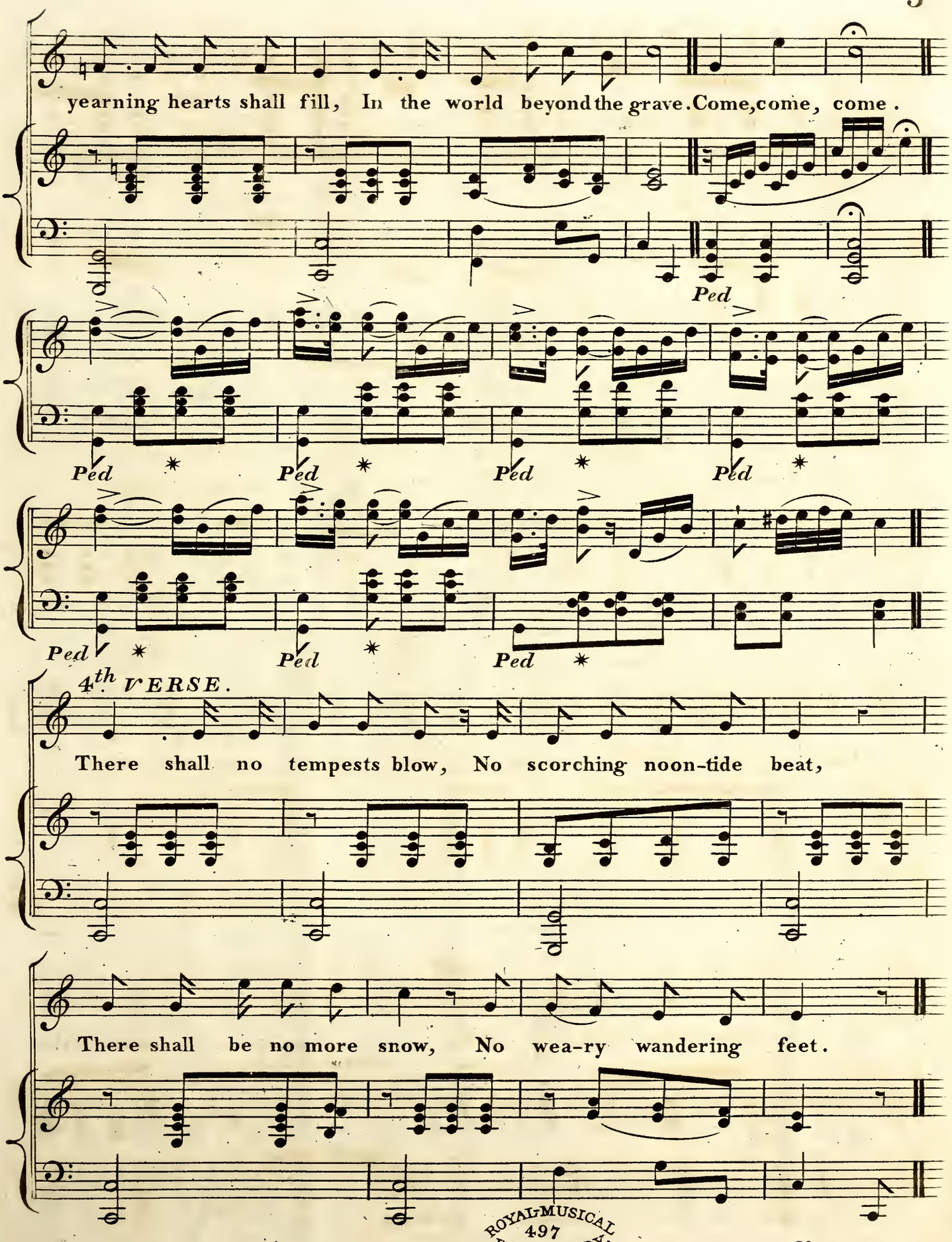
497
REPOSITORY.



ROYAL MUSICAL 497 REPOSITORY.

So we lift our trust-ing eyes From the hills our fathers trod, To the

qui-et of the skies To the Sabbath of our God! Come, come, come.

Ped *

Come to the Sunset tree, The day is past and gone, The Woodman's axe lies

free, And the Reaper's work is done.

Ped * *Ped* *

Ped * *Ped* * *Ped* * *Ped* * *Ped* *

ROYAL MUSICAL 497 REPOSITORY.

The Chough & Crow to roost are gone,

the

CELEBRATED GIPSEY GLEE,

IN

GUY MANNERING,

Arranged

for three Voices,

The Words by

Joanna Baillie,

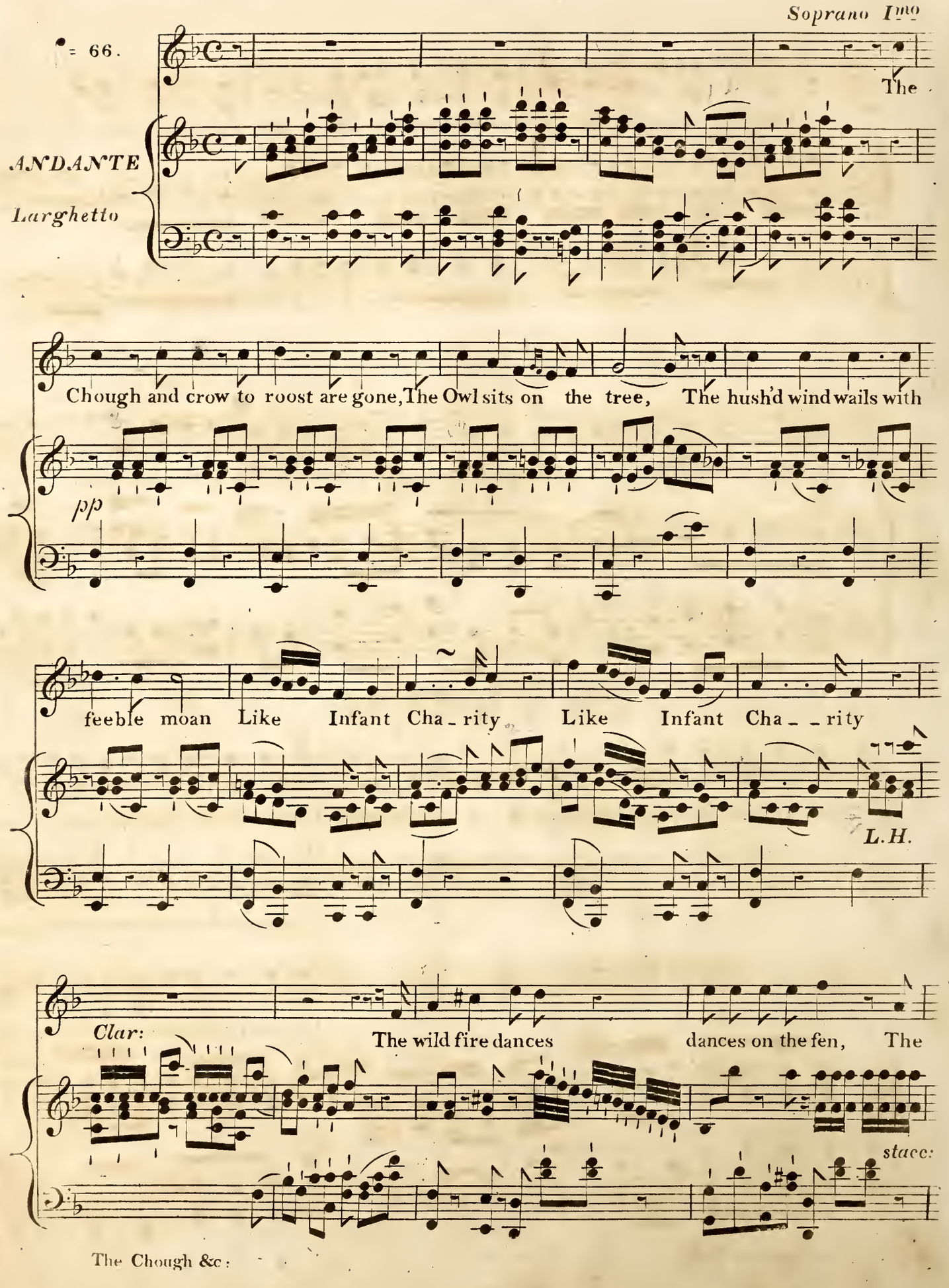
The Music by

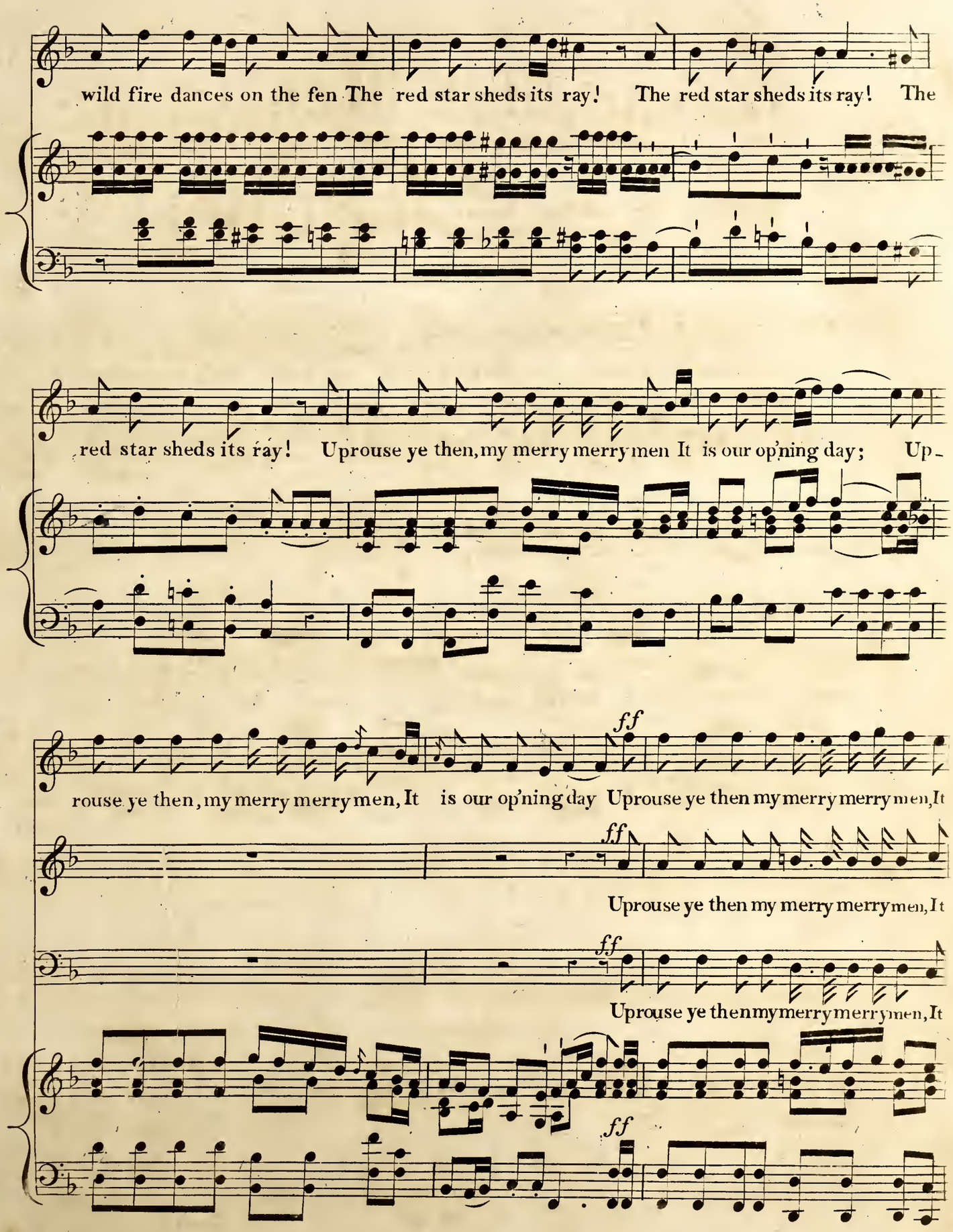
HENRY R. BISHOP,

Composer & Director of the Music to the Theatre Royal Covent Garden.

Ent. Sta. Hall, Pr. 3 –

London, Printed by Goulding and D'Almaine, 20, Soho Square, & to be had of all Music Sellers in the United Kingdom.


Soprano Imo
♩ = 66.
The
ANDANTE
Larghetto
Chough and crow to roost are gone, The Owl sits on the tree, The hush'd wind wails with
pp
feeble moan Like Infant Cha - rity Like Infant Cha - - rity
L.H.
Clar:
The wild fire dances dances on the fen, The
stacc:
The Chough &c:


wild fire dances on the fen The red star sheds its ray! The red star sheds its ray! The
red star sheds its ray! Uprouse ye then, my merry merry men It is our op'ning day; Up-
ff
rouse ye then, my merry merry men, It is our op'ning day Uprouse ye then my merry merry men, It
ff
Uprouse ye then my merry merry men, It
ff
Uprouse ye then my merry merry men, It
ff

The Chough &c:

is our op'ning day Uprouse ye then, my merry merry men, It is our op'ning day! It

is our op'ning day Uprouse ye then, my merry merry men, It is our op'ning day! It

is our op'ning day Uprouse ye then, my merry merry men, It is our op'ning day! It

is our op'ning day, Uprouse ye then my merry merry men, It is our op'ning day It

is our op'ning day, Uprouse ye then my merry merry men, It is our op'ning day It

is our op'ning day, Uprouse ye then my merry merry men, It is our op'ning day It

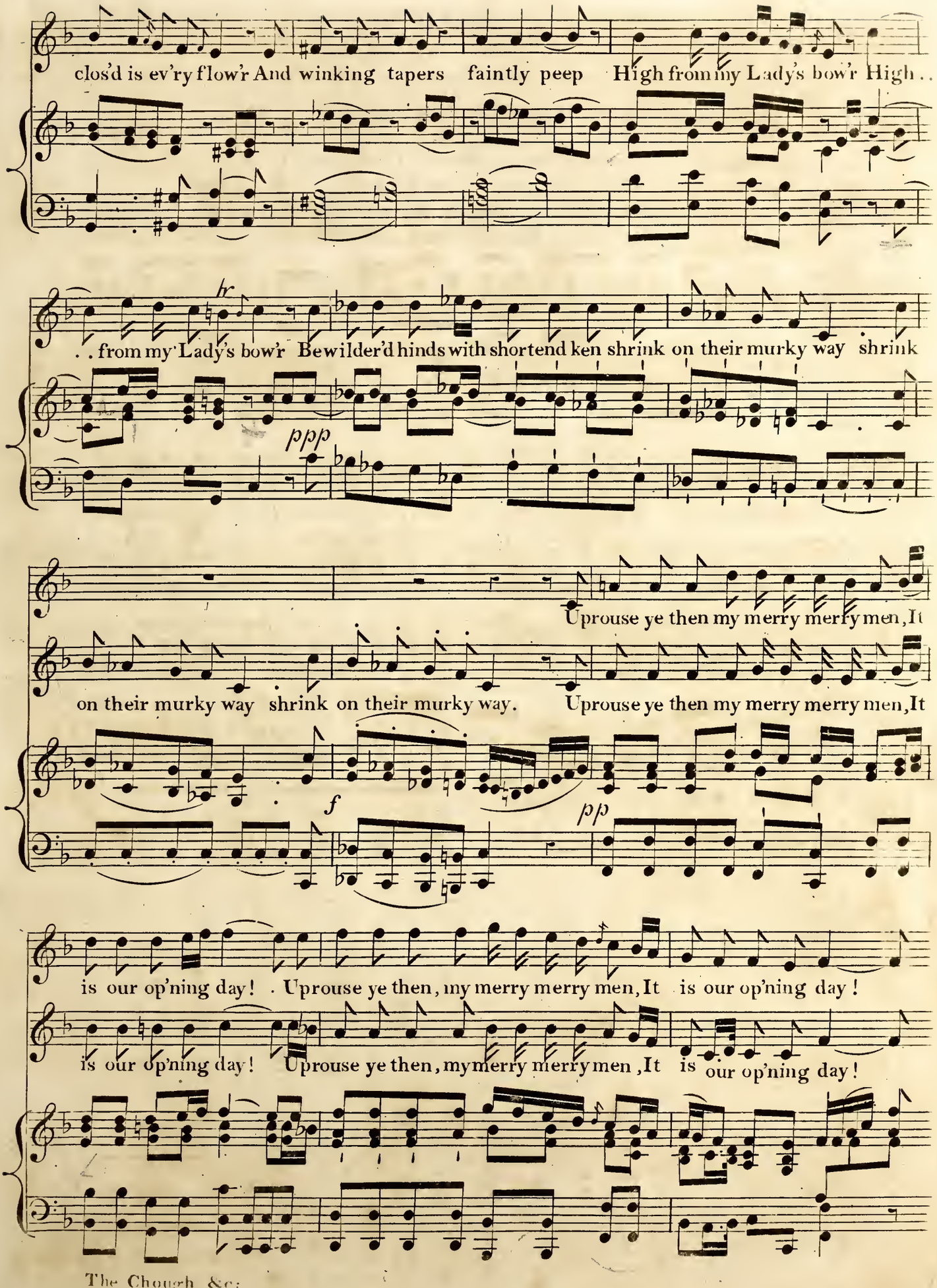
is our op'ning day!

SOLO

is our op'ning day! Both Child and Nurse, are fast asleep, And clos'd is every flow'r, &

is our op'ning day!

The Chough &c.


clos'd is ev'ry flow'r And winking tapers faintly peep High from my Lady's bow'r High . .
. . from my Lady's bow'r Bewilder'd hinds with shortend ken shrink on their murky way shrink
ppp
Uprouse ye then my merry merry men, It
on their murky way shrink on their murky way. Uprouse ye then my merry merry men, It
f
pp
is our op'ning day! . Uprouse ye then, my merry merry men, It is our op'ning day!
is our op'ning day! Uprouse ye then, my merry merry men, It is our op'ning day!

ff CHORUS

Uprouse ye then my merry merry men It is our op'ning day, Uprouse ye then my

ff

Uprouse ye then my merry merry men It is our op'ning day, Uprouse ye then my

ff

Uprouse ye then my merry merry men It is our op'ning day, Uprouse ye then my

ff

merry merry men, It is our op'ning day It is our op'ning day, Uprouse ye then my merry merry

merry merry men, It is our op'ning day It is our op'ning day, Uprouse ye then my merry merry

merry merry men, It is our op'ning day It is our op'ning day, Uprouse ye then my merry merry

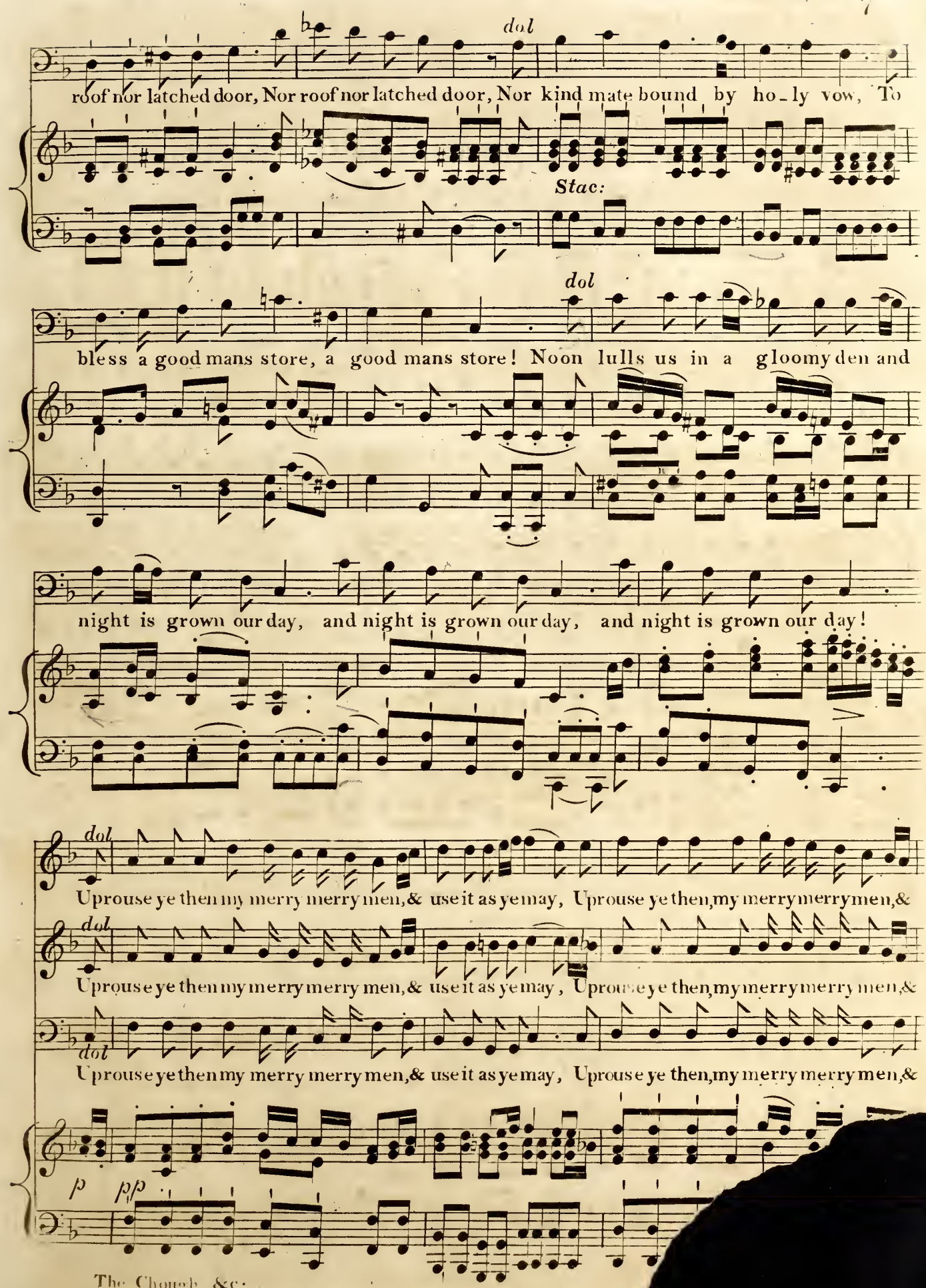
p

men It is our op'ning day, It is our op'ning day

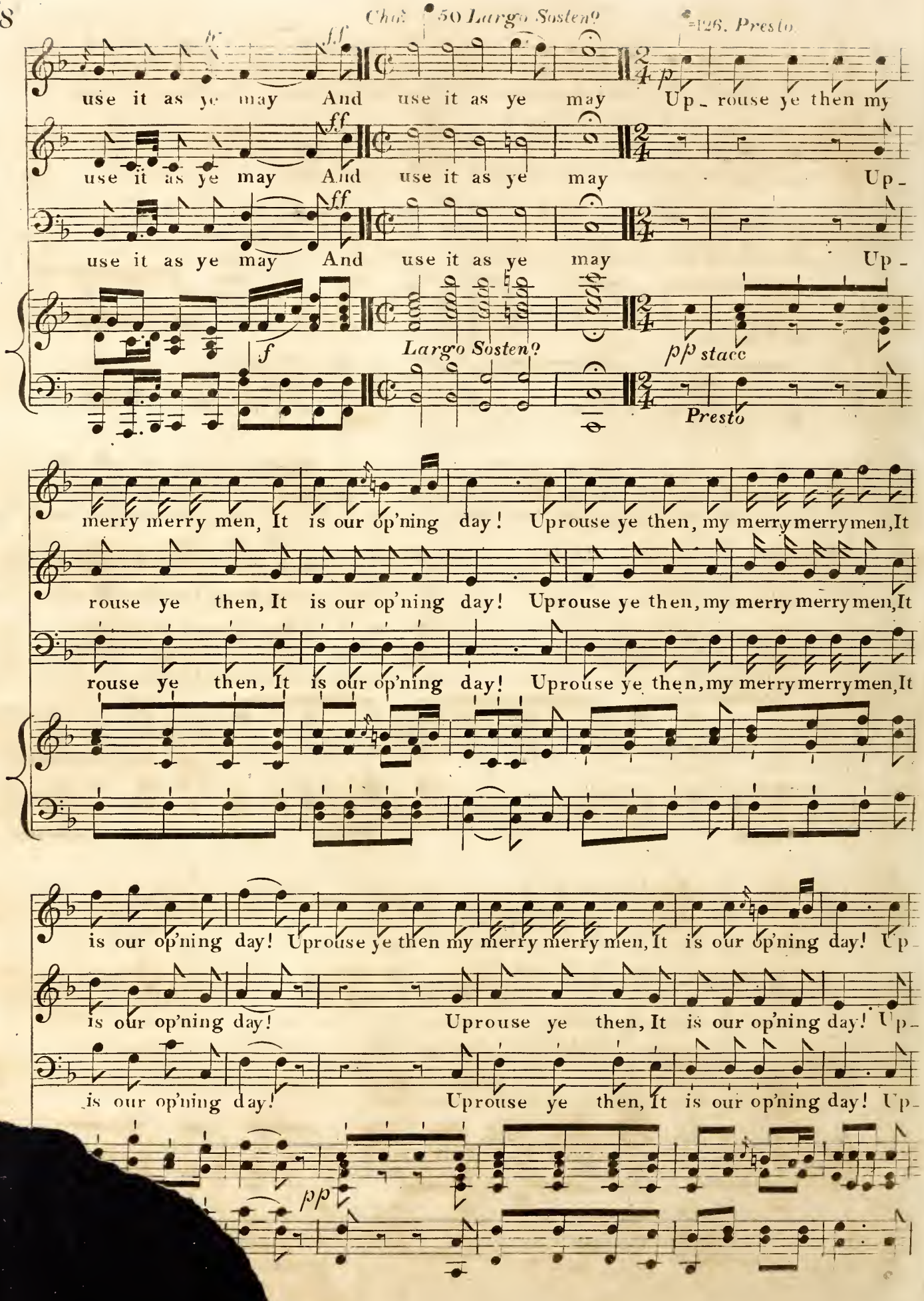
men It is our op'ning day, It is our op'ning day

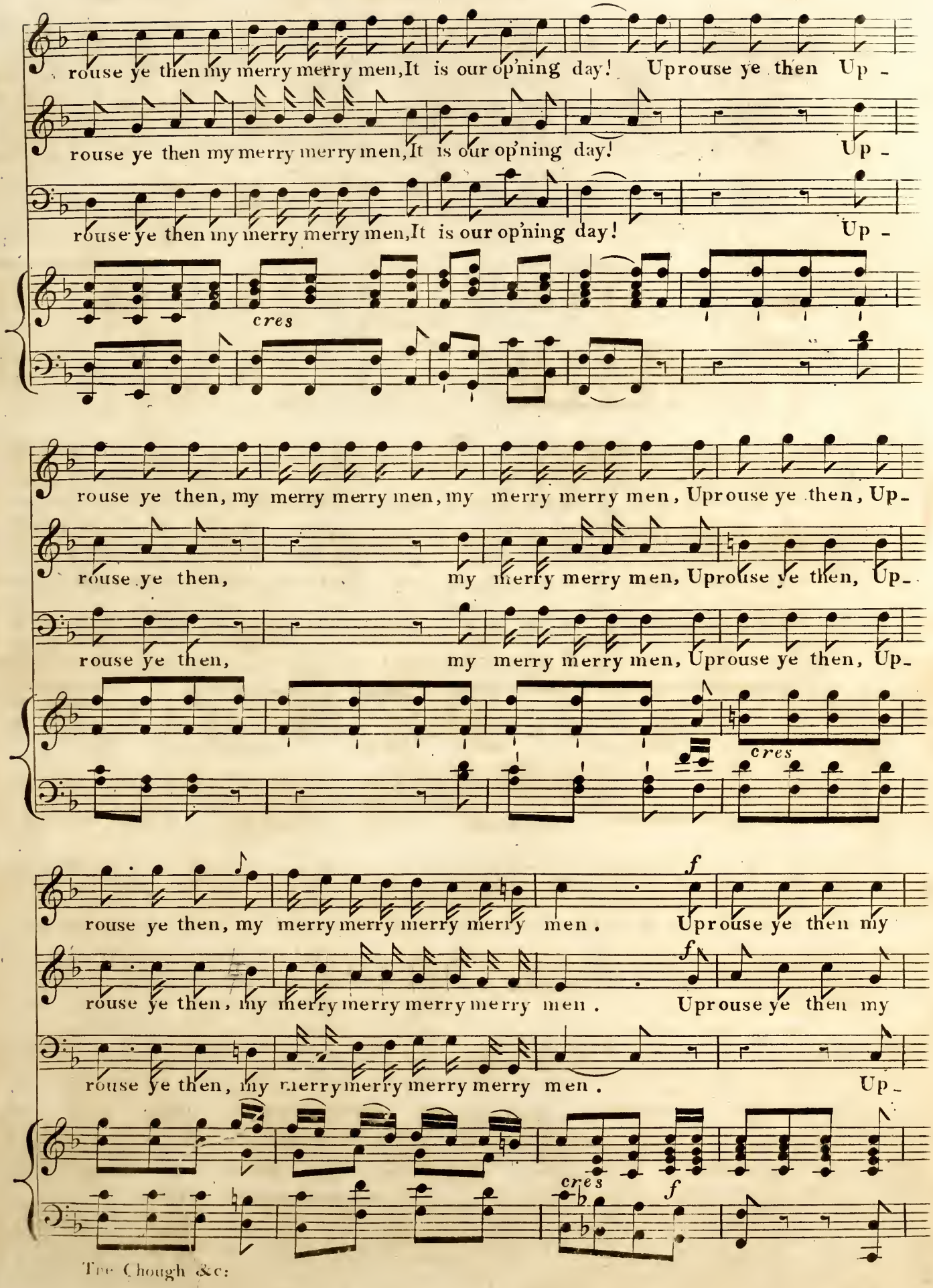
men It is our op'ning day, It is our op'ning day Nor board nor gar - ner owe we now: Nor

pp


dol
roof nor latched door, Nor roof nor latched door, Nor kind mate bound by ho-ly vow, To
Stac:
dol
bless a good mans store, a good mans store! Noon lulls us in a gloomy den and
night is grown our day, and night is grown our day, and night is grown our day!
dol
Uprouse ye then my merry merry men,& use it as ye may, Uprouse ye then,my merry merry men,&
dol
Uprouse ye then my merry merry men,& use it as ye may, Uprouse ye then,my merry merry men,&
dol
Uprouse ye then my merry merry men,& use it as ye may, Uprouse ye then,my merry merry men,&
p
pp

The Chough &c:


Chor. 50 Largo Sosten?
=126. Presto
use it as ye may And use it as ye may Up_ rouse ye then my
use it as ye may And use it as ye may Up_
use it as ye may And use it as ye may Up_
Largo Sosten?
pp stacc
Presto
merry merry men, It is our op'ning day! Uprouse ye then, my merry merry men, It
rouse ye then, It is our op'ning day! Uprouse ye then, my merry merry men, It
rouse ye then, It is our op'ning day! Uprouse ye then, my merry merry men, It
is our op'ning day! Uprouse ye then my merry merry men, It is our op'ning day! Up_
is our op'ning day! Uprouse ye then, It is our op'ning day! Up_
is our op'ning day! Uprouse ye then, It is our op'ning day! Up_
pp


rouse ye then my merry merry men, It is our op'ning day! Uprouse ye then Up -
rouse ye then my merry merry men, It is our op'ning day! Up -
rouse ye then my merry merry men, It is our op'ning day! Up -
cres
rouse ye then, my merry merry men, my merry merry men, Uprouse ye then, Up-
rouse ye then, my merry merry men, Uprouse ye then, Up-
rouse ye then, my merry merry men, Uprouse ye then, Up-
cres
rouse ye then, my merry merry merry merry men. Uprouse ye then my
rouse ye then, my merry merry merry merry men. Uprouse ye then my
rouse ye then, my merry merry merry merry men. Up-
cres
f

merry merry men It is our op'ning day! Uprouse ye then, my merry merry men, It

merry merry men It is our op'ning day! Uprouse ye then, my merry merry men, It

rouse ye then It is our op'ning day! Uprouse ye then, my merry merry men, It

pp

is our op'ning day! It is our op'ning day! It is our op'ning day! My

is our op'ning day! It is It is It is our op'ning day! It

pp

is our op'ning day! It is It is It is our op'ning day! It

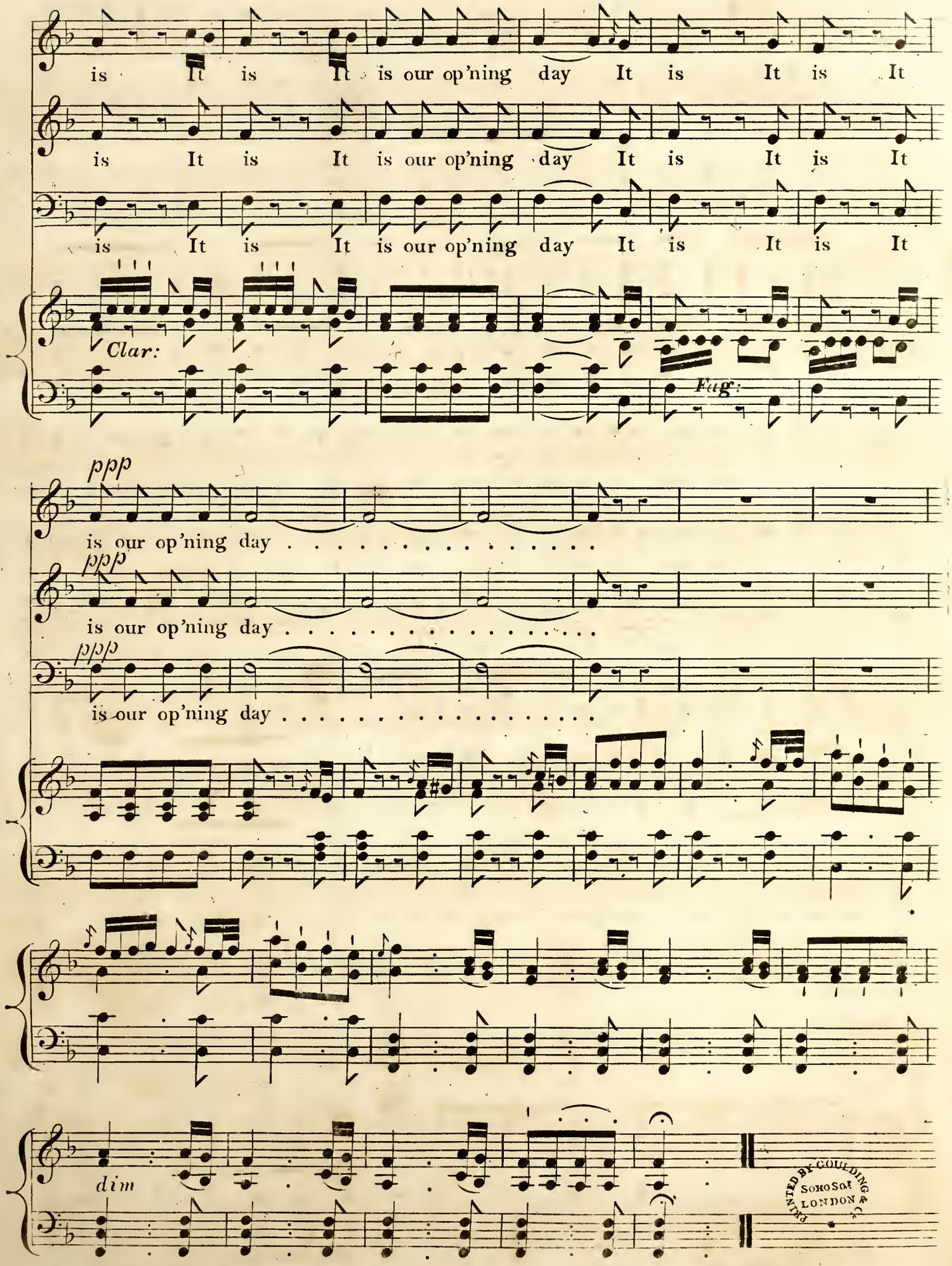
p *pp*

merry merry merry merry merry merry men It is our op'ning day! It

is It is It is our op'ning day! It

is It is It is our op'ning day! It

The Chough &c:


is It is It is our op'ning day It is It is It
is It is It is our op'ning day It is It is It
is It is It is our op'ning day It is It is It
Clar:
Fag:
ppp
is our op'ning day . . . . . .
ppp
is our op'ning day . . . . . .
ppp
is our op'ning day . . . . . .
dim
PRINTED BY GOULDING & SOHO SQ.E LONDON &C.

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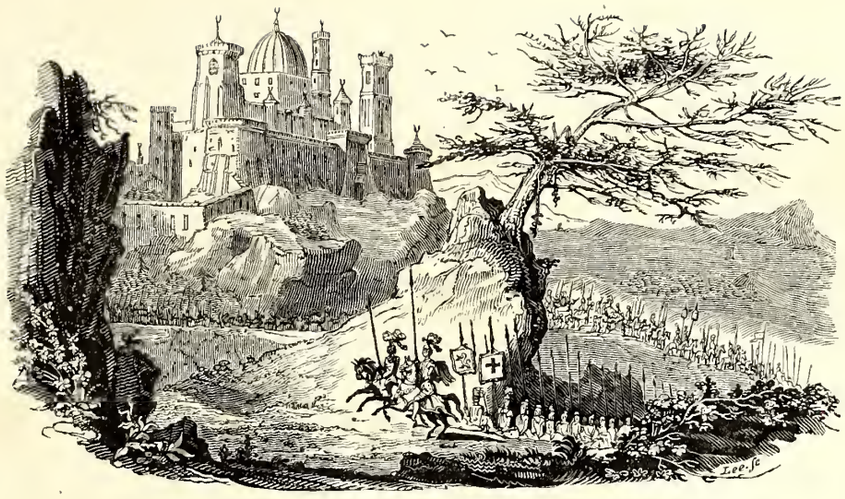


THE CAPTIVE KNIGHT.

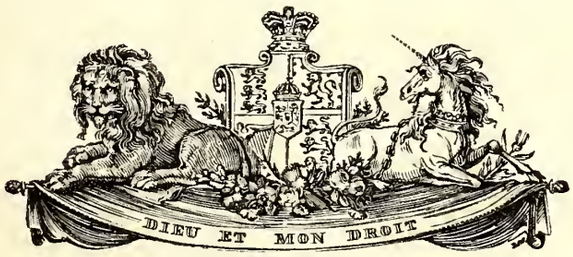
A Ballad.

The Words by Mrs. Hemans,

THE MUSIC BY HER SISTER;

AND BOTH RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

Sir Walter Scott.

ENTERED AT 

STAT. HALL.

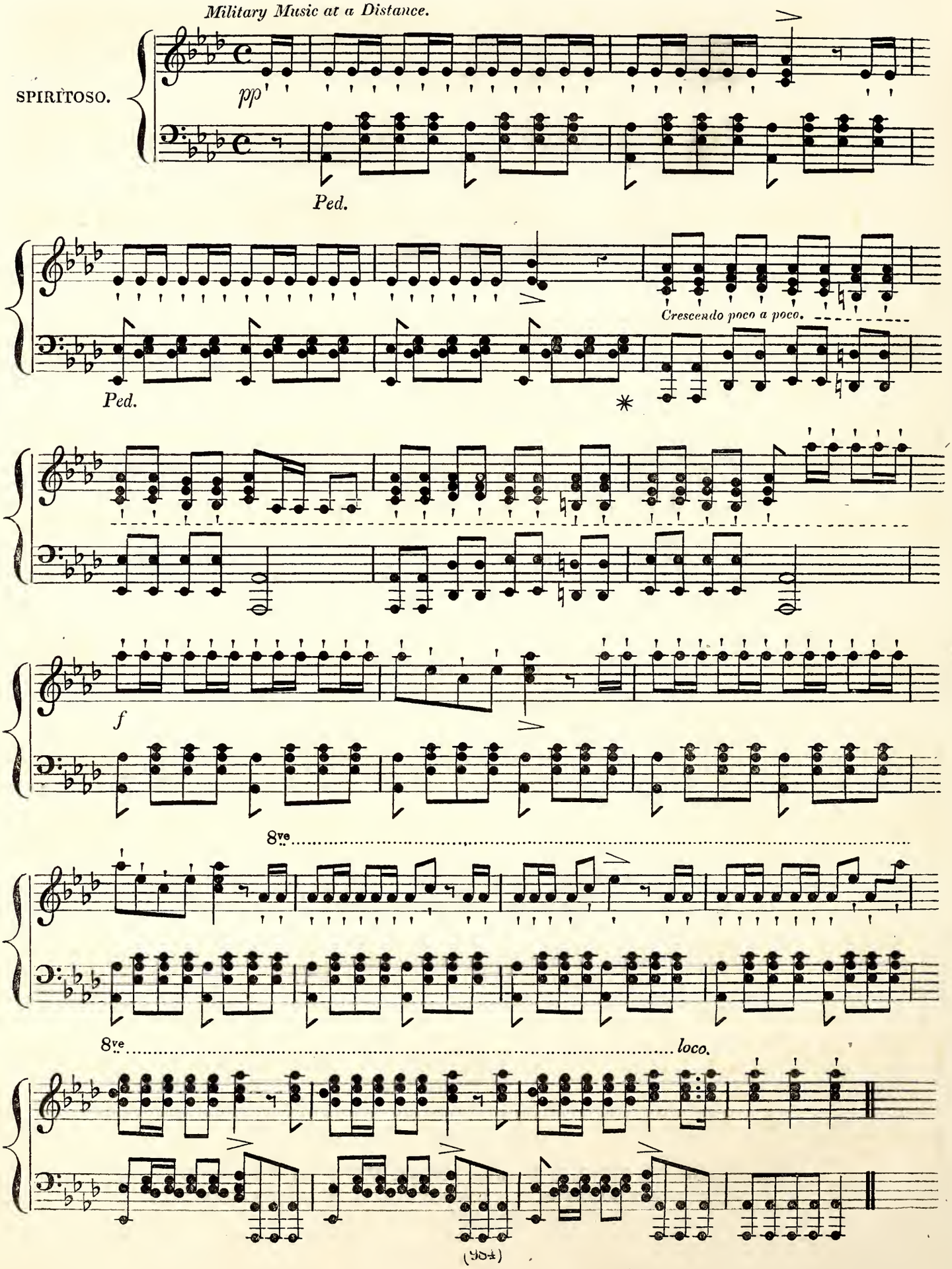
PRINTED FROM PATENT COPPER TYPES, BY W. CLOWES, STAMFORD-STREET.

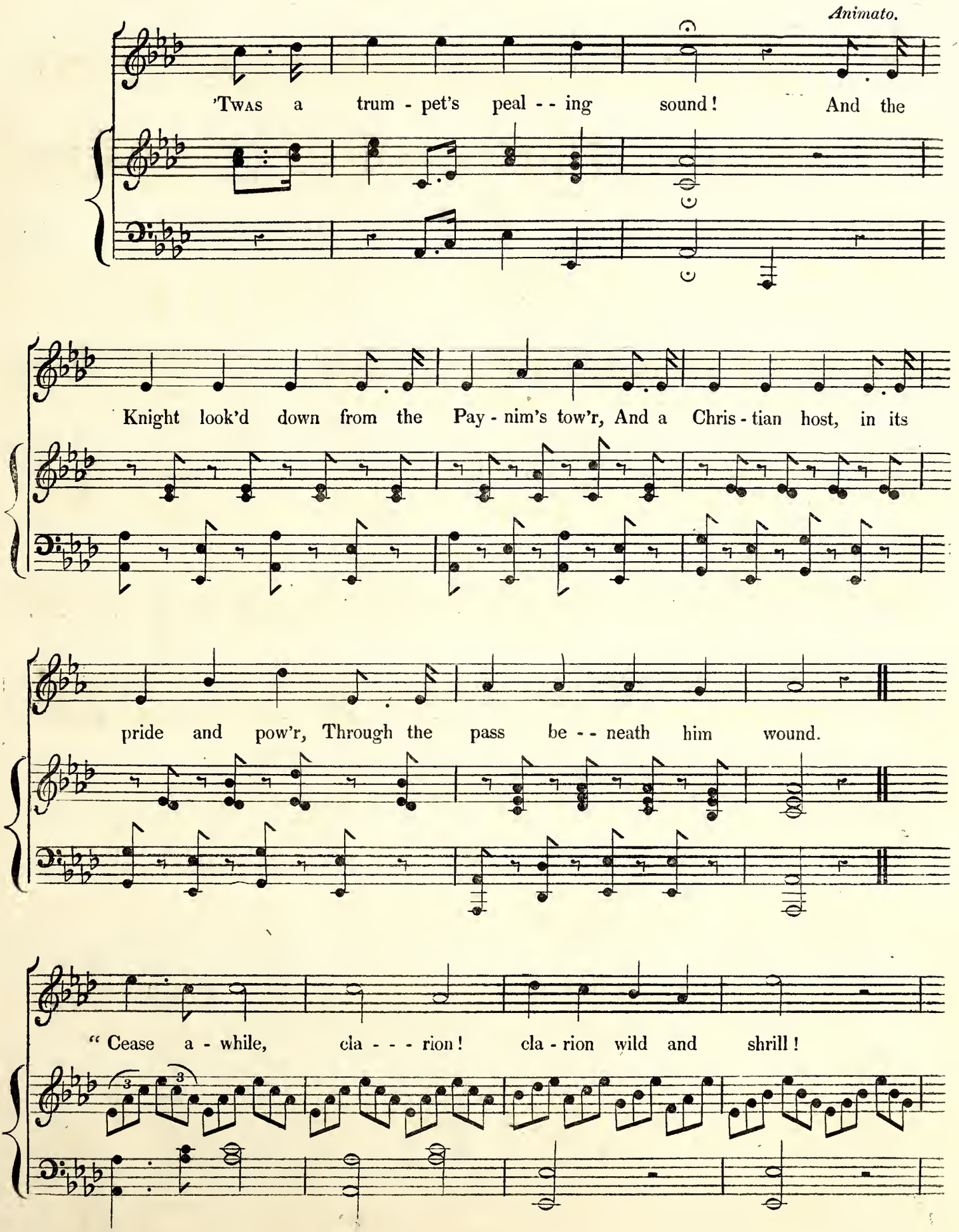
Twenty-first Edition.

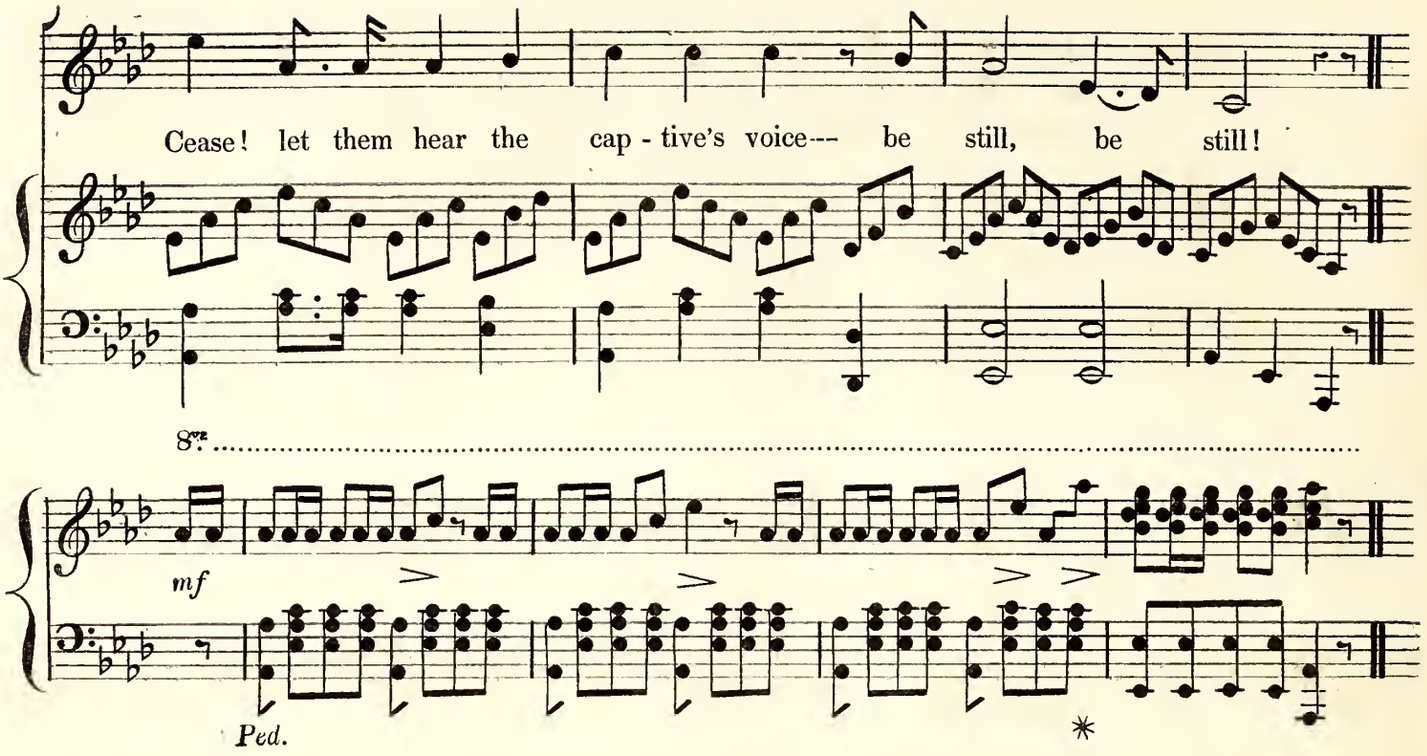
LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY WILLIS & CO., ROYAL MUSICAL REPOSITORY,
55, ST. JAMES'S STREET; 7, WESTMORELAND STREET, DUBLIN;
AND 4 BIS, RUE DE LA PAIX, PARIS.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.

THE CAPTIVE KNIGHT.




Animato.
'Twas a trum - pet's peal - - ing sound! And the
Knight look'd down from the Pay - nim's tow'r, And a Chris - tian host, in its
pride and pow'r, Through the pass be - - neath him wound.
" Cease a - while, cla - - - rion! cla - rion wild and shrill!



2d VERSE.

I knew 'twas a trum - pet's note! And I see my breth - ren's lan - ces gleam, And their pen - nons wave by the moun - tain stream, And their plumes to the glad wind float.

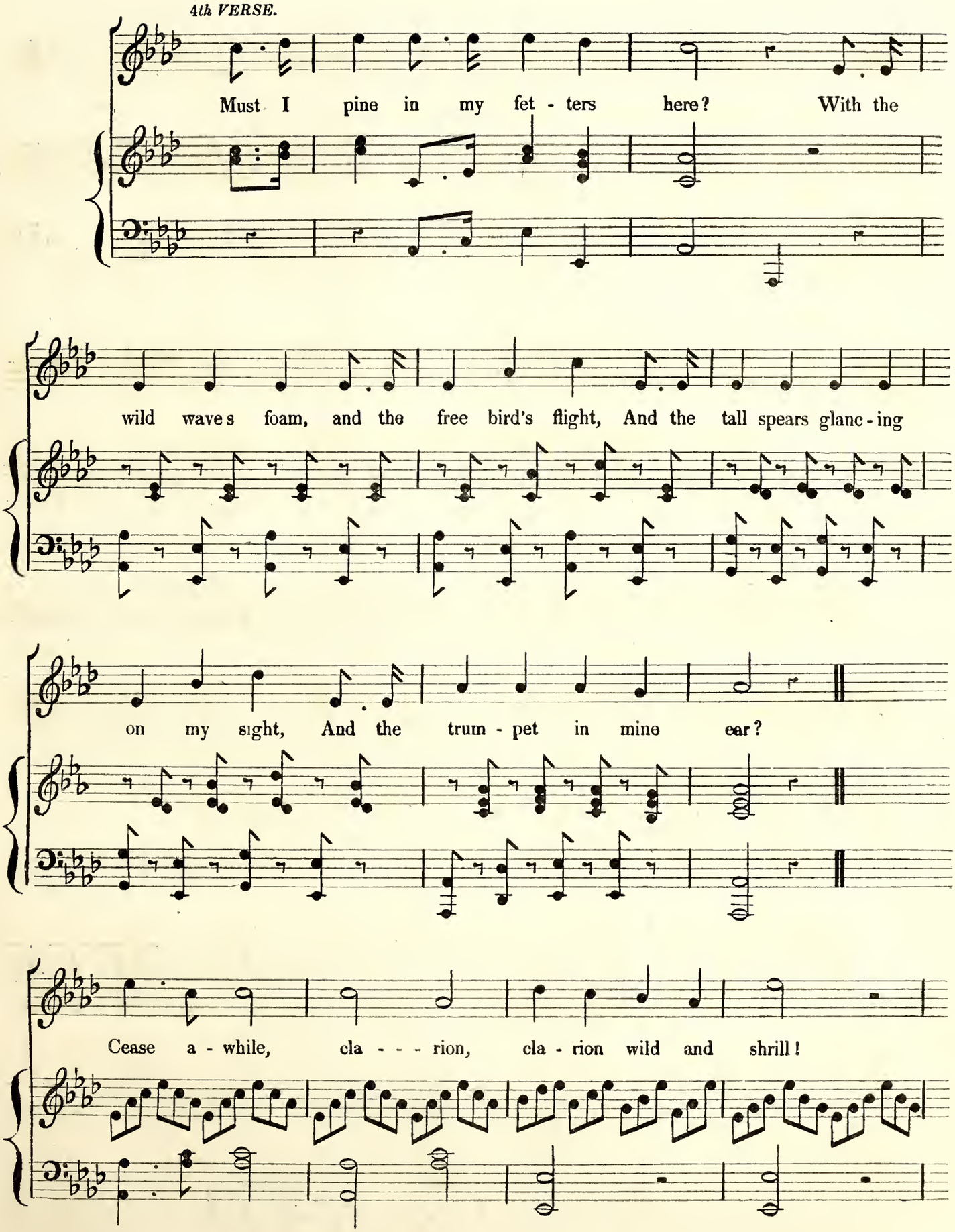
Cease awhile, &c.

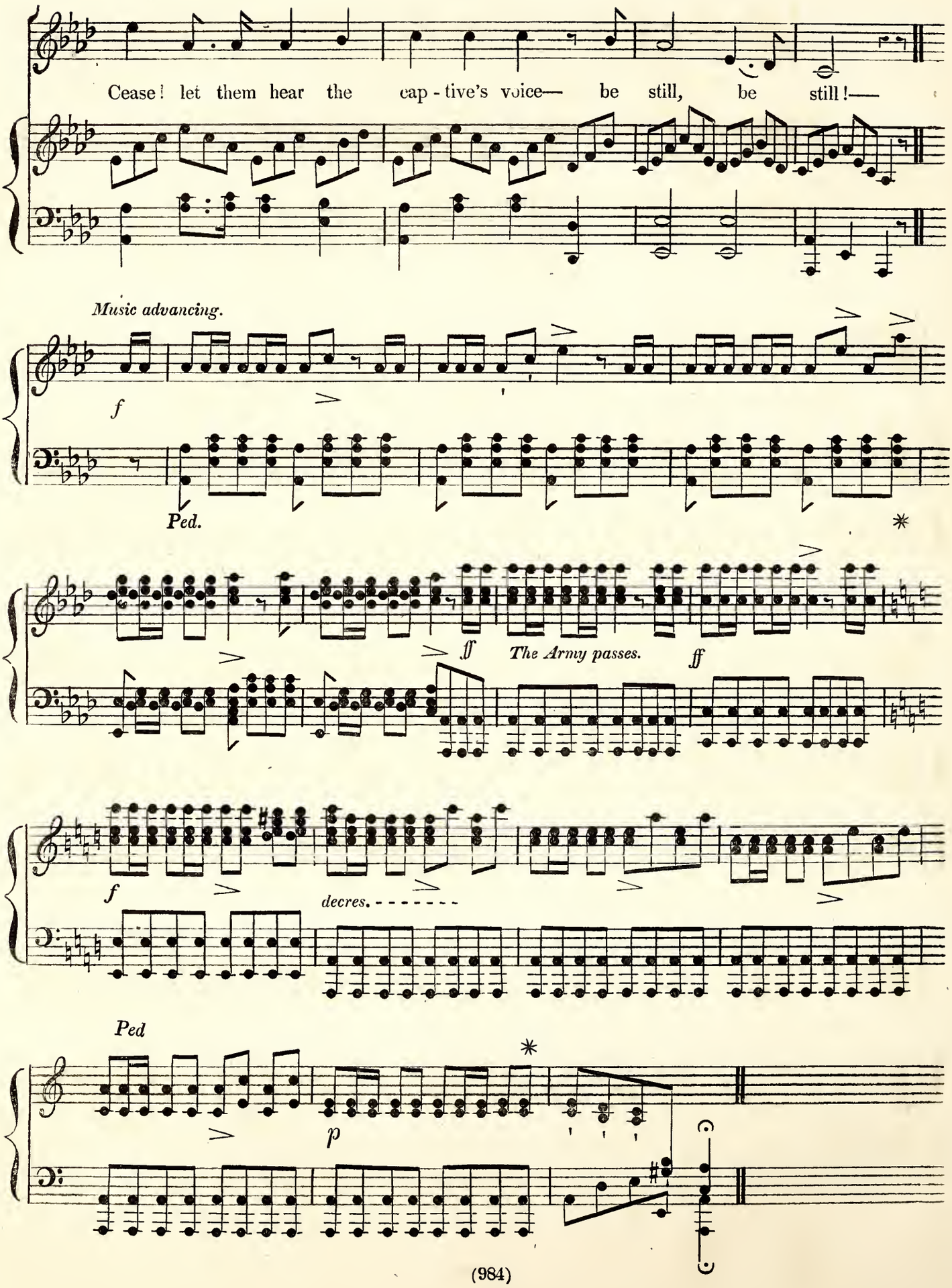
3d VERSE.

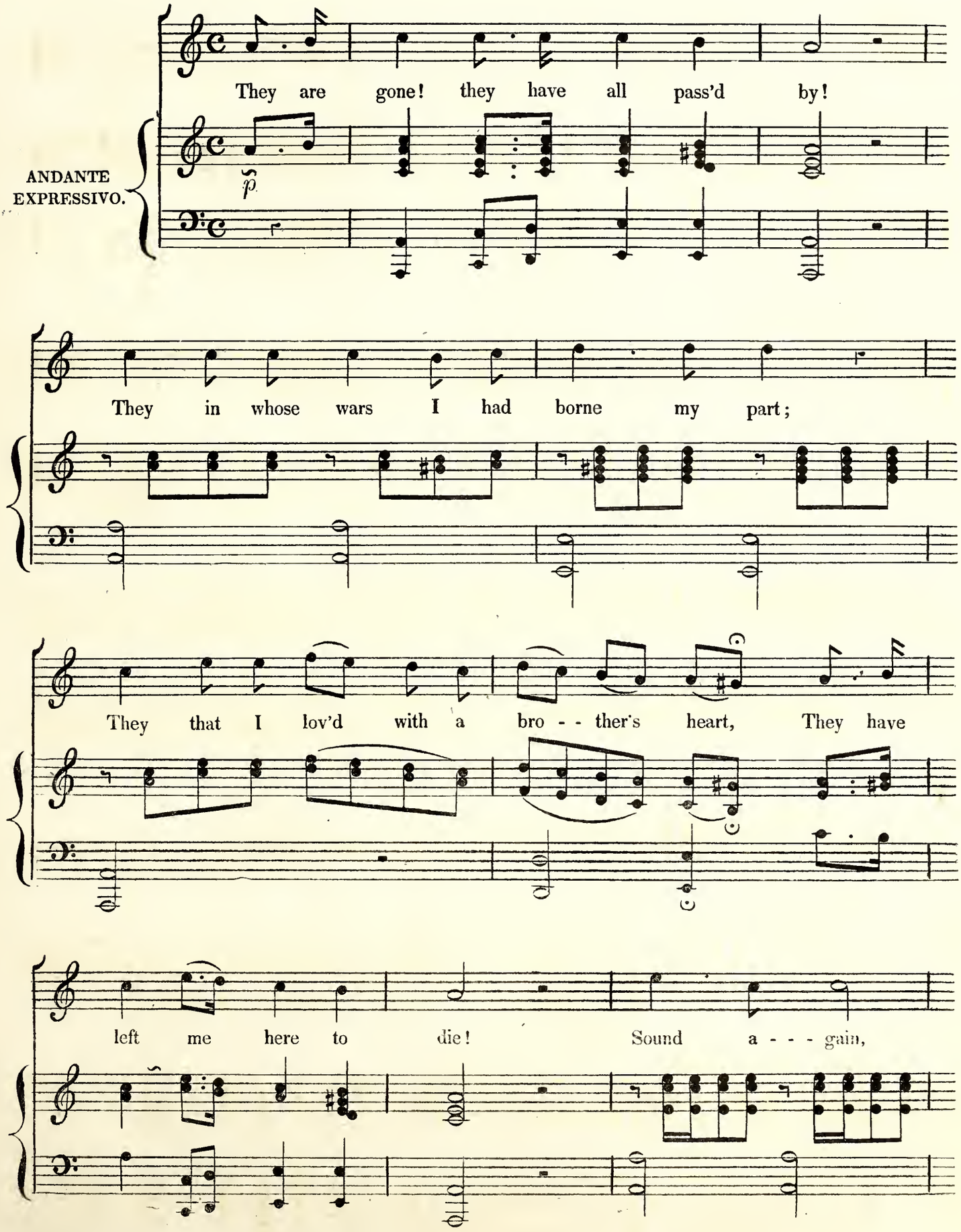
I am here with my hea - vy chain! And I look on a tor - rent sweep - ing by, And an ea - gle rush - ing to the sky, And a host to its bat - tle plain.

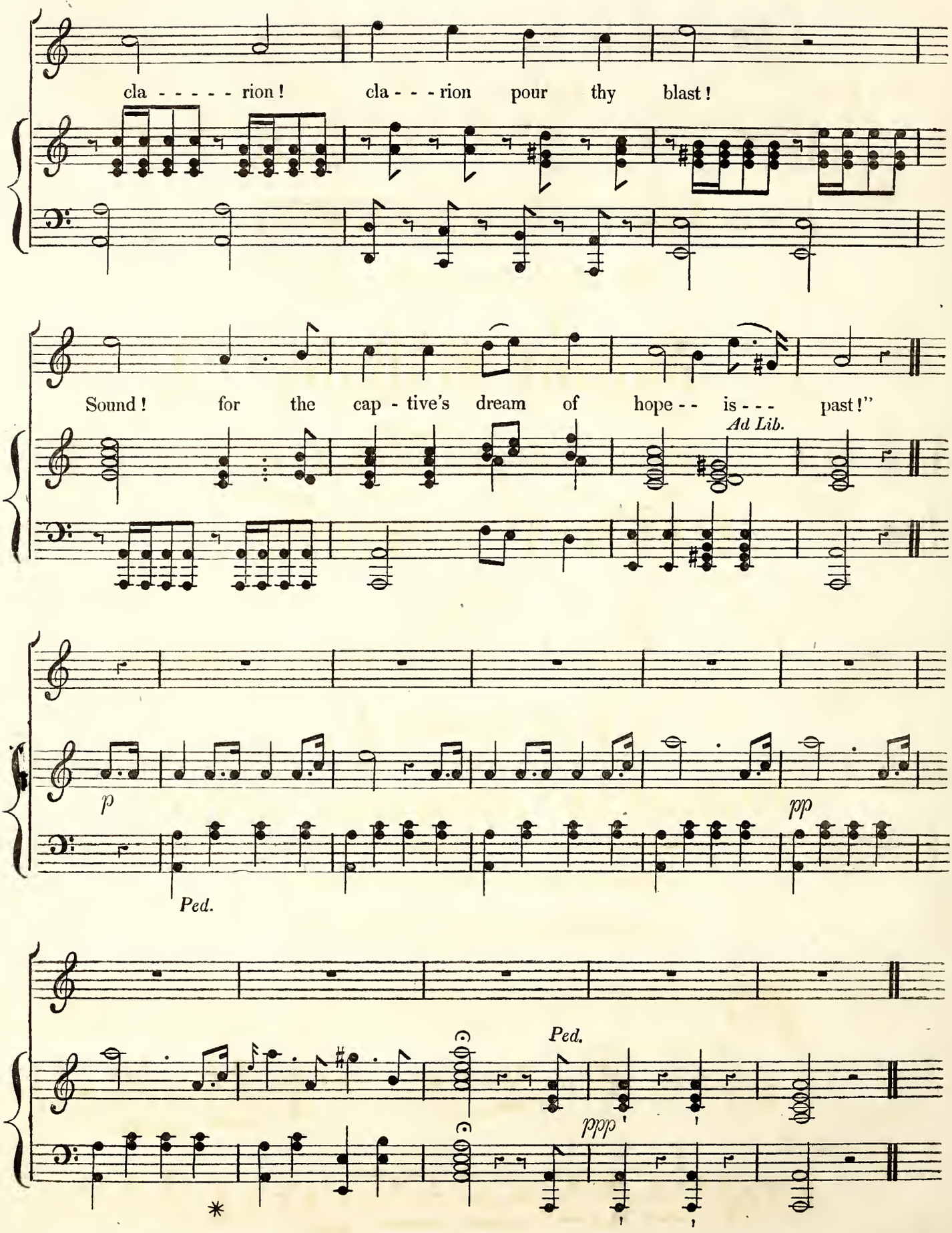
Cease awhile, &c.

4th VERSE.


Must I pine in my fet - ters here? With the
wild waves foam, and the free bird's flight, And the tall spears glanc - ing
on my sight, And the trum - pet in mine ear?
Cease a - while, cla - - - rion, cla - rion wild and shrill!


Cease! let them hear the cap - tive's voice— be still, be still!—
Music advancing.
f
Ped.
*
ff
The Army passes.
ff
f
decres.
Ped
*
p


They are gone! they have all pass'd by!
ANDANTE EXPRESSIVO.
p
They in whose wars I had borne my part;
They that I lov'd with a bro - - ther's heart, They have
left me here to die! Sound a - - - gain,


cla - - - - - rion ! cla - - - rion pour thy blast !
Sound ! for the cap - tive's dream of hope - - is - - - past !"
Ad Lib.
p
pp
Ped.
Ped.
ppp
*

Love my Mary dwells with thee.

A FAVORITE DUET,

The Music Selected from the

Ancient Ballads

with an Accompaniment for the

PIANO FORTE,

BY

Sir John Stevenson Mus: Doc:

The Words by

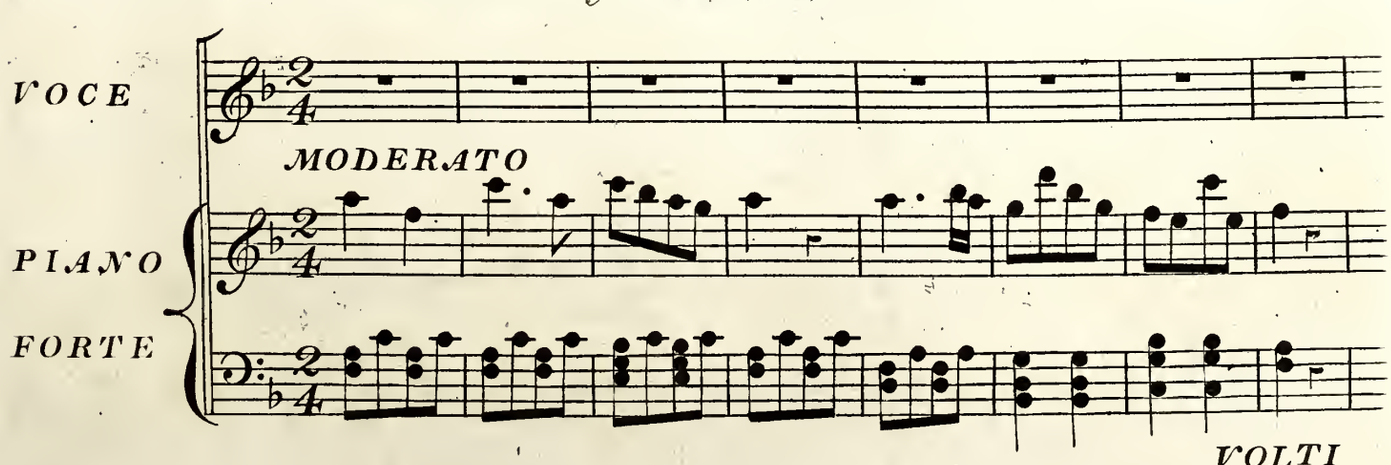
THOMAS MOORE ESQ.E

Ent.at Sta.Hall.

Price 2/0

LONDON,

Published by J.Power, 34, Strand.



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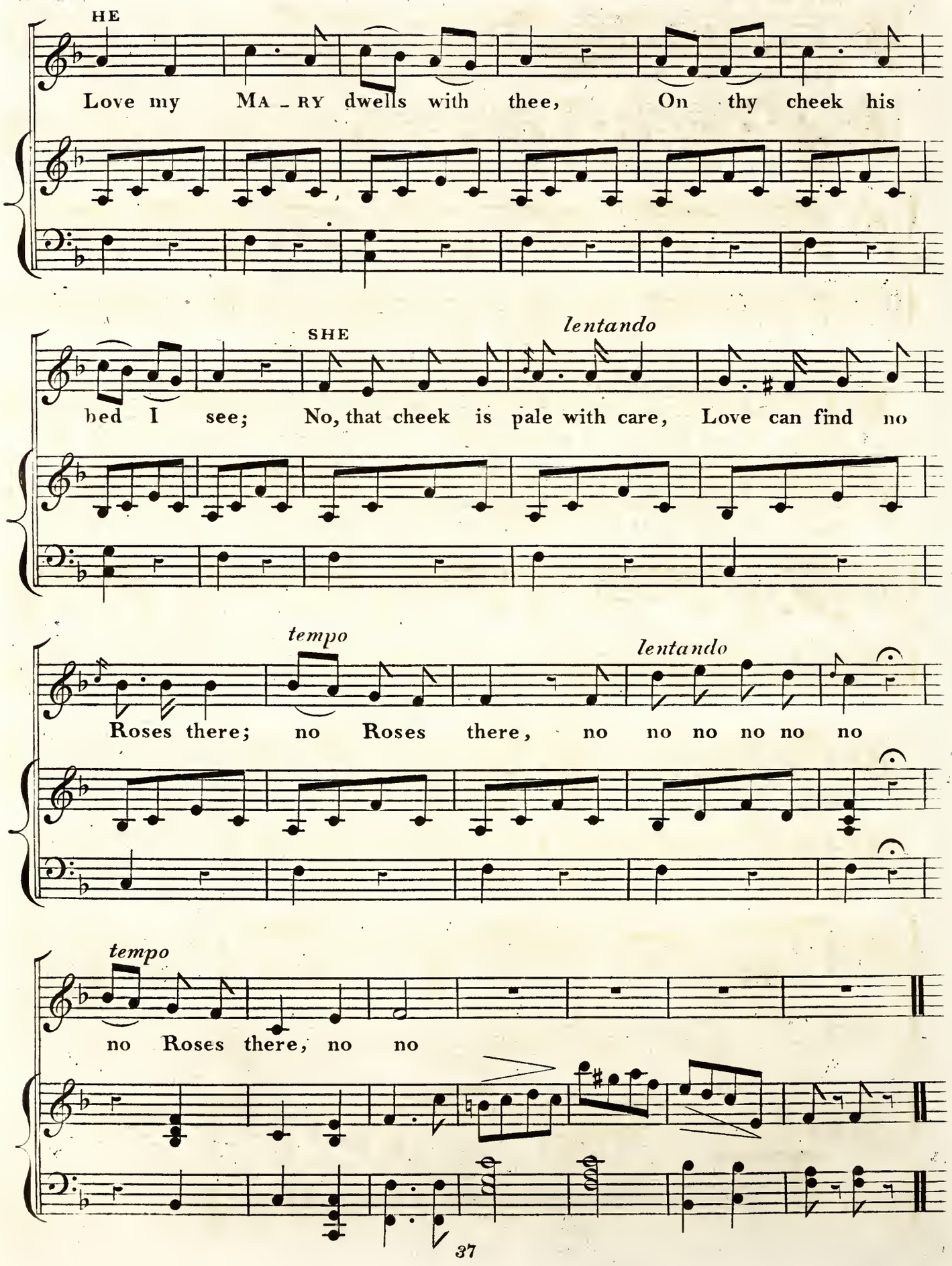

HE
Love my MA - RY dwells with thee, On thy cheek his
SHE
lentando
bed I see; No, that cheek is pale with care, Love can find no
tempo
lentando
Roses there; no Roses there, no no no no no no
tempo
no Roses there, no no

DUETT.

'Tis not on the cheek of Rose Love can find the best re-

'Tis not on the cheek of Rose Love can find the best re-

pose, In my heart his home thou'lt see, There he lives and lives for thee,

pose, In my heart his home thou'lt see, There he lives and lives for thee,

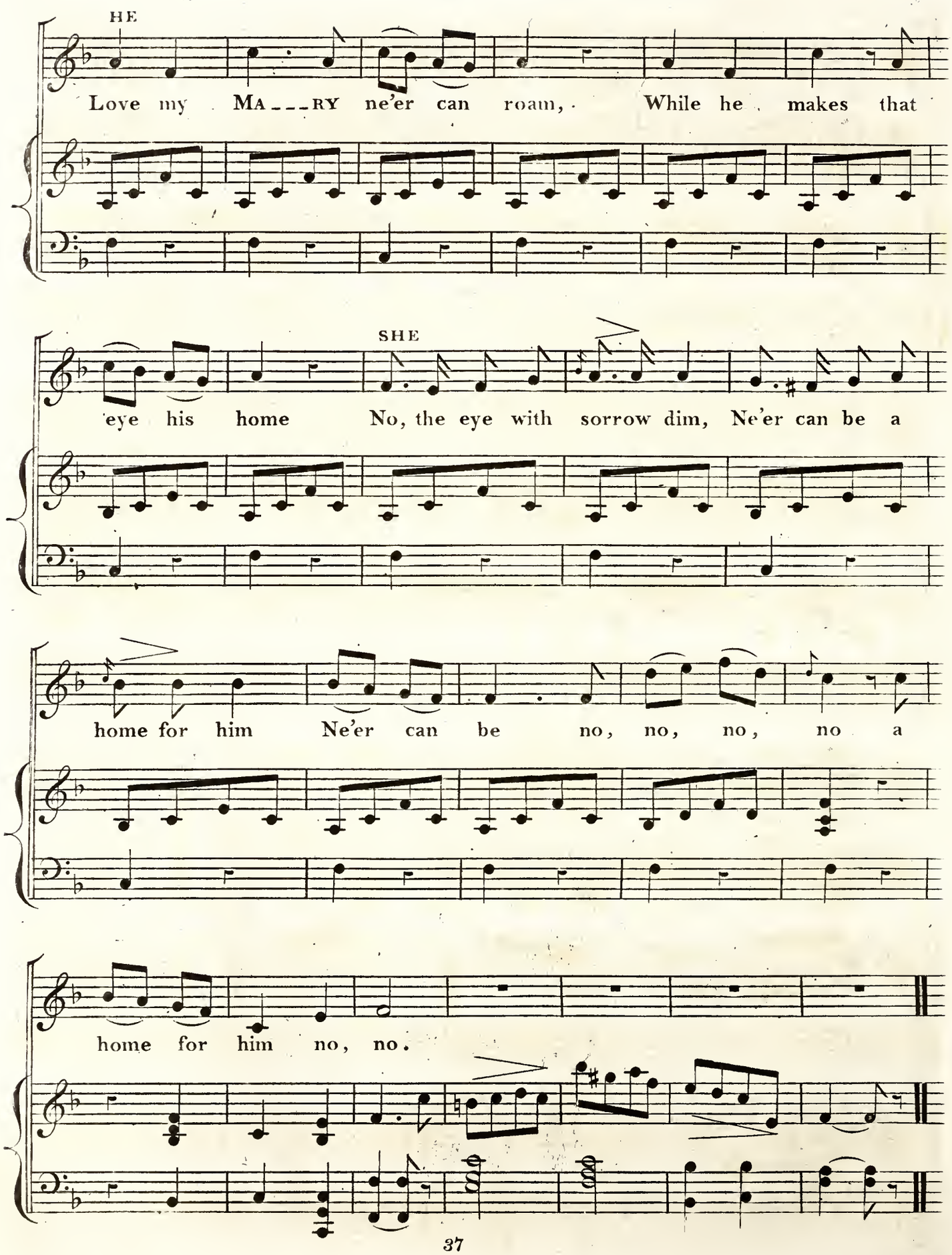
lentando

There he lives he lives for thee, there he lives for thee.

There he lives he lives for thee, there he lives for thee.

Sym

tempo



HE

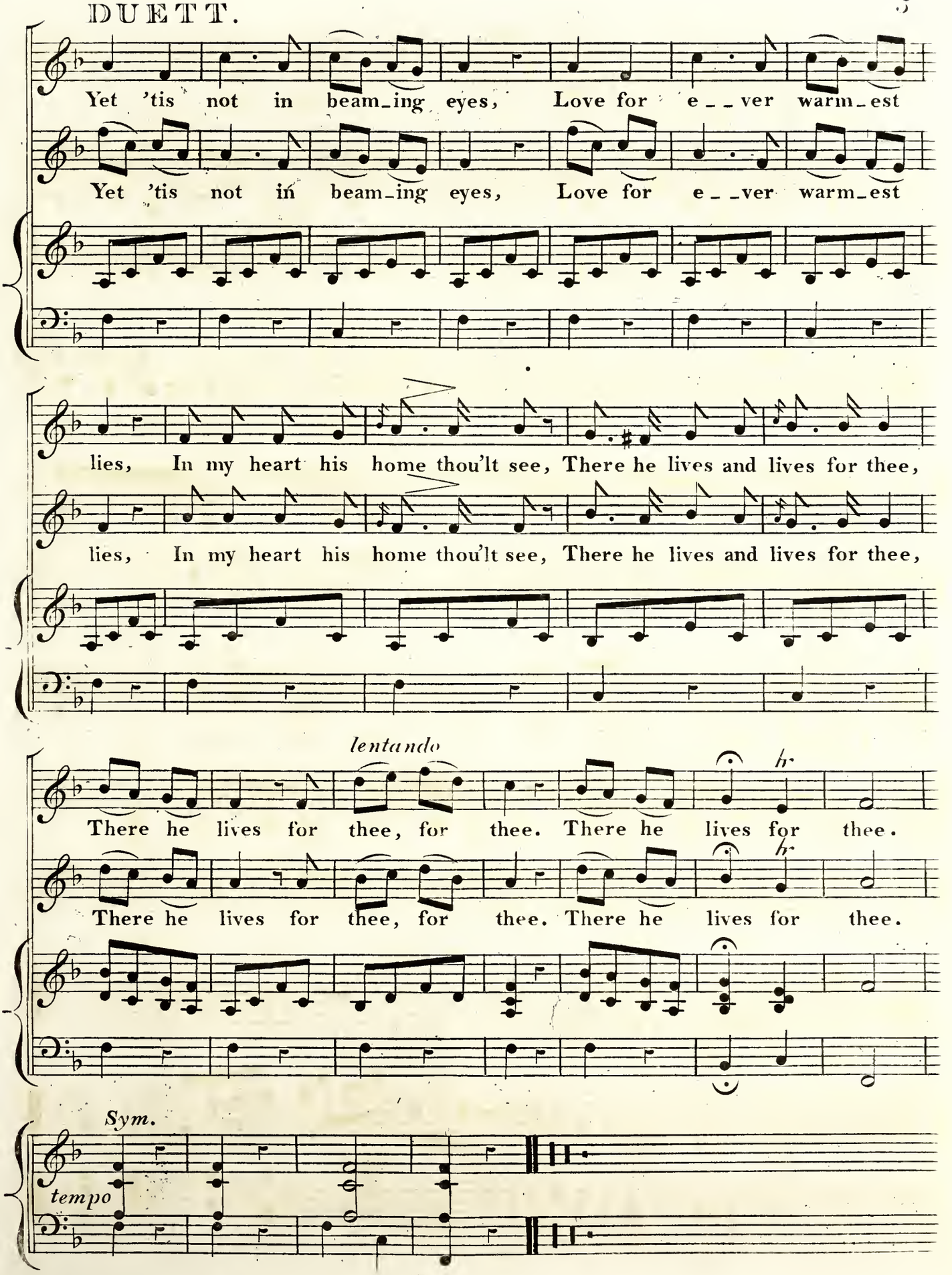
Love my MA___RY ne'er can roam, While he makes that

SHE

eye his home No, the eye with sorrow dim, Ne'er can be a

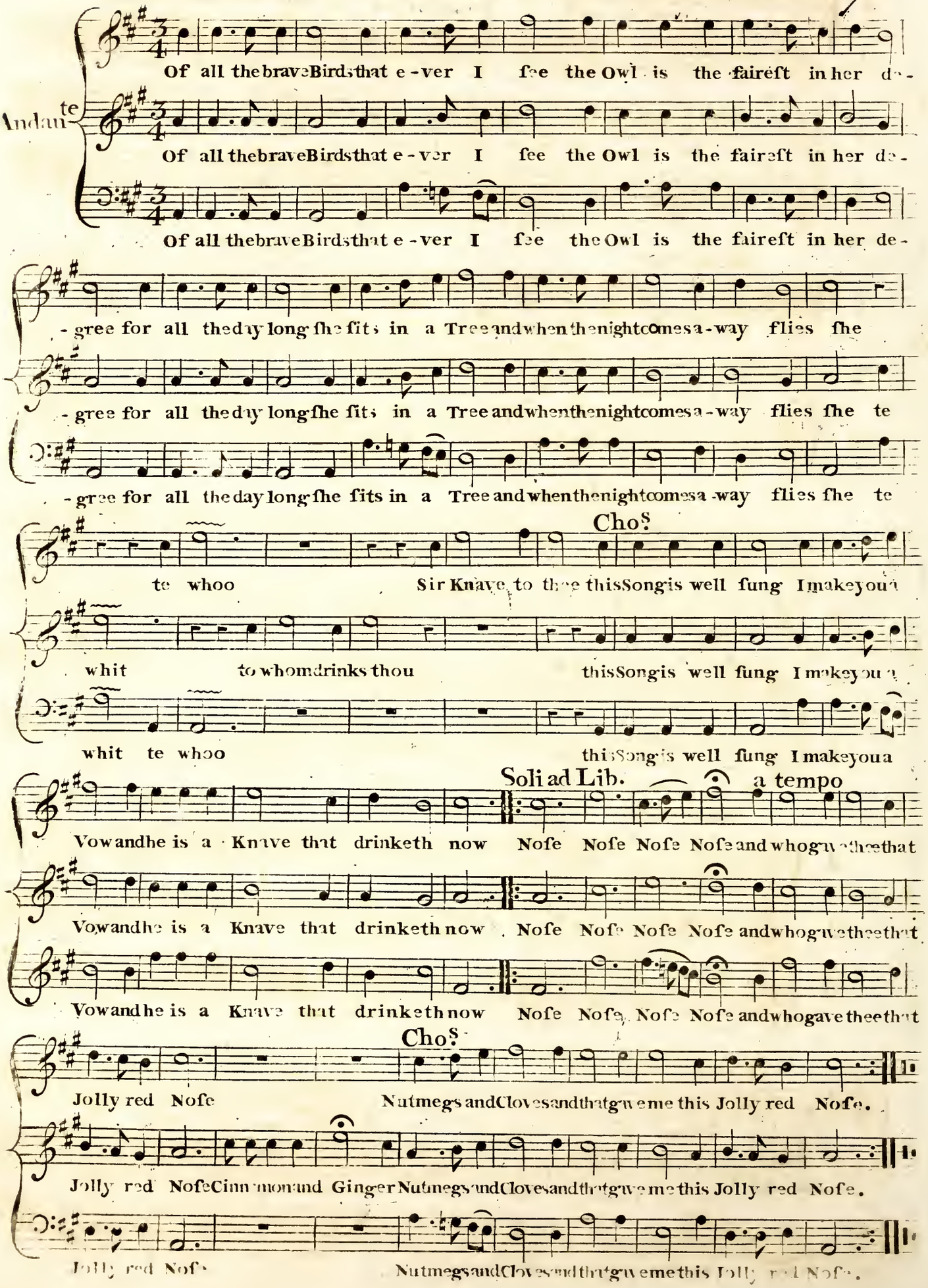
home for him Ne'er can be no, no, no, no a

home for him no, no.


Yet 'tis not in beam_ing eyes, Love for e_ _ver warm_est
Yet 'tis not in beam_ing eyes, Love for e_ _ver warm_est
lies, In my heart his home thou'lt see, There he lives and lives for thee,
lies, In my heart his home thou'lt see, There he lives and lives for thee,
lentando
There he lives for thee, for thee. There he lives for thee.
There he lives for thee, for thee. There he lives for thee.
Sym.
tempo

GLEE.

Nicolas Freeman 166-



Sig.r Vento.

Moderato

Catch

1 Scen - - - di pro_pi_zi_a col tu o splen_do_re

2 ho bel - - - la Vene_re ma_dre d'a_mo_re

3 che so_la sei piacer degl' Uomini e de_gli De - - - i

4 fo - - - - - - la fo_la e de_gli De - - - i.

Moderato

John Staff.d Smith.

Catch

1 By sha_dy Woods and purling Streams I spend my life in pleas_ing dreams

2 And would not for the World be taught to change my false de_lightfull thought

3 For who a_las! can happy be that does the Truth of all things see.

London Cries

The first Bar is wrong accented to preserve the Cry.

Catch

1 A Quart a penny Damsons, Round & sound a penny a pound Cherries Delicate

2 fing - - - ing Birds, Sand ho, Old Cloaths, Sweep sweep, New

3 Wellfleet Oys_ters, Newcastle Salmon, Dust ho, Sweep for Soot ho, Old

4 Chairs to mend old Chairs to mend, Milk above, Money for y.r white flint Glass.

Moderato

John Staff.d Smith.

Catch

1 Hark hark hark the Nightingale in her mournfull lay

2 she tells her story's woe - - - full tale to

3 warn ye if she may to warn ye if she may.

Epitaph. Largh.to

1 Here Ty_ _ler,

2 Sexton make

3 and when that's

On three Organists buried near each other in the collegiate Church at WINBOURN.

Set by Geo: Combes.

Day and Pottle lye to shew to shew that Har_mo_ny must die

haste and clear the Tombs to make a thund'ring thund'ring Grave for Combes

done be not slack to dig a hole a hole for +Pi_ping Jack.

+A Person remarkable for playing on a Reed made of Hemlock.

Shall I in Mamre's fertile plain?

1

AIR, in the Oratorio of

JOSHUA.

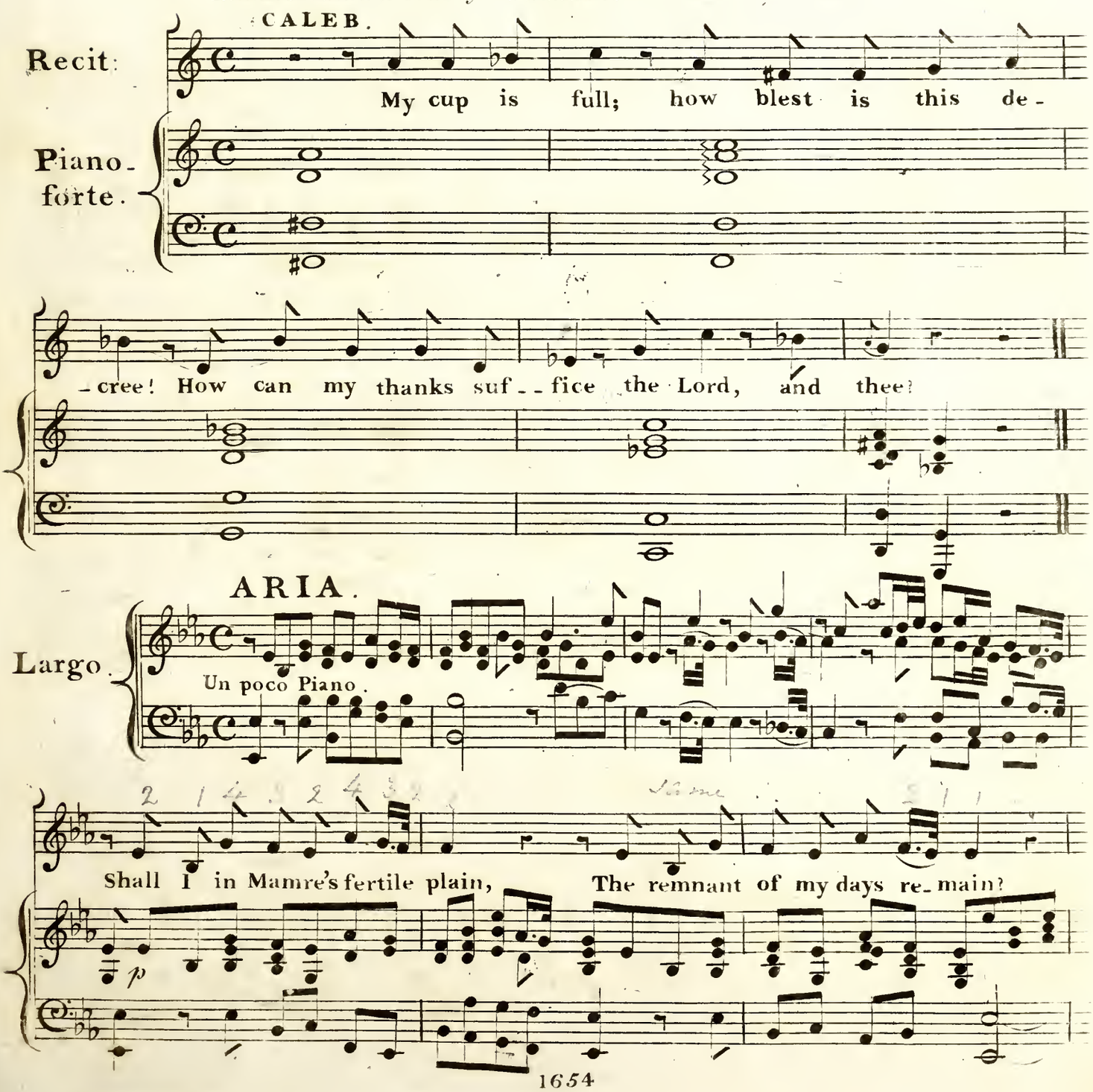
Composed by

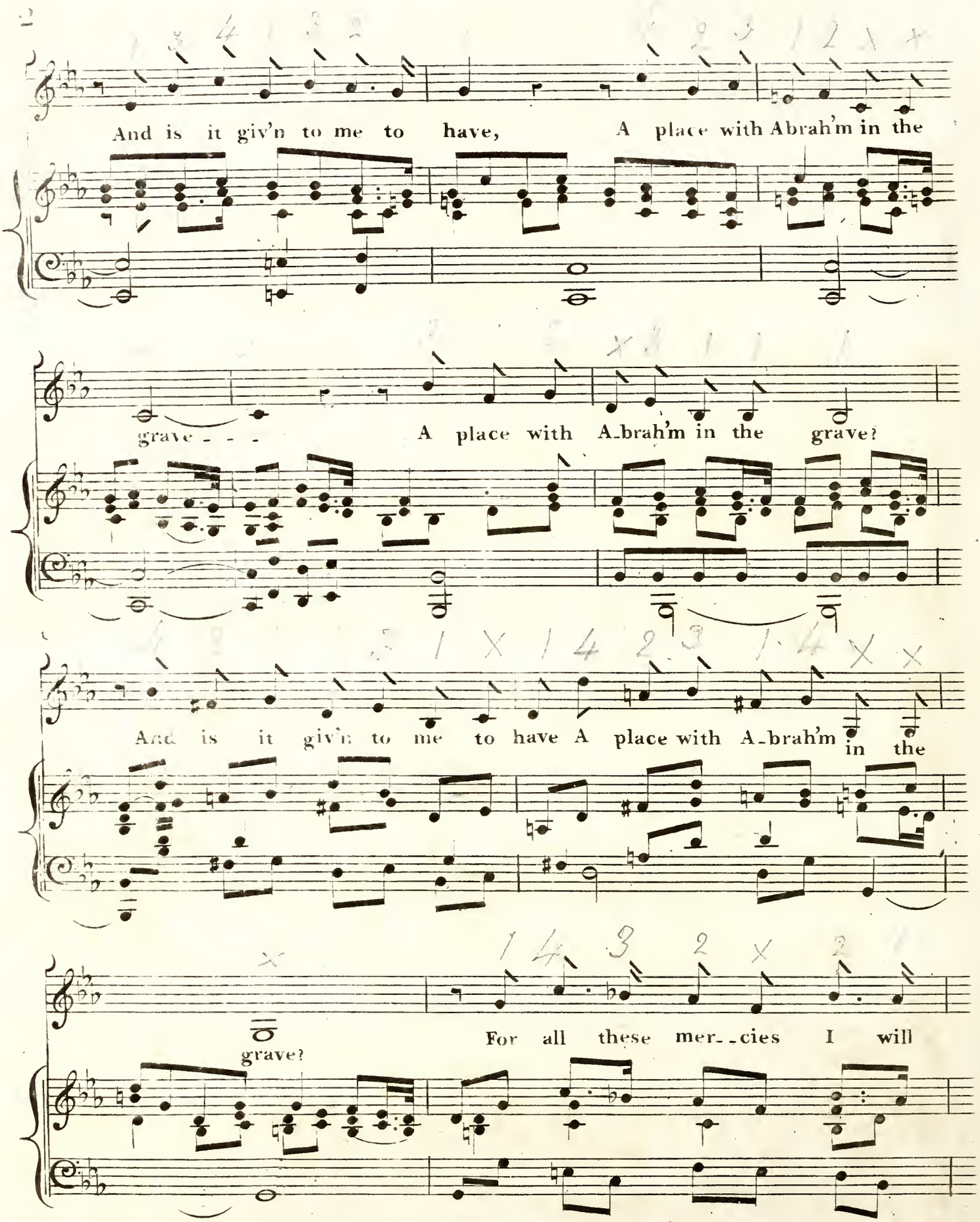
G. F. HANDEL.

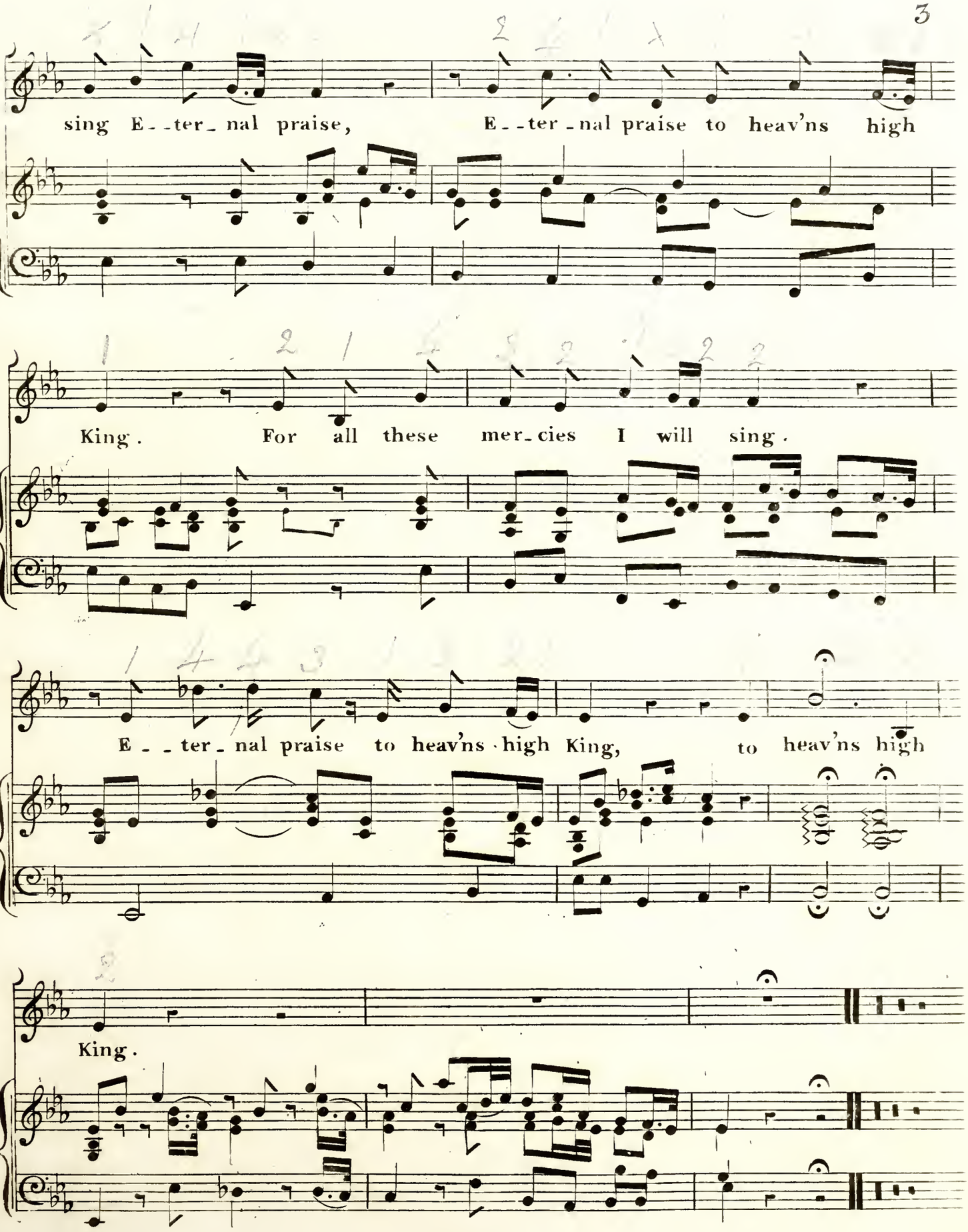
Arranged by Dr. John Clarke

Price 1/-

London, Printed & Sold by Birchall & Co. 140, New Bond Street.




And is it giv'n to me to have, A place with Abrah'm in the
grave - - - A place with A-brah'm in the grave?
And is it giv'n to me to have A place with A-brah'm in the
grave?
For all these mer--cies I will


sing E_ter_nal praise, E_ter_nal praise to heav'ns high
King. For all these mer_cies I will sing.
E_ter_nal praise to heav'ns high King, to heav'ns high
King.

42.

ROLAND THE BRAVE,

A Legend.

BY

THOMAS CAMPBELL ESQR.

The Music by

MRS. ROBERT ARKWRIGHT.

Entered &c.

Ent. at Sta. Hall.

Price 2/-

LONDON,

PUBLISHED BY J. POWER, 34, STRAND.

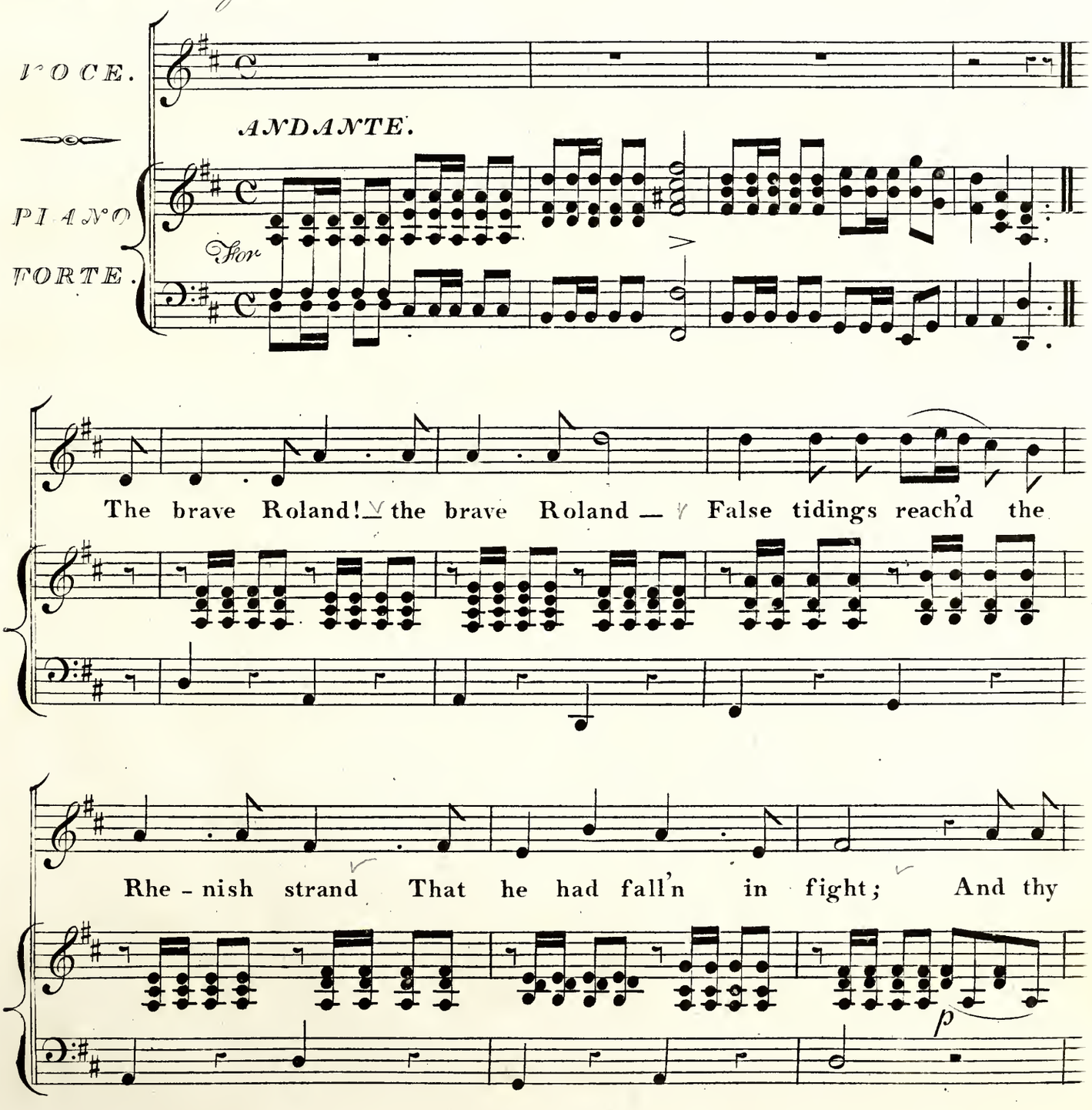
Where may be had,

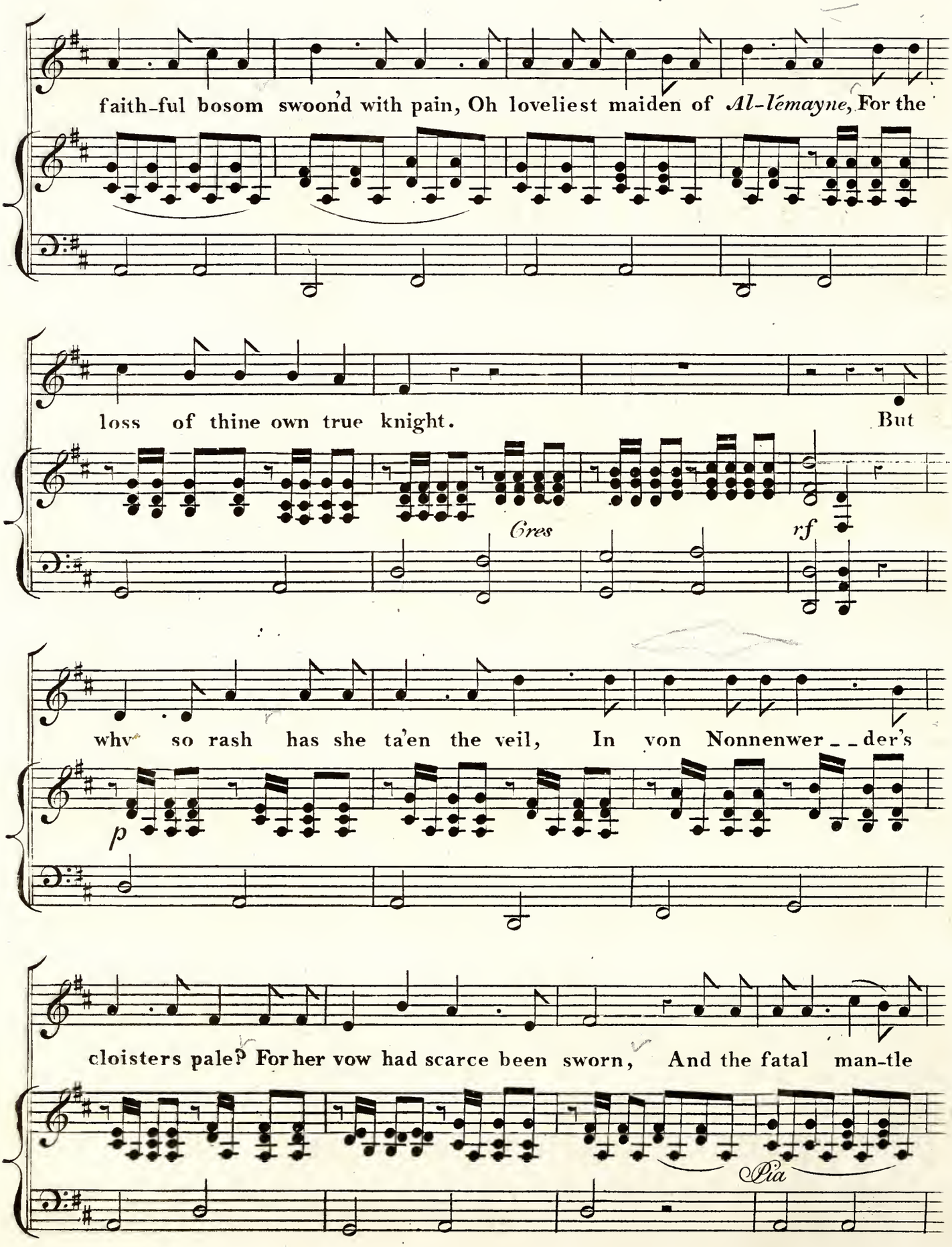
"A Set of SIX SONGS" by the above Lady, Price 10 6

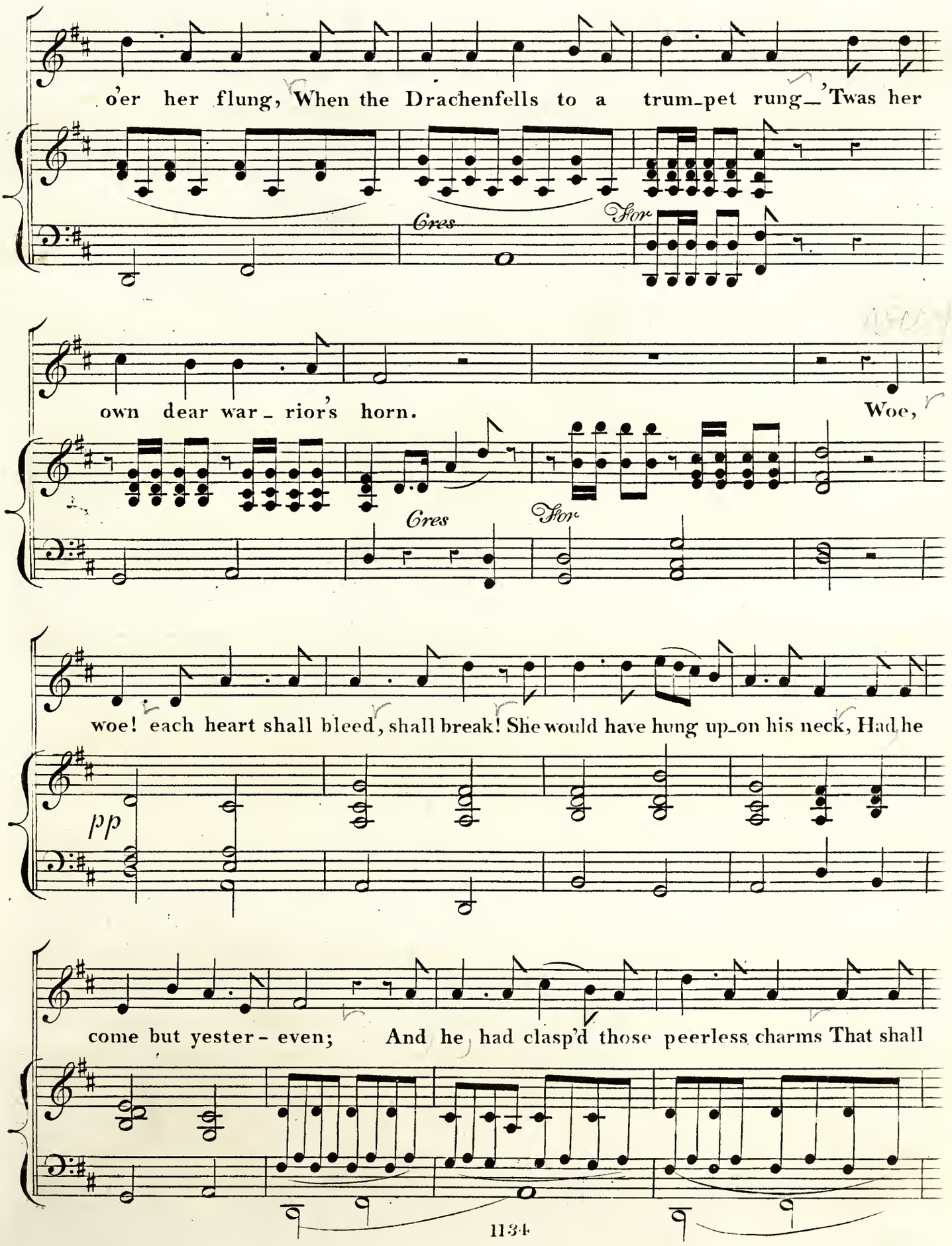
ROLAND THE BRAVE.

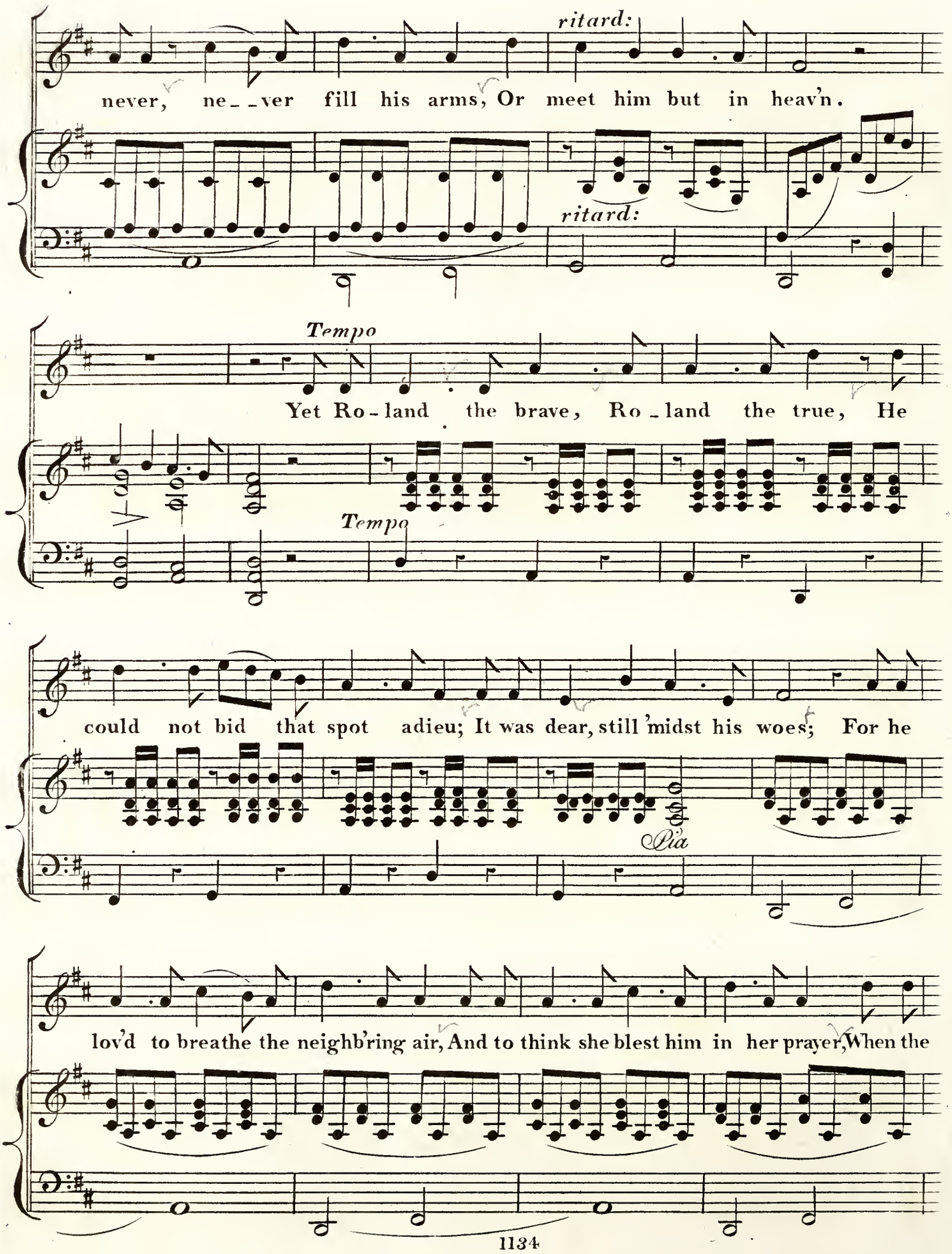
The Music by
Mr. Arkwright.

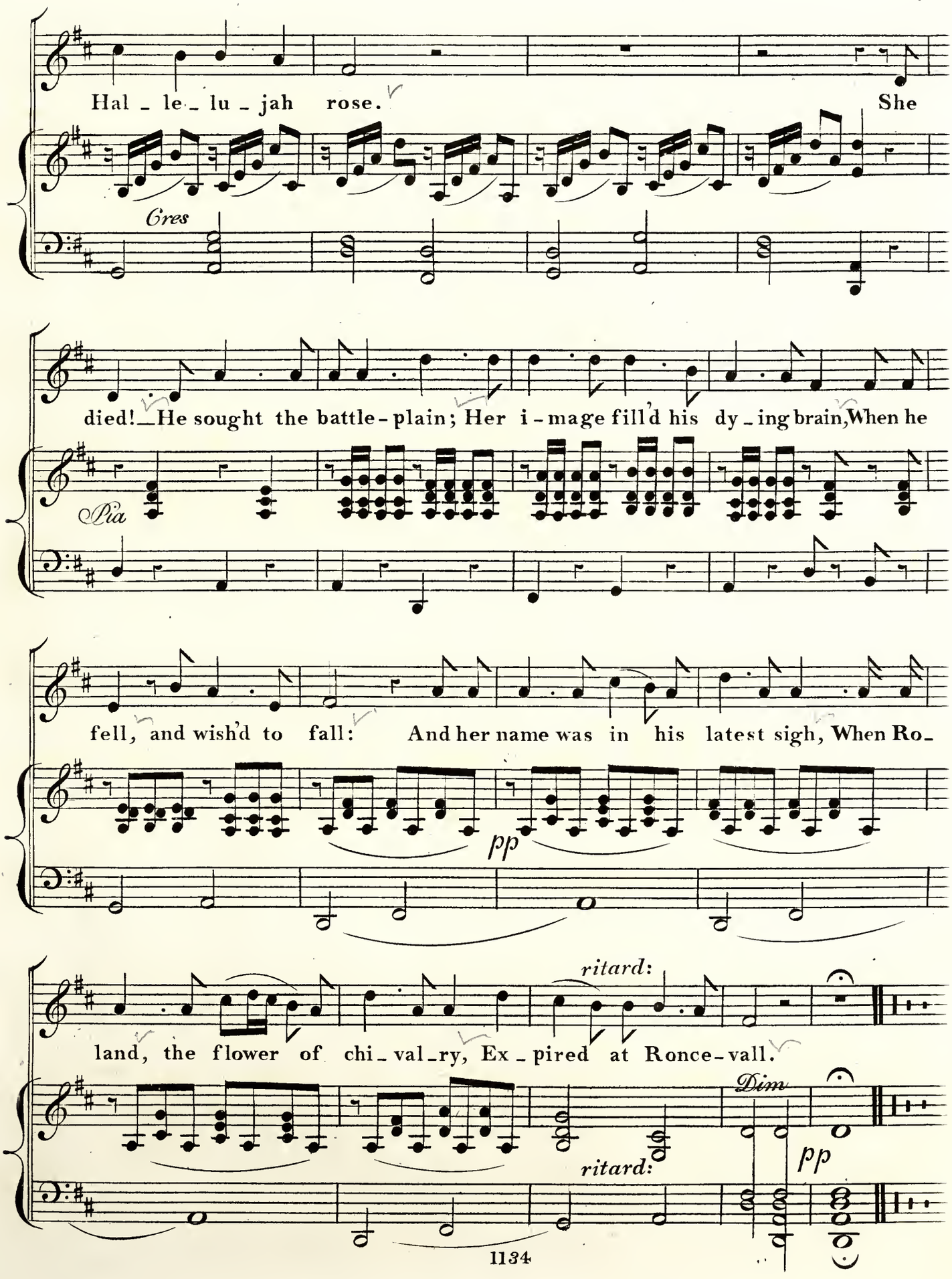
Arranged by
T. Cooke.




faith-ful bosom swoond with pain, Oh loveliest maiden of *Al-lémayne*, For the
loss of thine own true knight. But
Cres
rf
why so rash has she ta'en the veil, In von Nonnenwer__der's
p
cloisters pale? For her vow had scarce been sworn, And the fatal man-tle
Pia


o'er her flung, When the Drachenfells to a trum-pet rung—'Twas her
Cres
For
own dear war-rior's horn.
Woe,
Cres
For
woe! each heart shall bleed, shall break! She would have hung up-on his neck, Had he
pp
come but yester-even; And he had clasp'd those peerless charms That shall


ritard:
never, ne_ _ver fill his arms, Or meet him but in heav'n.
ritard:
Tempo
Yet Ro-land the brave, Ro_land the true, He
Tempo
could not bid that spot adieu; It was dear, still 'midst his woes; For he
Pia
lov'd to breathe the neighb'ring air, And to think she blest him in her prayer, When the


Hal - le - lu - jah rose. She
Cres
died! He sought the battle-plain; Her i-mage fill'd his dy - ing brain, When he
Pia
fell, and wish'd to fall: And her name was in his latest sigh, When Ro-
pp
land, the flower of chi - val - ry, Ex - pired at Ronce-vall.
ritard:
Dim
pp
ritard:

43

THE WATCHMAN,

Ballad,

FOR

THREE VOICES,

By

THOMAS MOORE ESQR.

Hunter sc.

Ent. at Sta. Hall.

Price 2/6

LONDON,

PUBLISHED BY J. POWER, 34, STRAND.

The above Ballad is also Published for One Voice, Price 2/.

THE WATCHMAN,

Written & Composed by *Thomas Moore Esq!*

In Moderate Time & With Expression.

First Voice Soprano.

Good night, good night, my dearest — How

Second Voice Tenor.

Good night, good night, my dearest — How

Third Voice Bass.

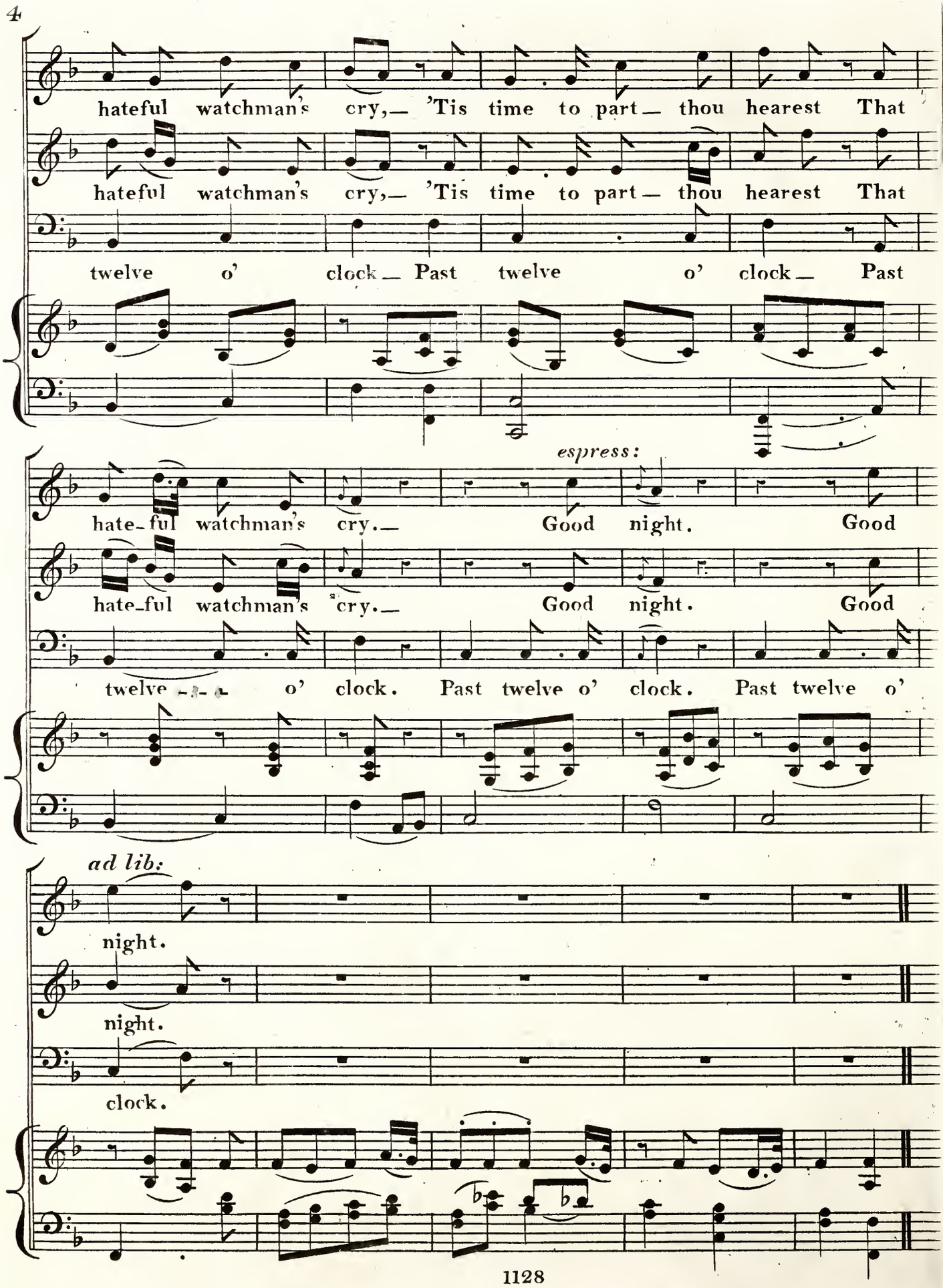
Past twelve o' clock — Past twelve.

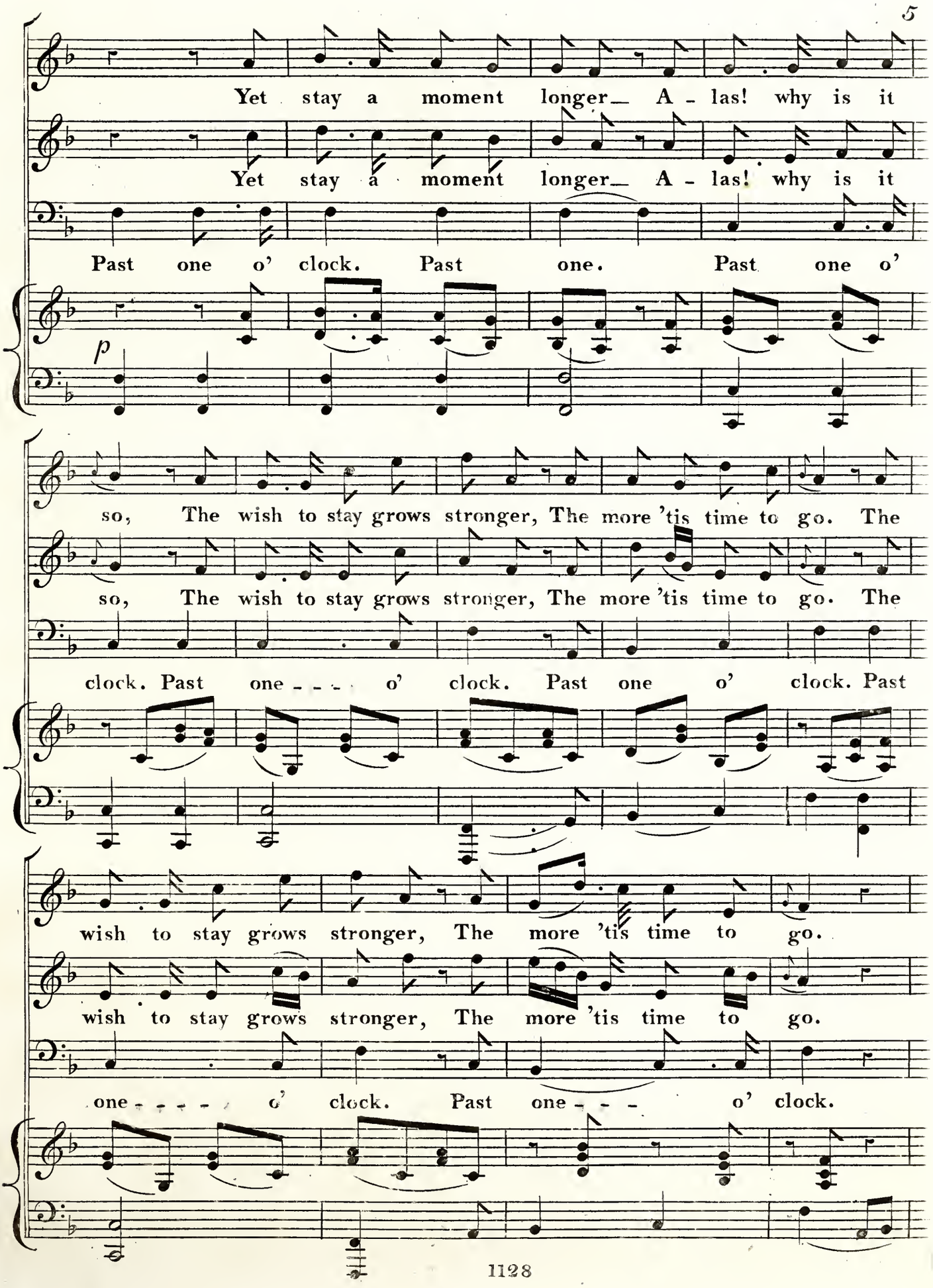
Piano Forte.

fast the moments fly! 'Tis time to part — thou hearest That

fast the moments fly! 'Tis time to part — thou hearest That

Past twelve o' clock — Past twelve - - - o' clock — Past


hateful watchman's cry,— 'Tis time to part— thou hearest That
hateful watchman's cry,— 'Tis time to part— thou hearest That
twelve o' clock— Past twelve o' clock— Past
espress:
hate-ful watchman's cry.— Good night. Good
hate-ful watchman's cry.— Good night. Good
twelve o' clock. Past twelve o' clock. Past twelve o'
ad lib:
night.
night.
clock.


Yet stay a moment longer_ A - las! why is it
Yet stay a moment longer_ A - las! why is it
Past one o' clock. Past one. Past one o'
p
so, The wish to stay grows stronger, The more 'tis time to go. The
so, The wish to stay grows stronger, The more 'tis time to go. The
clock. Past one - - - o' clock. Past one o' clock. Past
wish to stay grows stronger, The more 'tis time to go.
wish to stay grows stronger, The more 'tis time to go.
one - - - - - o' clock. Past one - - - o' clock.

ad lib:

Good night. Good night.

Good night. Good night.

Past one o' clock. Past one o' clock.

Now

Now

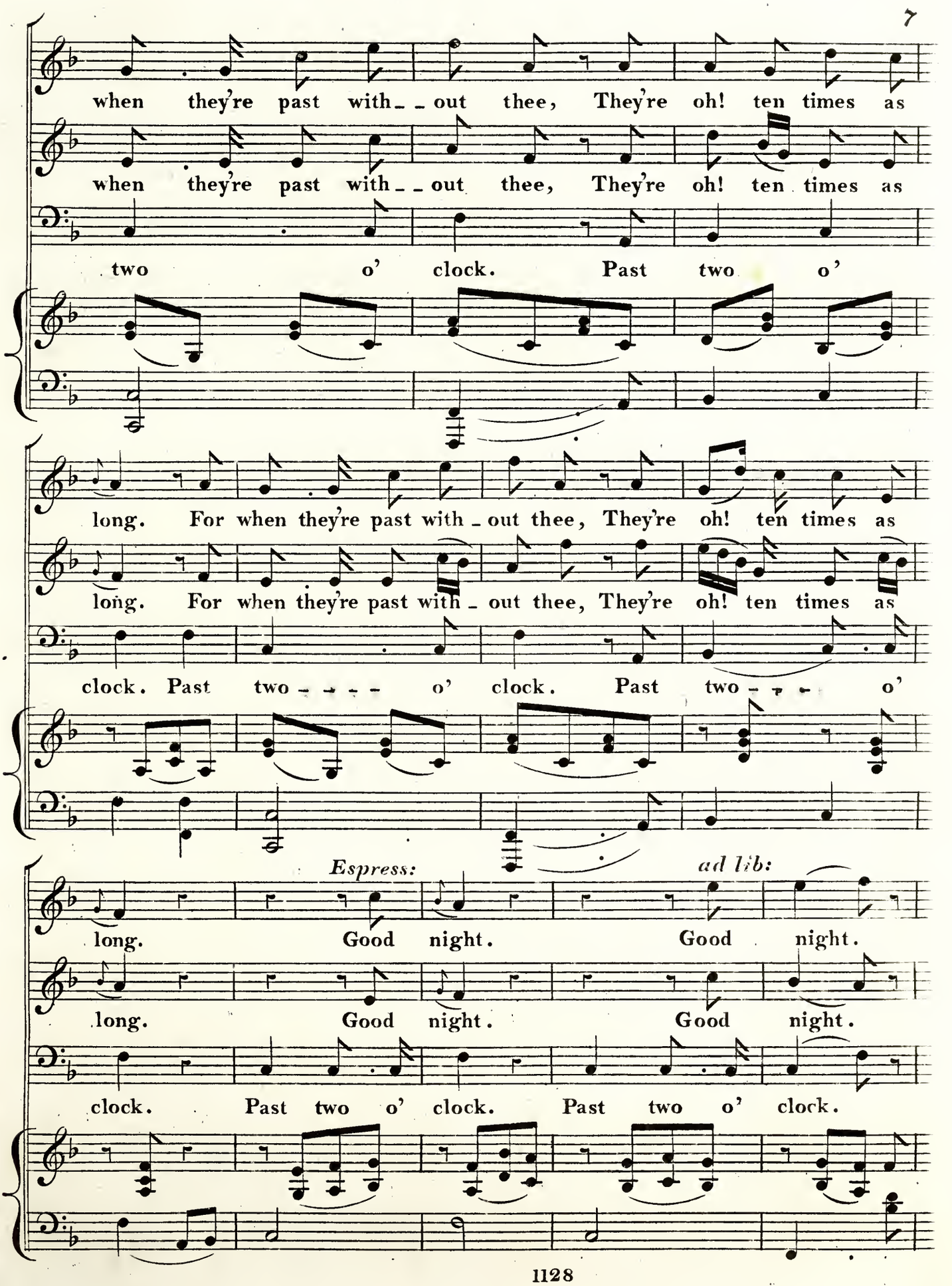
Past two o'

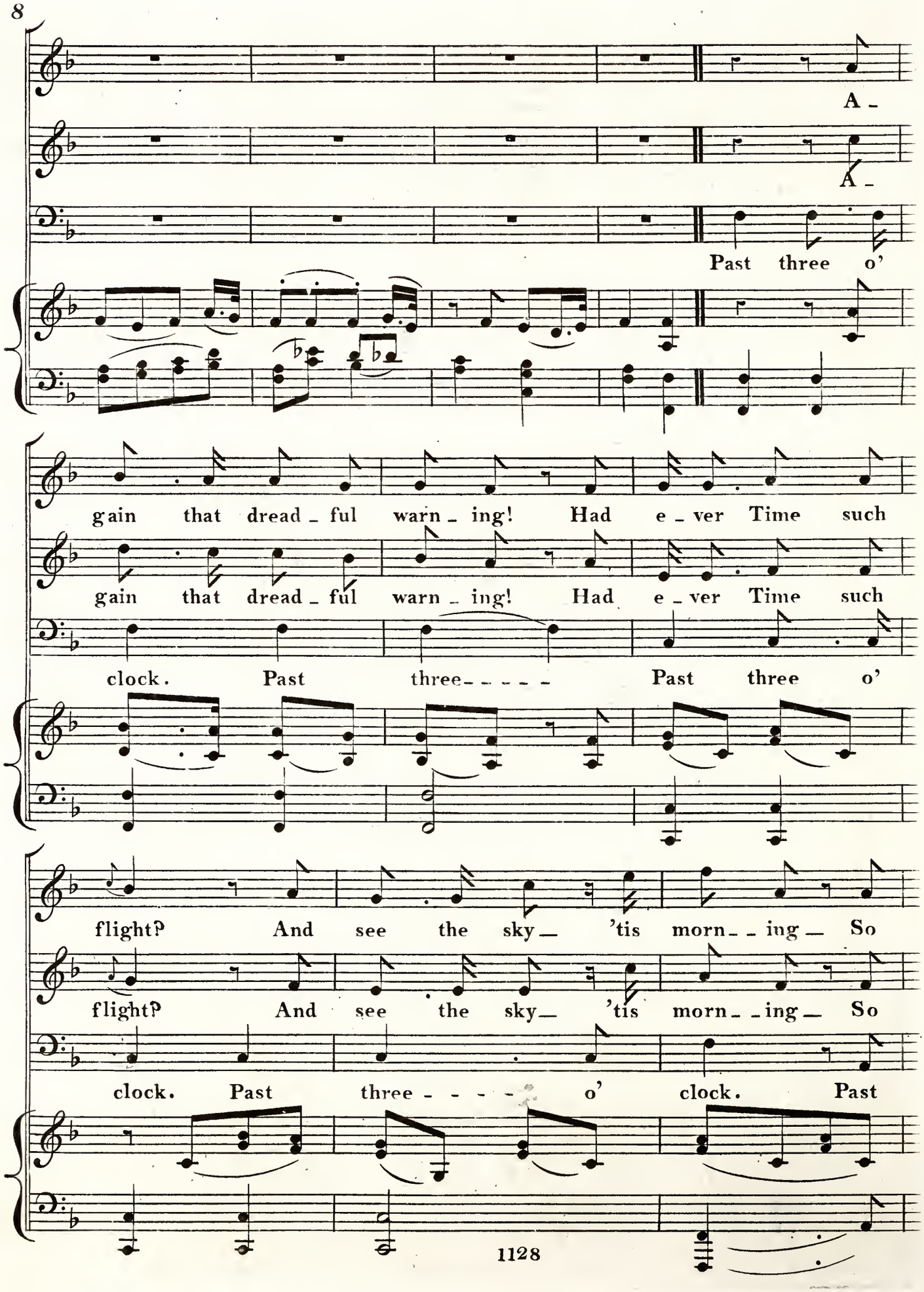
p

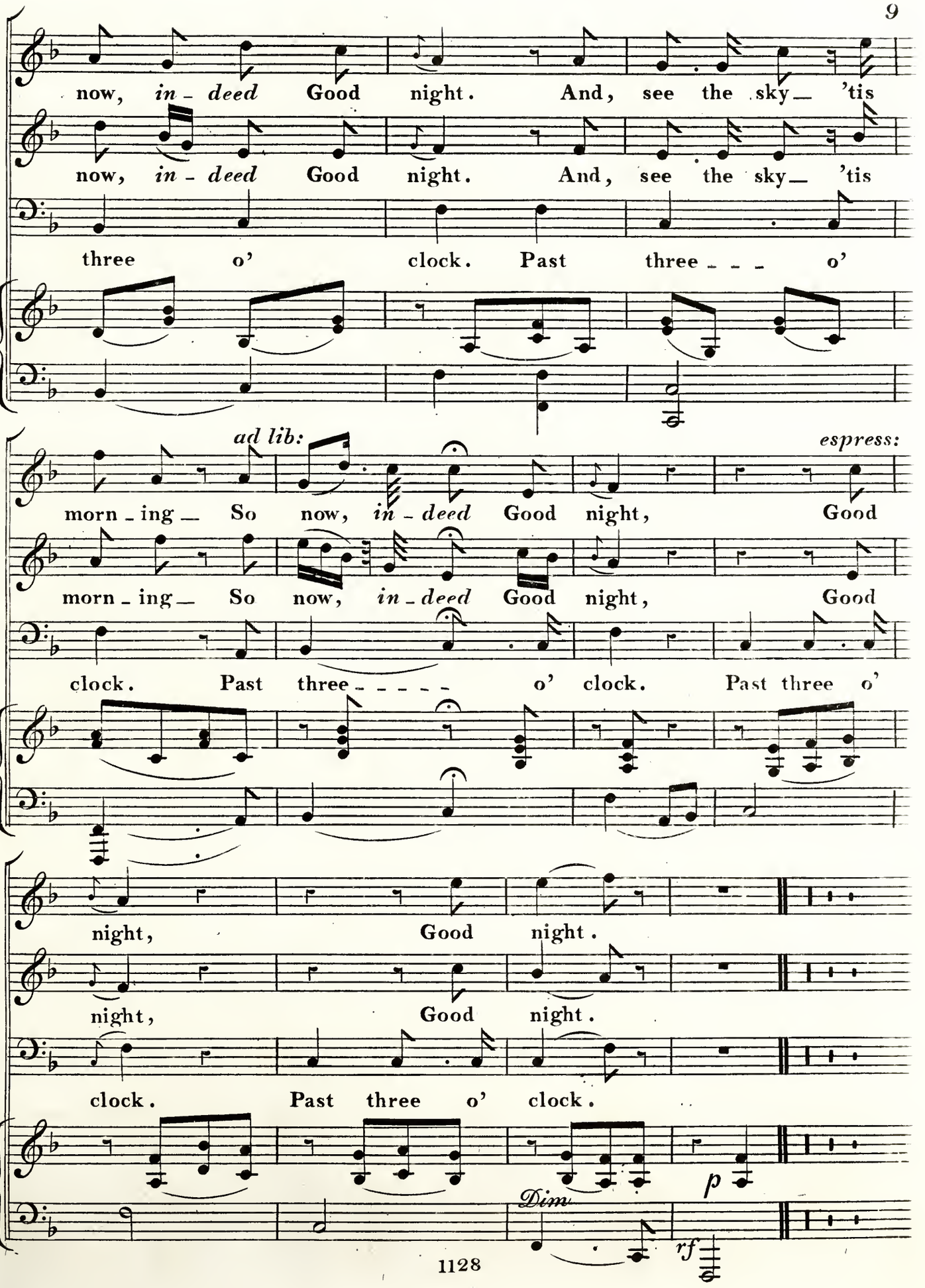
wrap thy cloak a - bout thee, The hours must sure go wrong, For

wrap thy cloak a - bout thee, The hours must sure go wrong, For

clock: Past two - - - Past two o' clock. Past


when they're past with_ _out thee, They're oh! ten times as
when they're past with_ _out thee, They're oh! ten times as
two o' clock. Past two o'
long. For when they're past with_out thee, They're oh! ten times as
long. For when they're past with_out thee, They're oh! ten times as
clock. Past two - - - - o' clock. Past two - - - o'
Espress:
ad lib:
long. Good night. Good night.
long. Good night. Good night.
clock. Past two o' clock. Past two o' clock.


A -
A -
Past three o'
gain that dread - ful warn - ing! Had e - ver Time such
gain that dread - ful warn - ing! Had e - ver Time such
clock. Past three - - - - - Past three o'
flight? And see the sky — 'tis morn - - ing — So
flight? And see the sky — 'tis morn - - ing — So
clock. Past three - - - - o' clock. Past


now, in - deed Good night. And, see the sky_ 'tis
now, in - deed Good night. And, see the sky_ 'tis
three o' clock. Past three _ _ _ o'
ad lib:
espress:
morn - ing_ So now, in - deed Good night, Good
morn - ing_ So now, in - deed Good night, Good
clock. Past three _ _ _ _ _ o' clock. Past three o'
night, Good night.
night, Good night.
clock. Past three o' clock.
p
Dim
rf

44

WHERE IS THE LIGHT FROM LARA'S TOWER

A Duett.

Composed by

SIR JOHN STEVENSON, Mus. Doc.

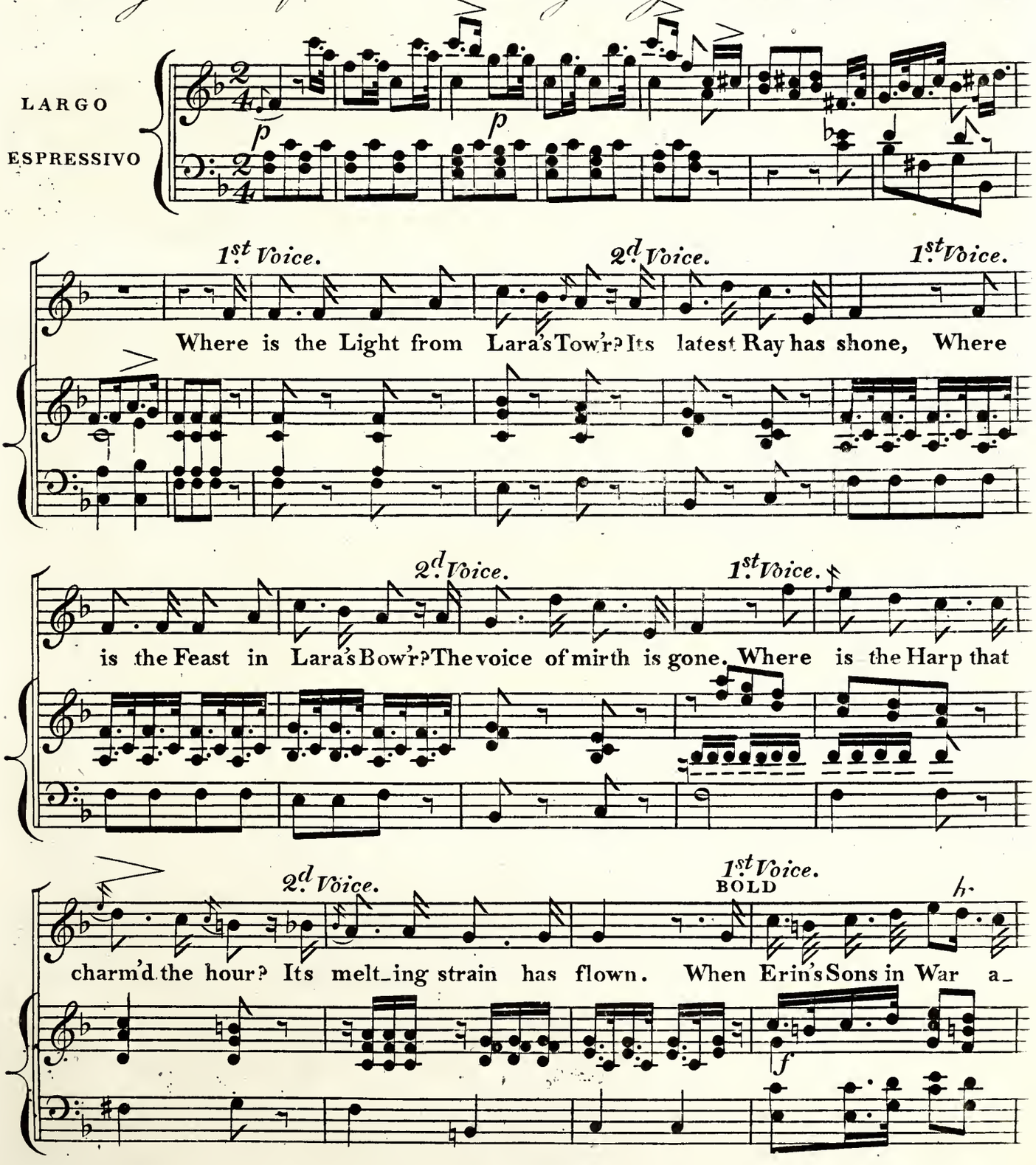
Ent. at Sta. Hall. *Price 2/6*

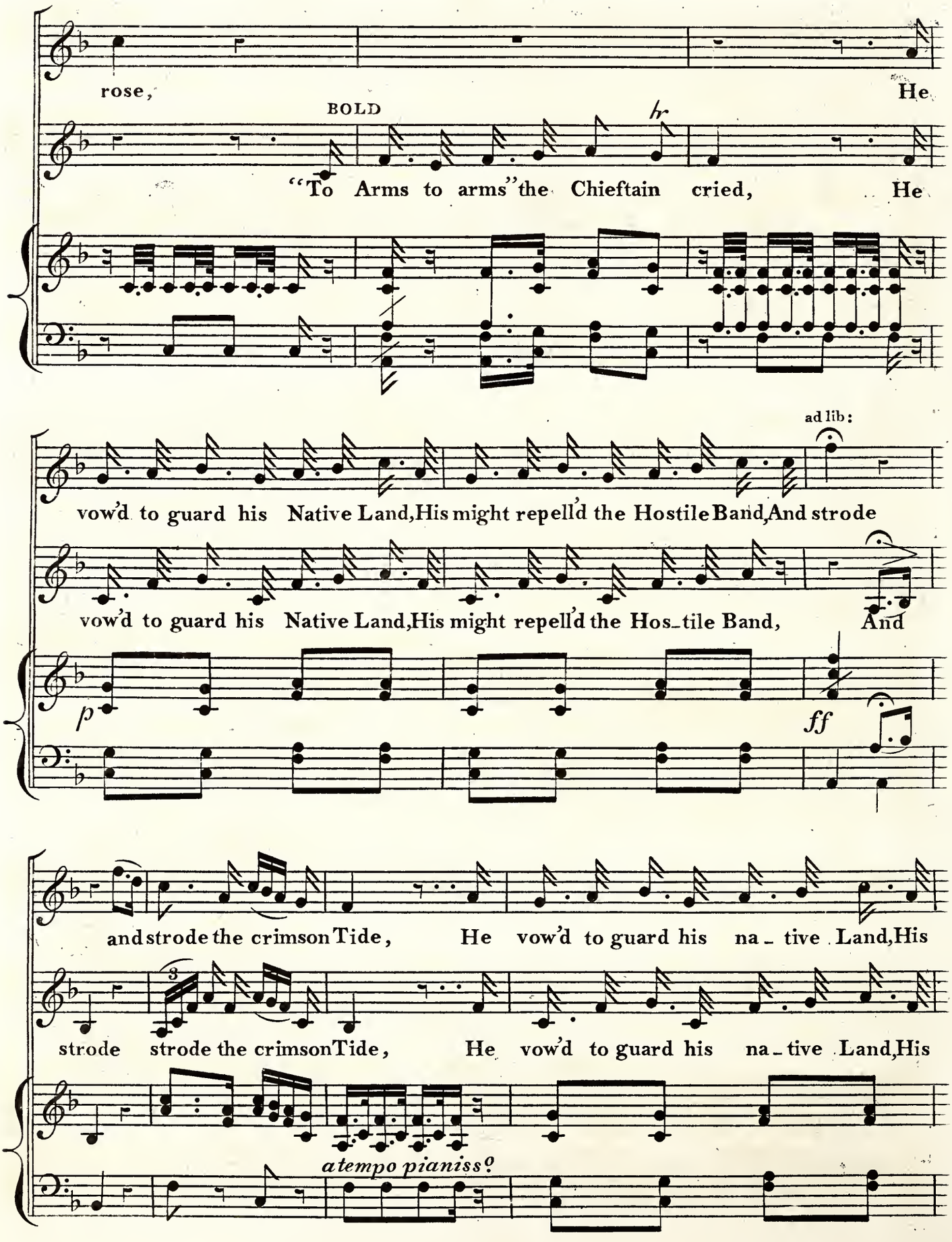
LONDON;

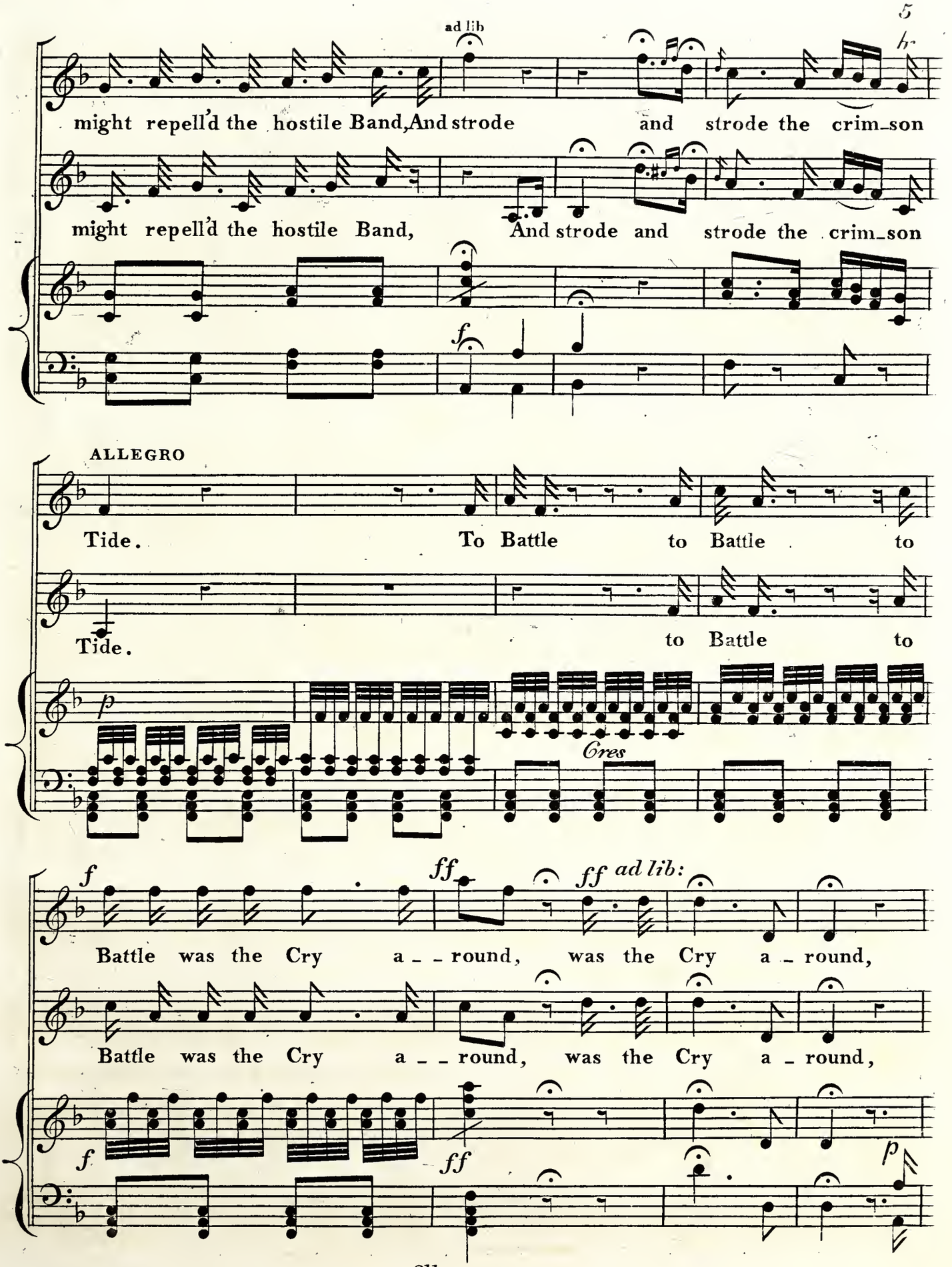
Published by J. Power, 34, Strand.

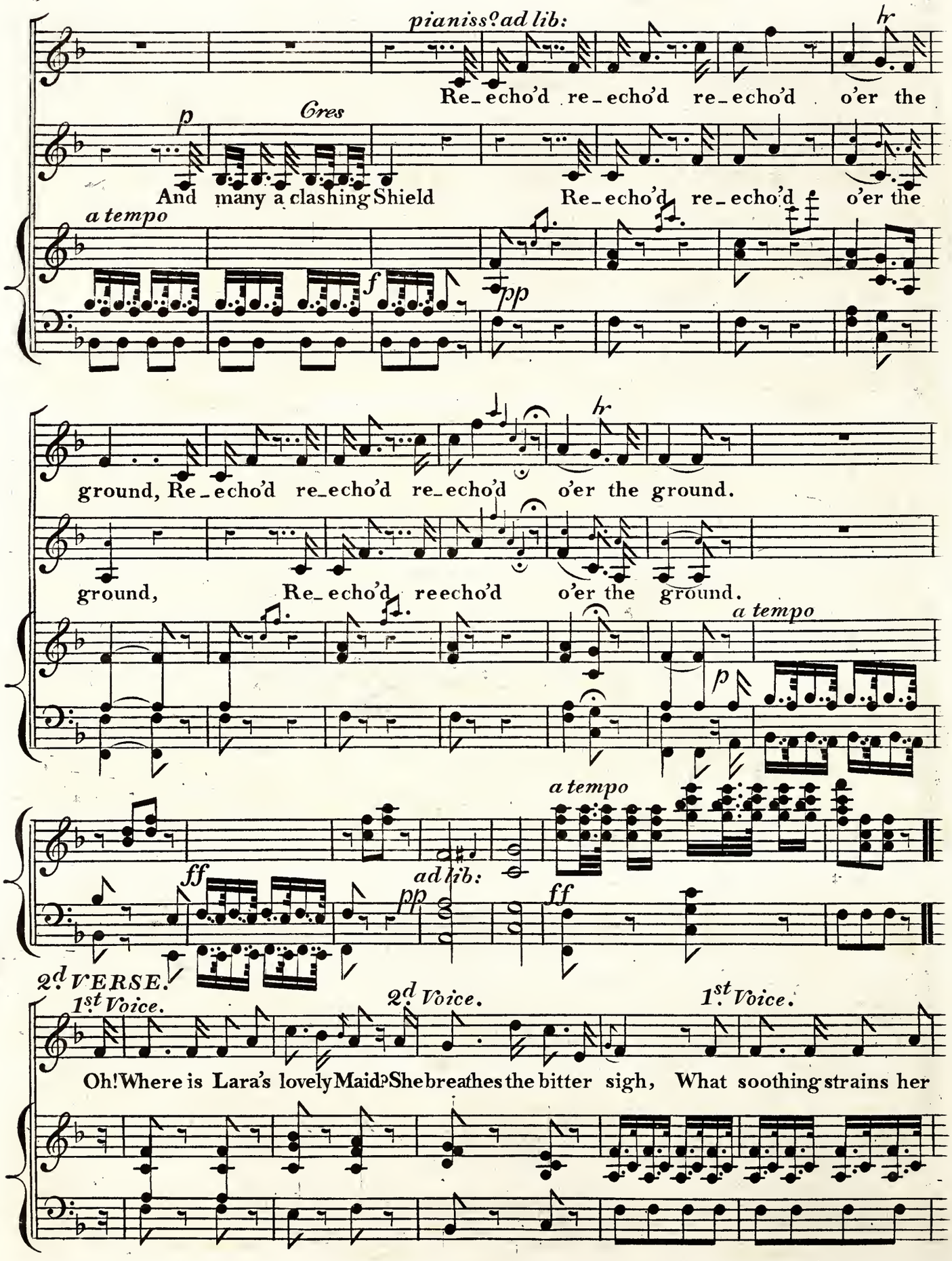
Where is the light from Lara's Tower.

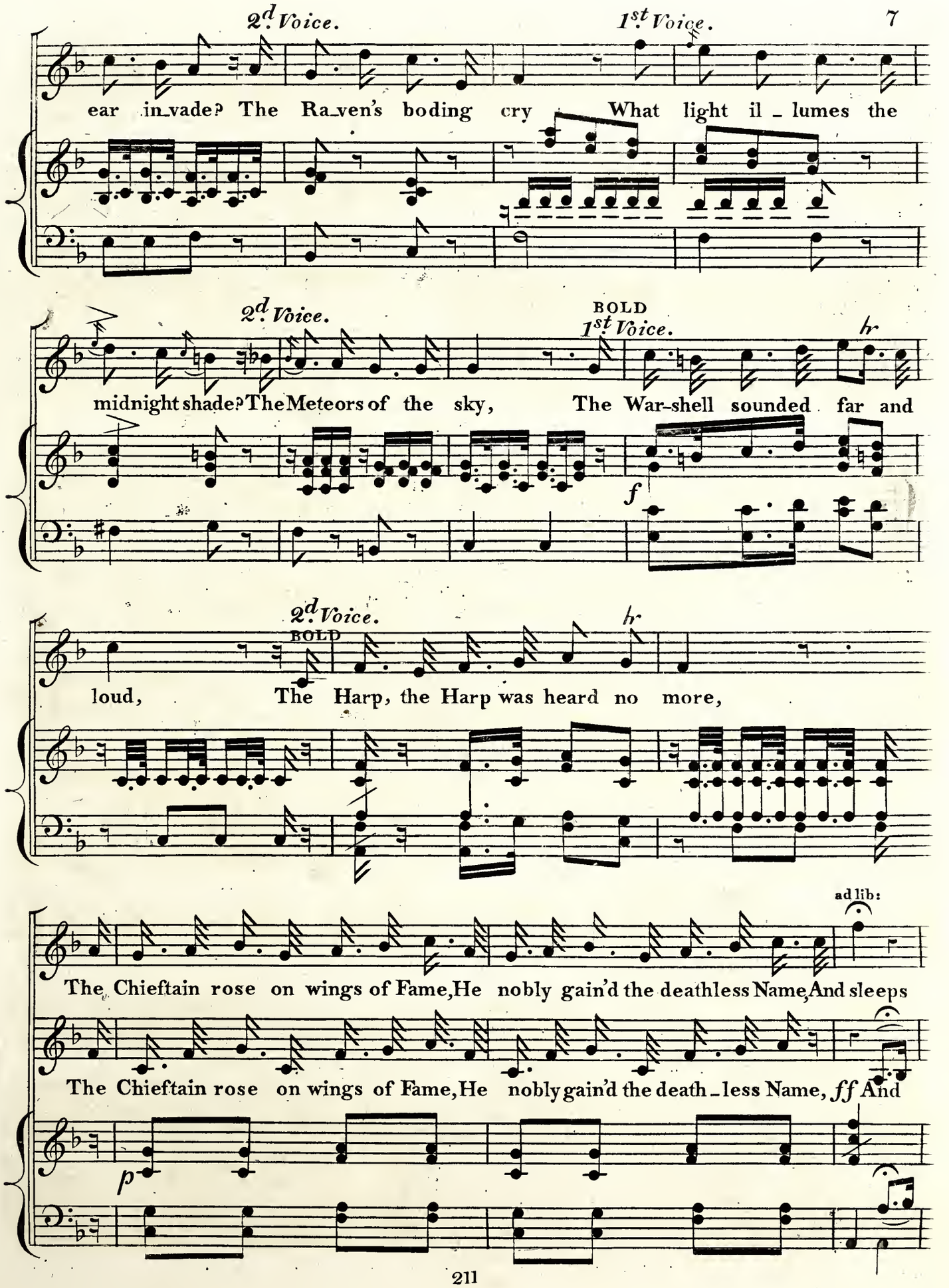
Words by I. S. Esqr. Music by Sir Jno Stevenson, Mus. Doc.

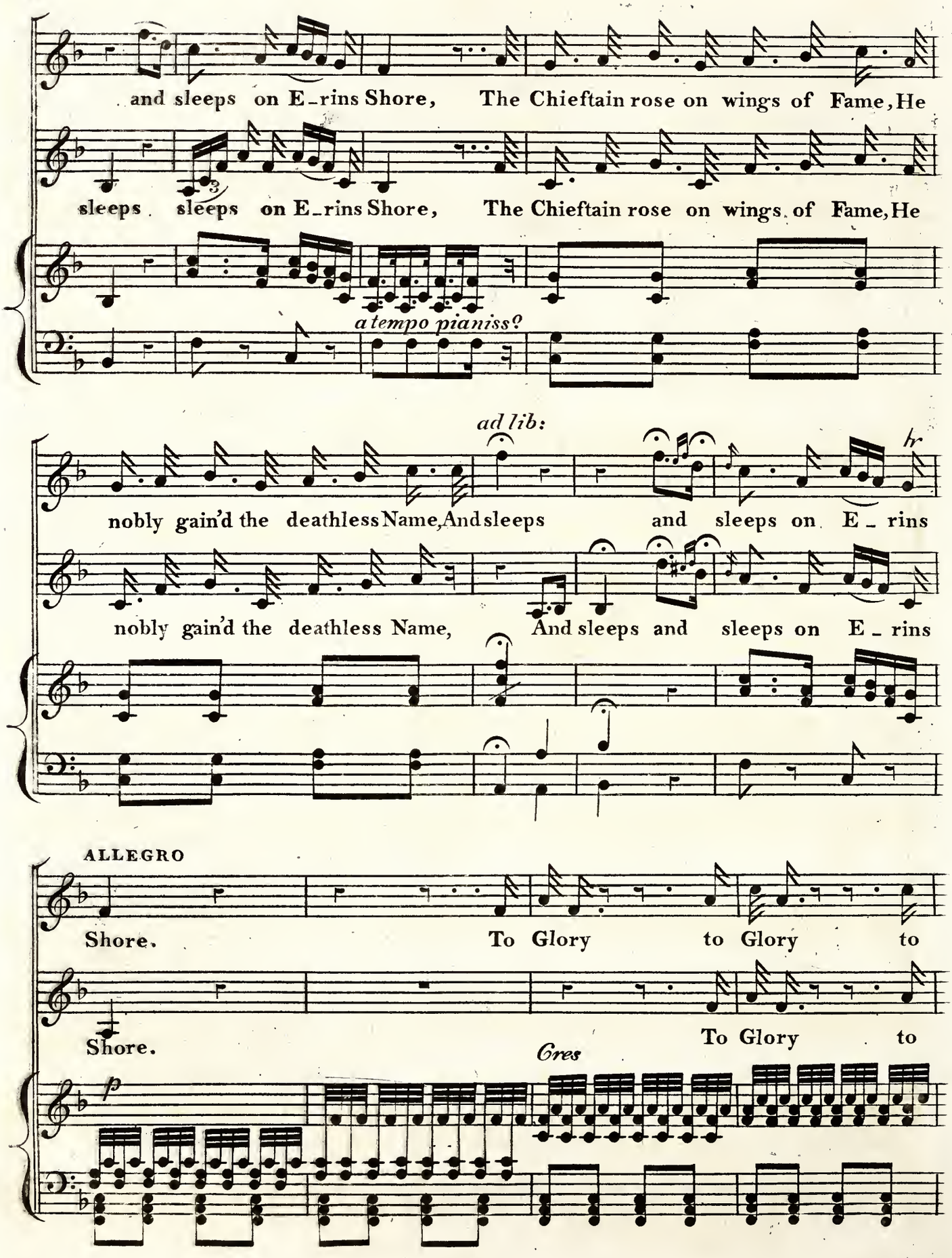


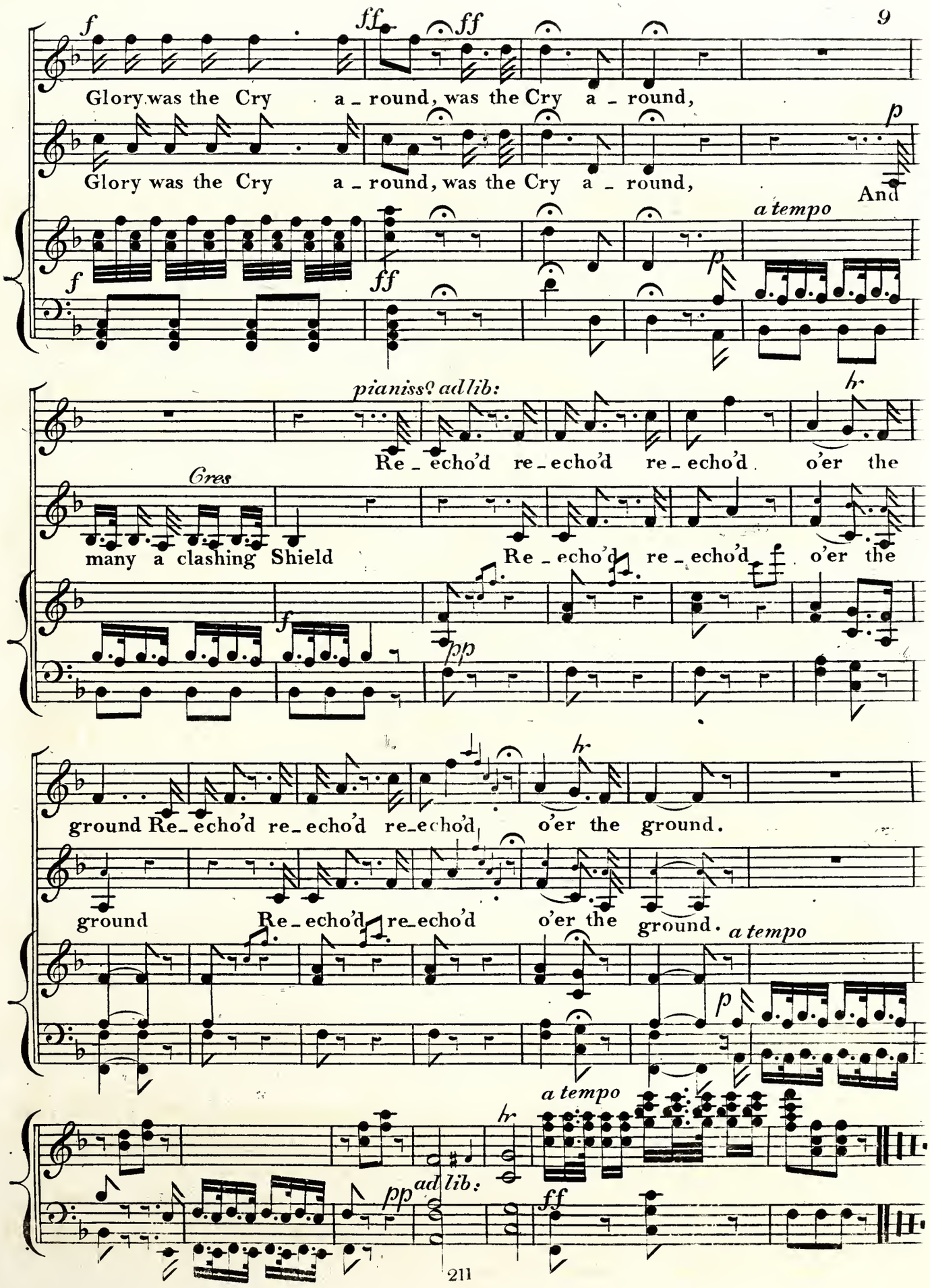

rose,
He
BOLD
"To Arms to arms" the Chieftain cried, He
ad lib:
vow'd to guard his Native Land, His might repell'd the Hostile Band, And strode
vow'd to guard his Native Land, His might repell'd the Hos-tile Band, And
p
ff
and strode the crimson Tide, He vow'd to guard his na-tive Land, His
3
strode strode the crimson Tide, He vow'd to guard his na-tive Land, His
a tempo pianiss?


ad lib
might repell'd the hostile Band, And strode and strode the crim_son
might repell'd the hostile Band, And strode and strode the crim_son
f
ALLEGRO
Tide. To Battle to Battle to
Tide. to Battle to
p
Cres
f
ff
ff ad lib:
Battle was the Cry a _ _ round, was the Cry a _ round,
Battle was the Cry a _ _ round, was the Cry a _ round,
f
ff
p


pianiss? ad lib:
hr
Re_echo'd re_echo'd re_echo'd o'er the
p
Cres
And many a clashing Shield Re_echo'd re_echo'd o'er the
a tempo
f
pp
ground, Re_echo'd re_echo'd re_echo'd o'er the ground.
hr
ground, Re_echo'd reecho'd o'er the ground.
a tempo
p
a tempo
ff
ad lib:
pp
ff
2d VERSE.
1st Voice.
2d Voice.
1st Voice.
Oh! Where is Lara's lovely Maid? She breathes the bitter sigh, What soothing strains her


2d Voice.
1st Voice.
ear in_vade? The Ra_ven's boding cry What light il _ lumes the
2d Voice.
BOLD
1st Voice.
hr
midnight shade? The Meteors of the sky, The War-shell sounded far and
f
2d Voice.
BOLD
hr
loud, The Harp, the Harp was heard no more,
ad lib:
The Chieftain rose on wings of Fame, He nobly gain'd the deathless Name, And sleeps
The Chieftain rose on wings of Fame, He nobly gain'd the death _ less Name, ff And
p


and sleeps on E-rins Shore, The Chieftain rose on wings of Fame, He
sleeps sleeps on E-rins Shore, The Chieftain rose on wings of Fame, He
a tempo pianiss?
ad lib:
nobly gain'd the deathless Name, And sleeps and sleeps on E - rins
nobly gain'd the deathless Name, And sleeps and sleeps on E - rins
ALLEGRO
Shore. To Glory to Glory to
Shore. To Glory to
Cres
p


Glory was the Cry a - round, was the Cry a - round,
Glory was the Cry a - round, was the Cry a - round,
And
a tempo
pianiss? ad lib:
Re - echo'd re - echo'd re - echo'd o'er the
Cres
many a clashing Shield
Re - echo'd re - echo'd o'er the
ground Re - echo'd re - echo'd re - echo'd o'er the ground.
ground
Re - echo'd re - echo'd
o'er the ground.
a tempo
a tempo
ad lib:

45

A Finland Love Song

Arranged

FOR

THREE VOICES,

BY

Thomas Moore Esq.r

Ent.at Sta.Hall.

Price 2/6.

LONDON,

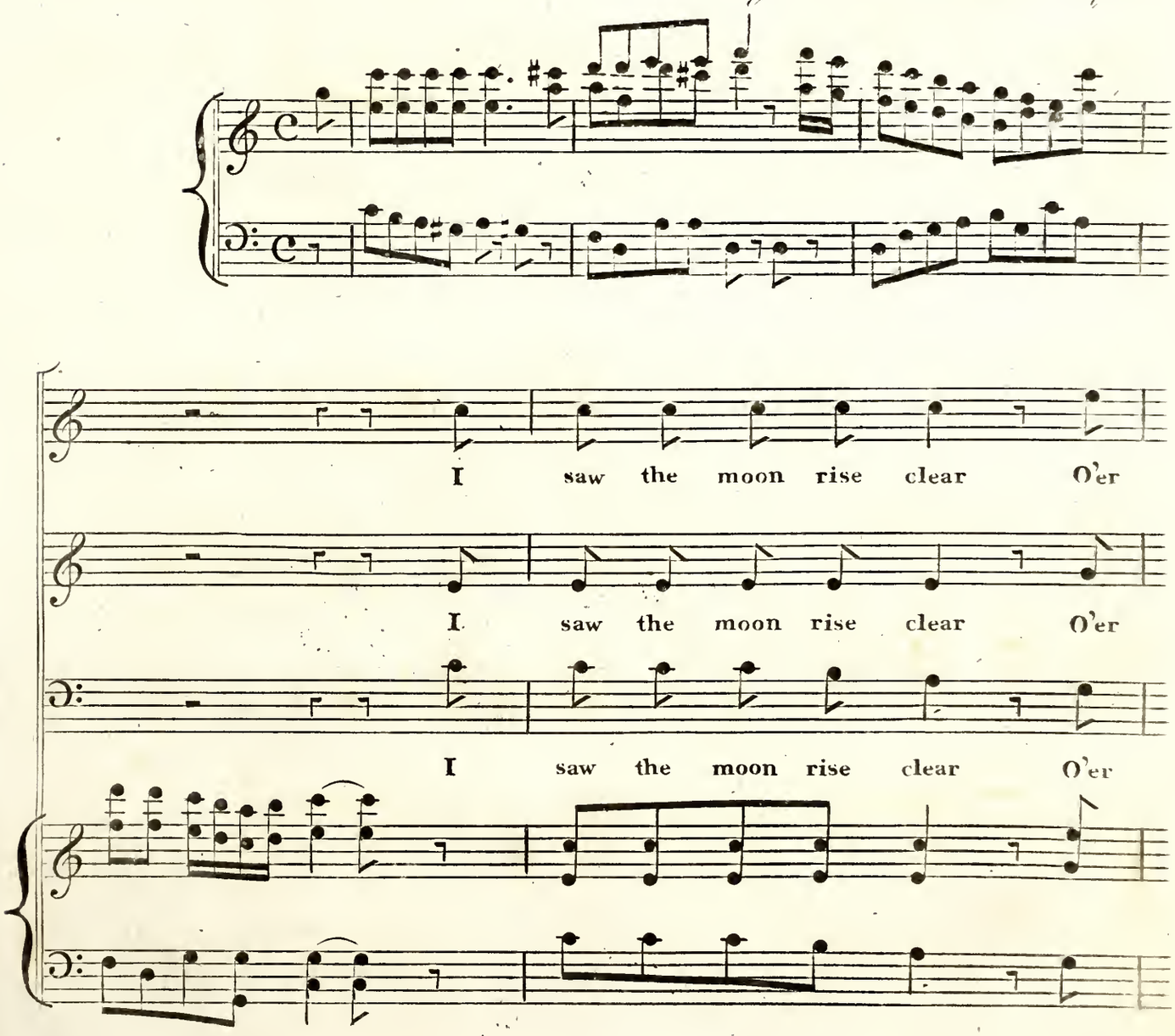
Published by J. Power, 34, Strand,
and W. Power, 4, Westmoreland Street, Dublin.

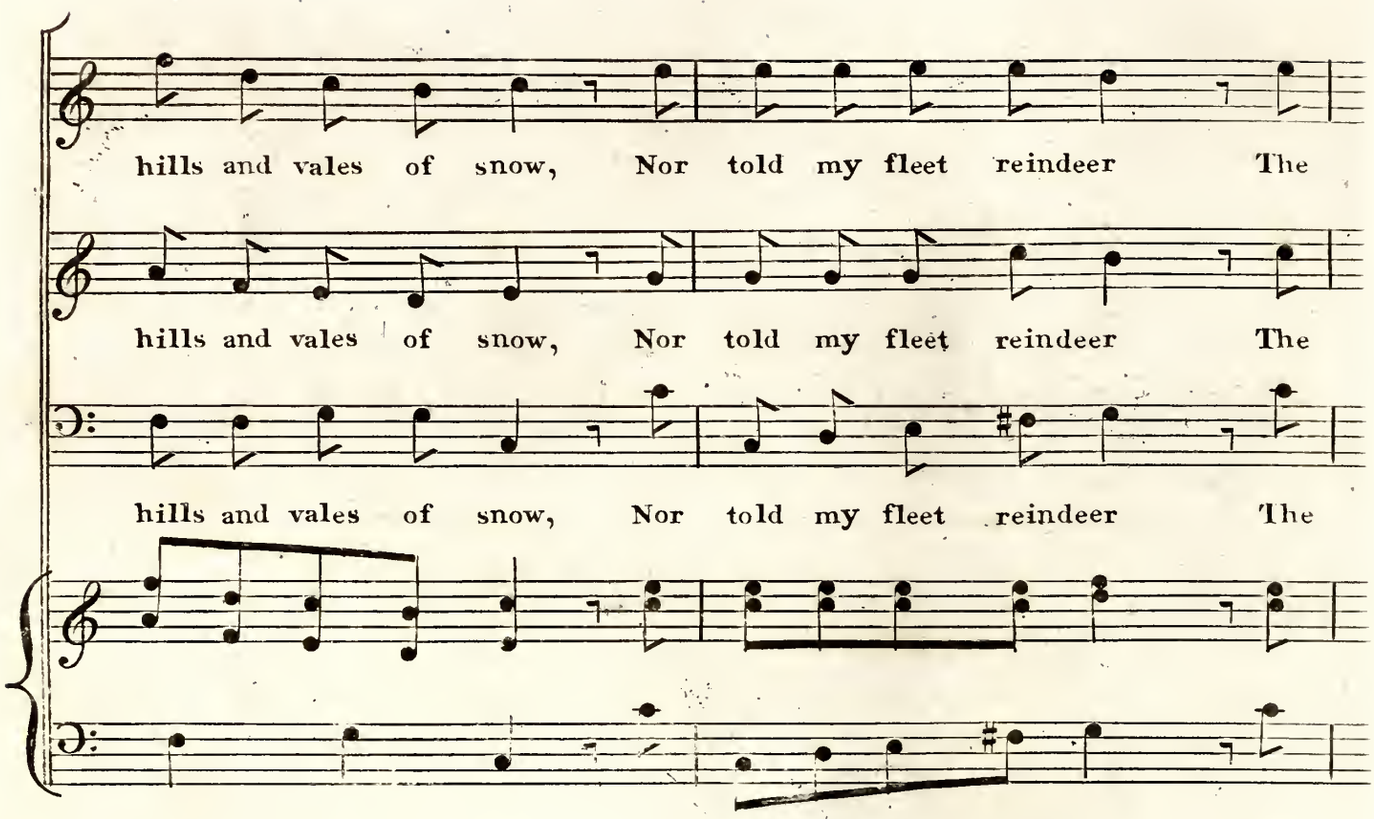
W. Power

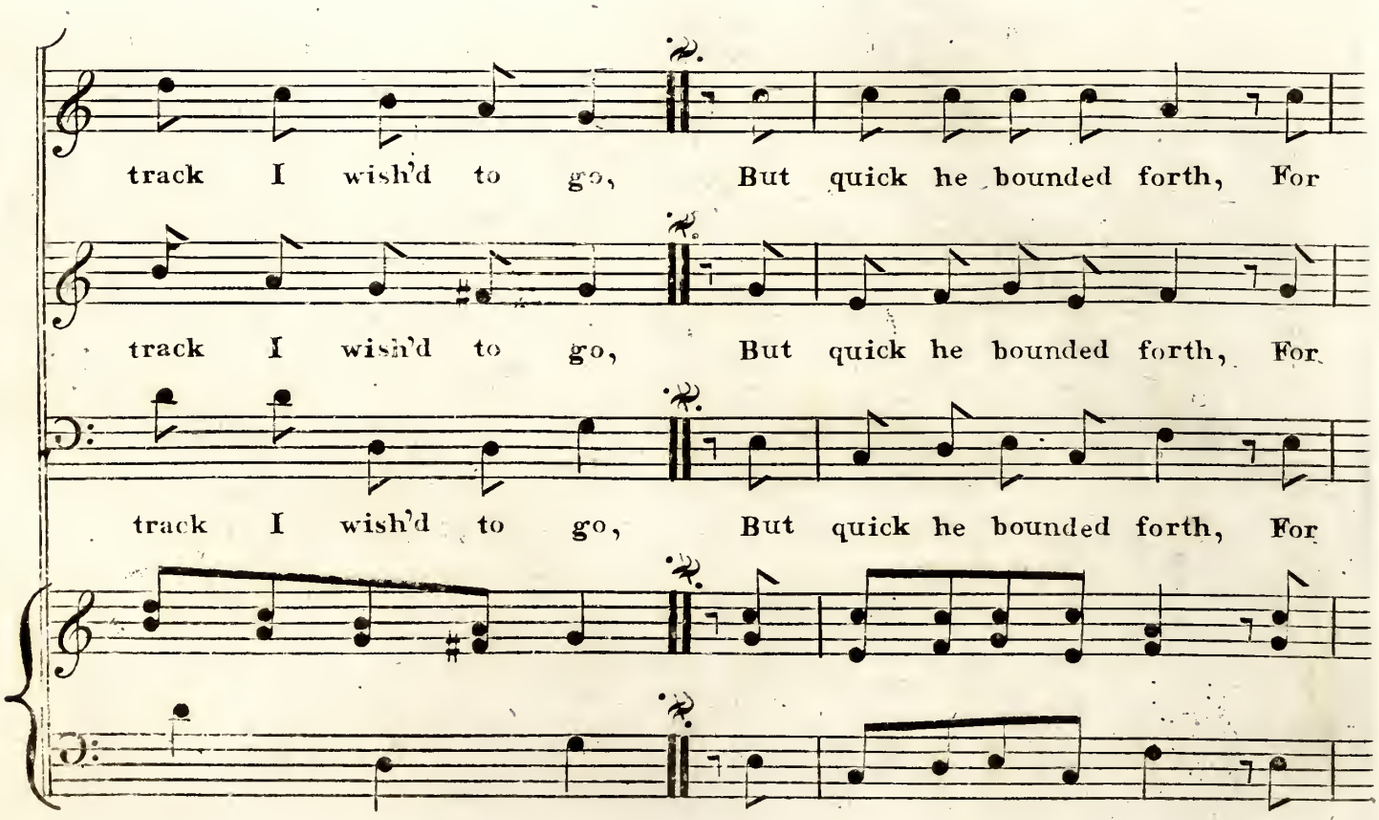
I saw the Moon rise clear;

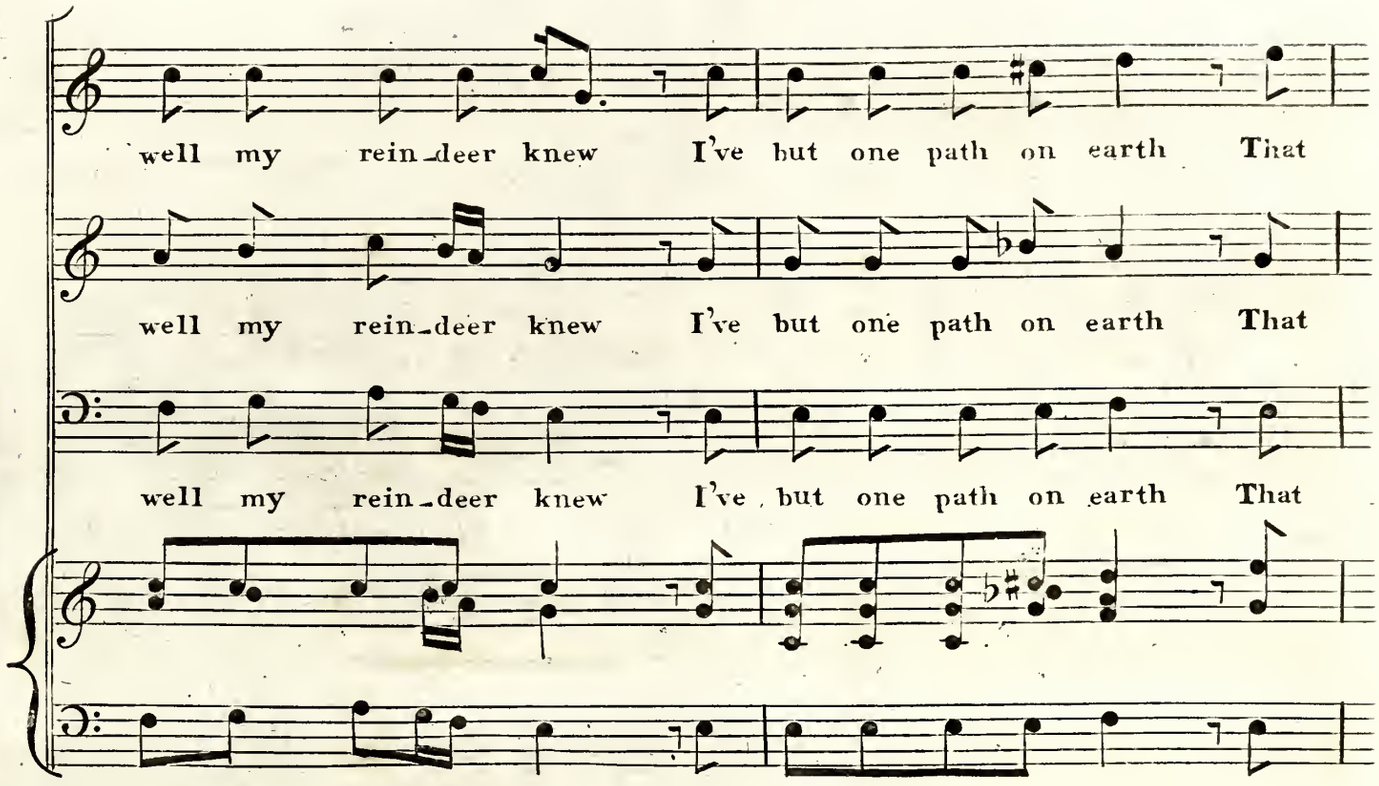
FINLAND LOVE SONG,

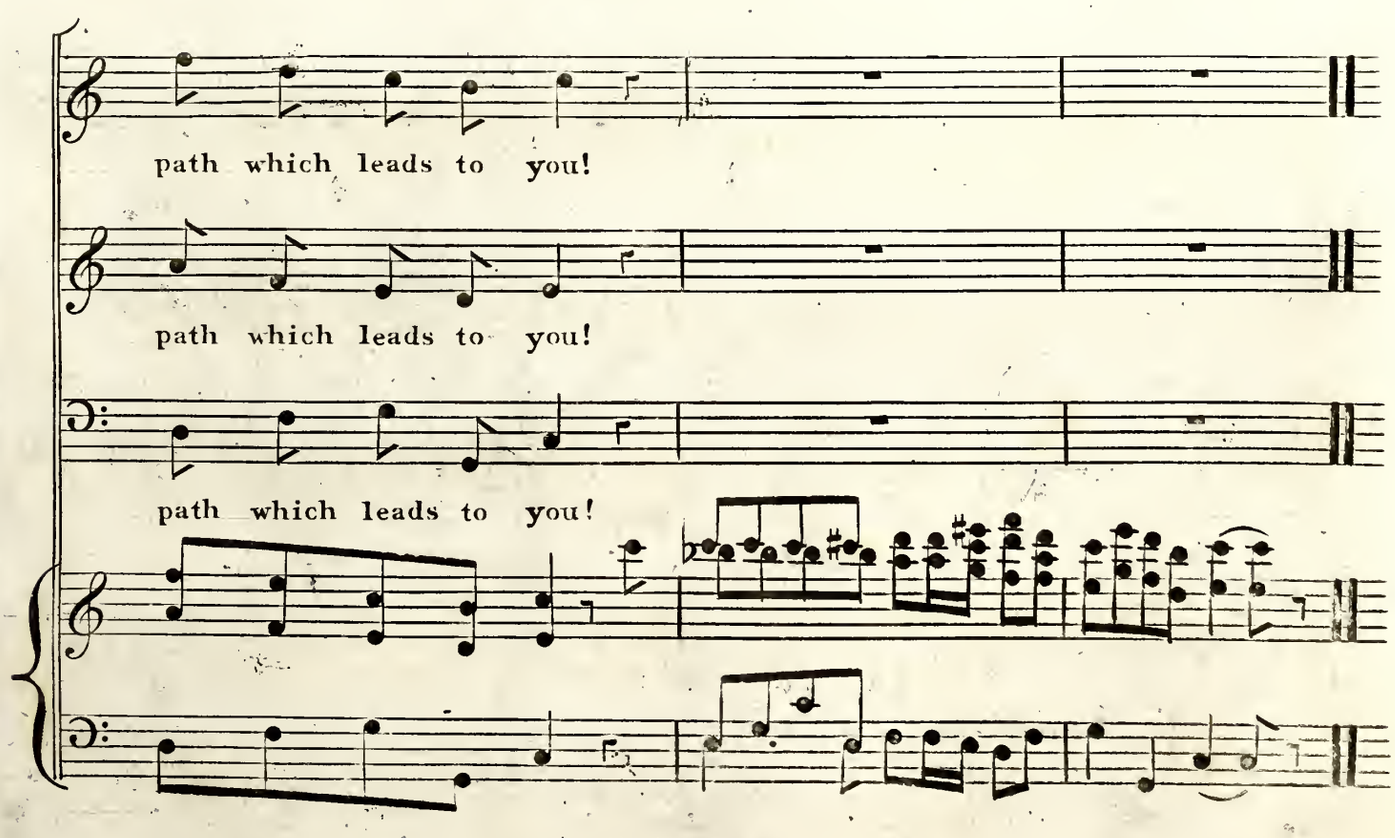
by Thomas Moore Esq.

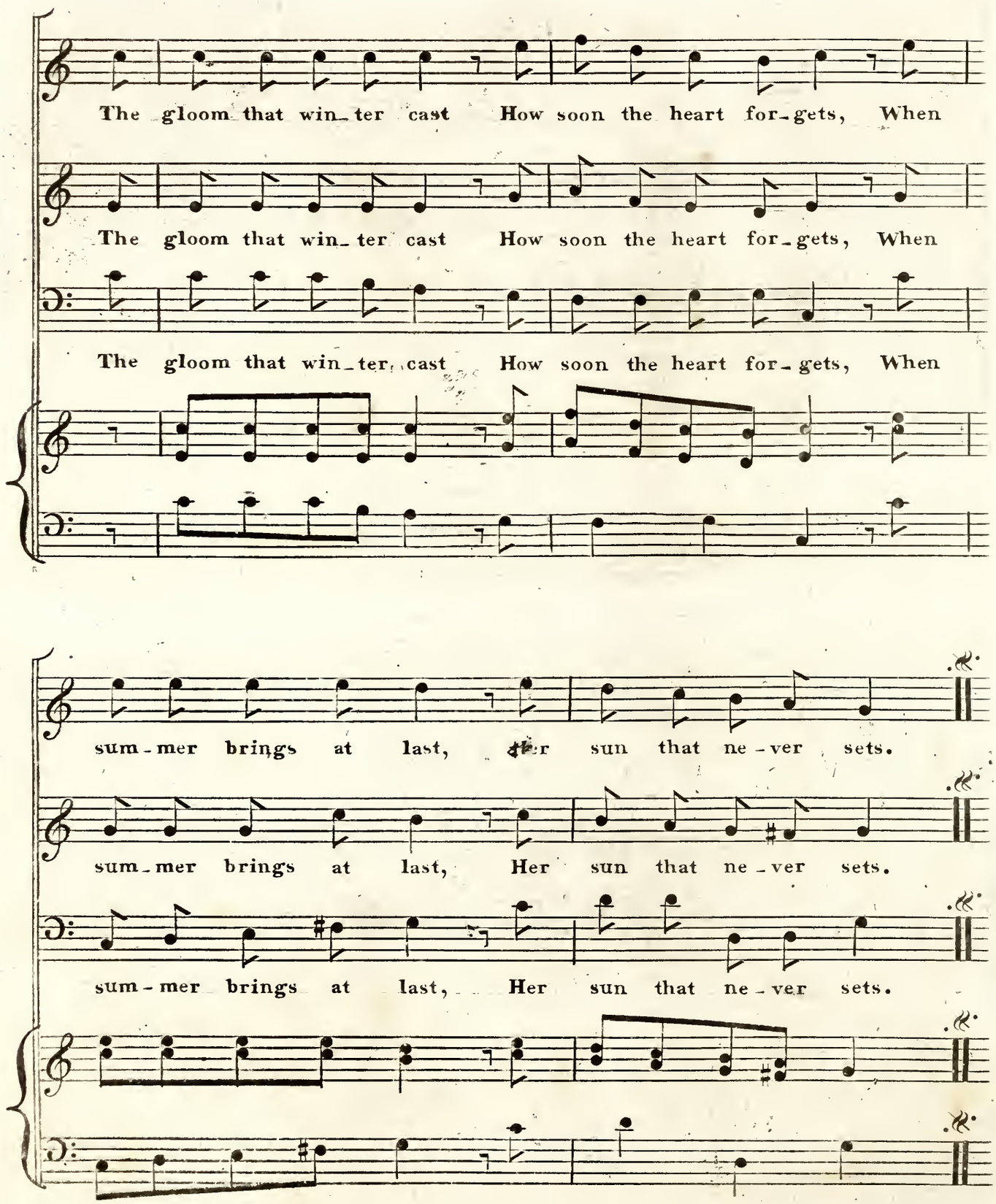


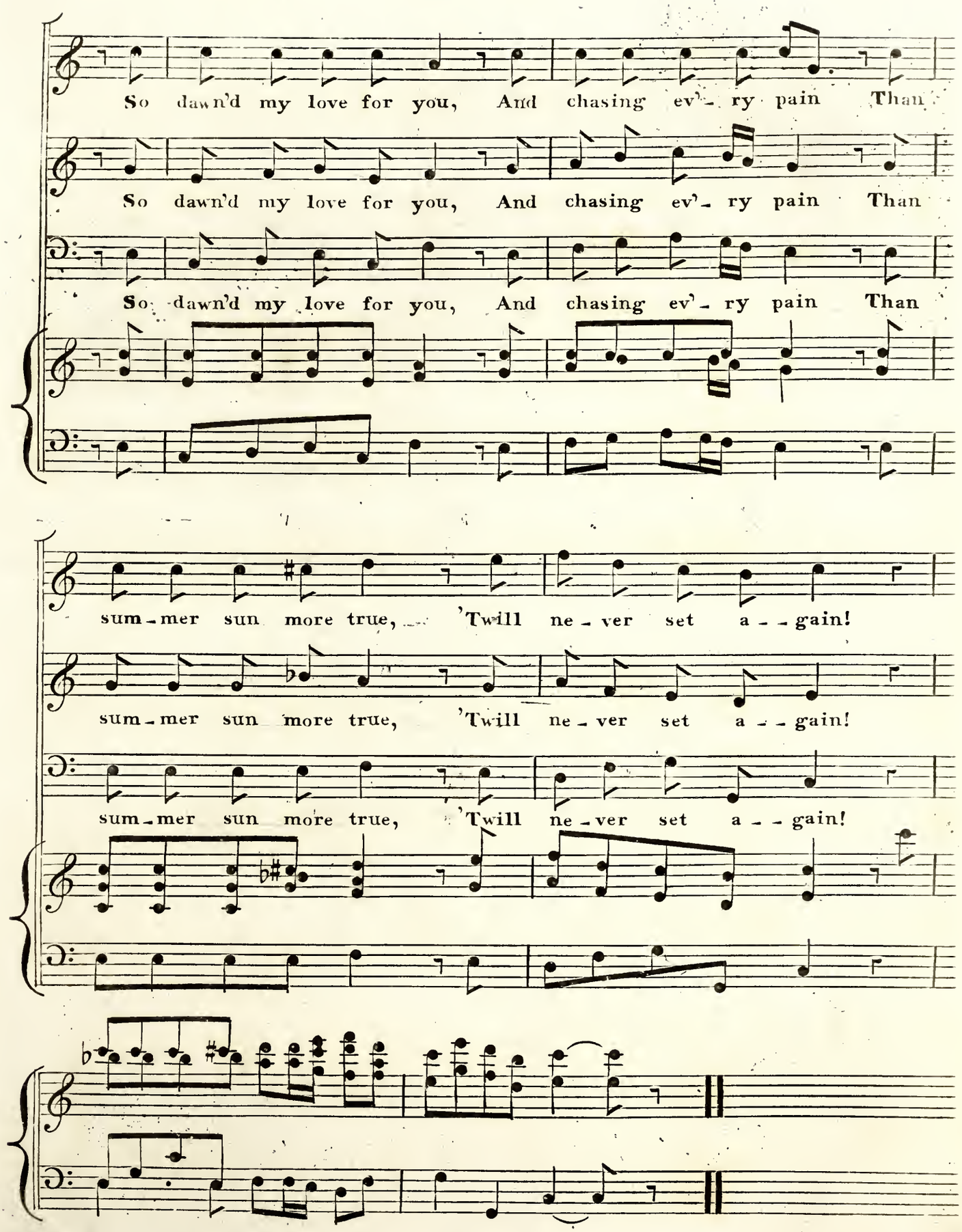

hills and vales of snow, Nor told my fleet reindeer The
hills and vales of snow, Nor told my fleet reindeer The
hills and vales of snow, Nor told my fleet reindeer The


track I wish'd to go, But quick he bounded forth, For
track I wish'd to go, But quick he bounded forth, For
track I wish'd to go, But quick he bounded forth, For


well my rein-deer knew I've but one path on earth That
well my rein-deer knew I've but one path on earth That
well my rein-deer knew I've but one path on earth That


path which leads to you!
path which leads to you!
path which leads to you!


The gloom that win_ter cast How soon the heart for_gets, When
The gloom that win_ter cast How soon the heart for_gets, When
The gloom that win_ter cast How soon the heart for_gets, When
sum_mer brings at last, Her sun that ne_ver sets.
sum_mer brings at last, Her sun that ne_ver sets.
sum_mer brings at last, Her sun that ne_ver sets.


So dawn'd my love for you, And chasing ev'- ry pain Than
So dawn'd my love for you, And chasing ev'- ry pain Than
So dawn'd my love for you, And chasing ev'- ry pain Than
sum-mer sun more true, 'Twill ne-ver set a--gain!
sum-mer sun more true, 'Twill ne-ver set a--gain!
sum-mer sun more true, 'Twill ne-ver set a--gain!

THE CHIEFTAIN,

with an Accompaniment for the

Harp or Piano Forte,

BY

J. Relfe,

Mus. in Ord. to his Majesty.

The Melody by a Lady. The Words by Thos. Campbell Esqr.

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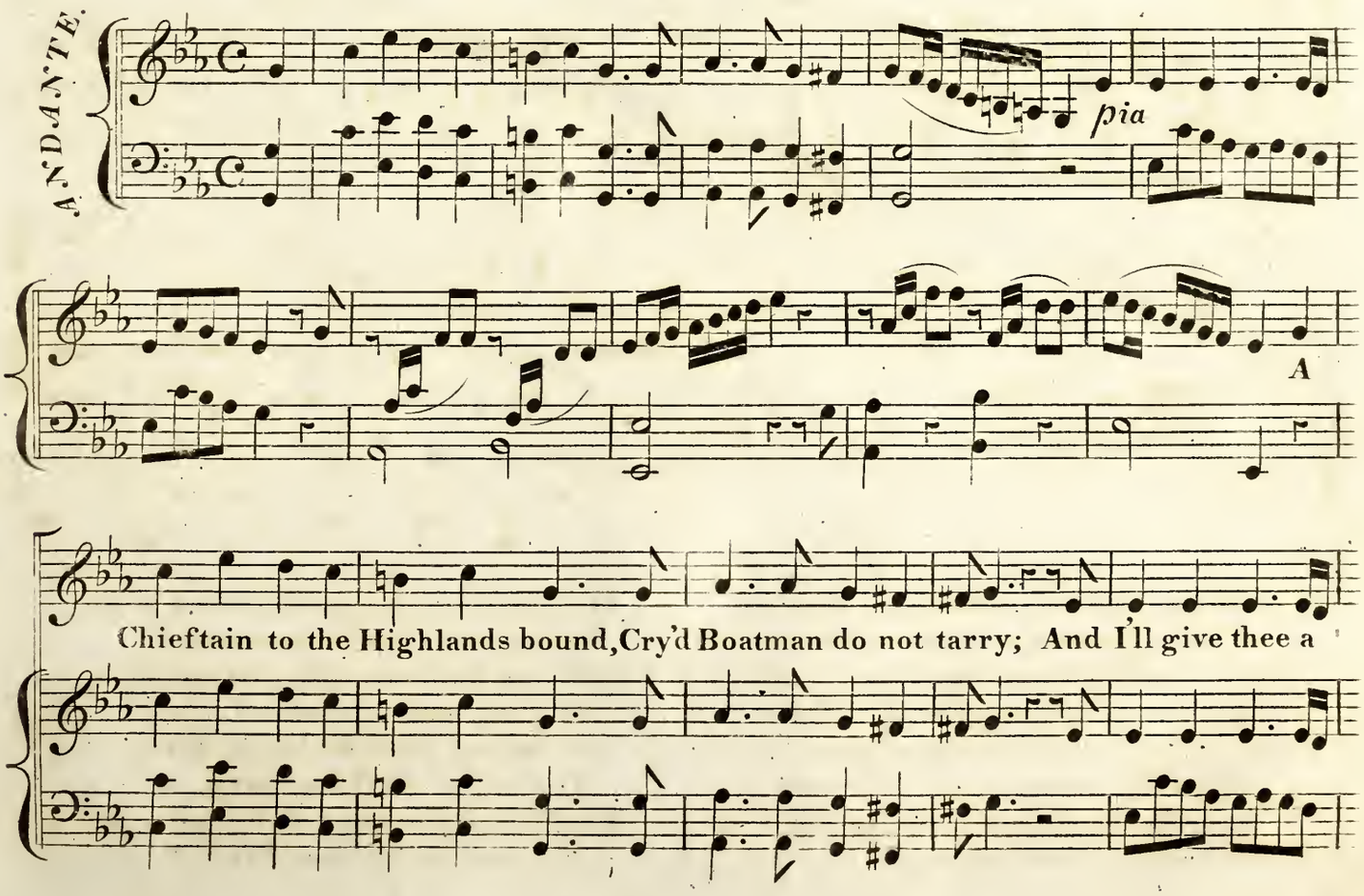
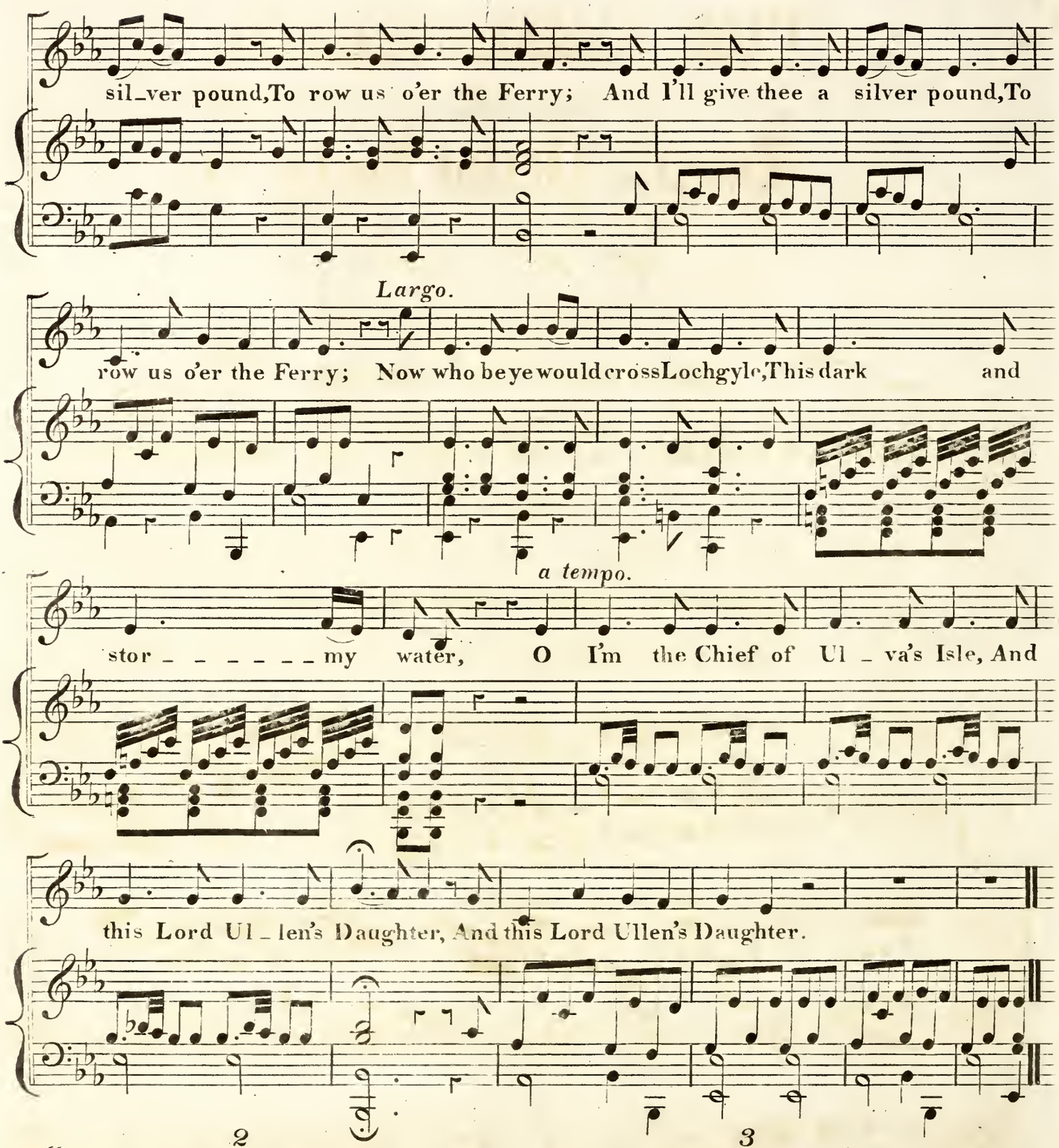




2

"And fast before her Father's men,
Three days we've fled together,
For if he find us in the Glen,
My blood will stain the heather.
His Horsemen hard behind us ride,
Should they our steps discover,
Then who would cheer my bonny Bride,
When they have slain her Lover?"

3

Out spoke the hardy Highland Wight,
"I'll go my Chief, I'm ready,
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome Lady:
And by my word the bonny Bird,
In danger shall not tarry,
Lo though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the Ferry."

4

By this the Storm grew loud apace,
The Water wraith* was shrieking,
And in the scowl of Heaven, each face
Grew dark as they were speaking;
But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the Night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed Men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

5

Oh haste thee, haste! the Lady cries;
Tho' tempests round us gather,
I'll meet the raging of the Skies,
But not an angry Father,
The Boat has left a stormy Land,
A stormy Sea before her,
When oh too strong for human hand,
The tempest gather'd o'er her.

6

And still they row'd amidst the roar,
Of Waters fast prevailing,
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,
His wrath was chang'd to wailing:
For sore dismay'd thro' storm and shade,
His Child he did discover,
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her Lover.

7

Come back! come back! he cry'd in grief,
Across this raging Water,
And I'll forgive your Highland Chief,
My Daughter, Oh my Daughter:
'Twas vain, the loud wave lash'd the Shore,
Return, or help preventing,
The Waters wild went o'er his Child,
And he was left lamenting.

* Water Spirit

Just published. The Principles of Harmony, a work containing all the rules of the Science, with familiar Exercises on every branch, and a seperate Key for correcting all faults, by J. Relfe, Musician in ordinary to his Majesty, to be had of Goulding, Soho Square, and all other Music Sellers.

46

AS IT FELL UPON A DAY,

Duetto, Sung by

Miss Stephens & Miss M. Tree,

IN SHAKSPEARE'S

COMEDY OF ERRORS,

at the

Theatre Royal, Covent Garden,

The Words from Shakspeare's Sonnets,

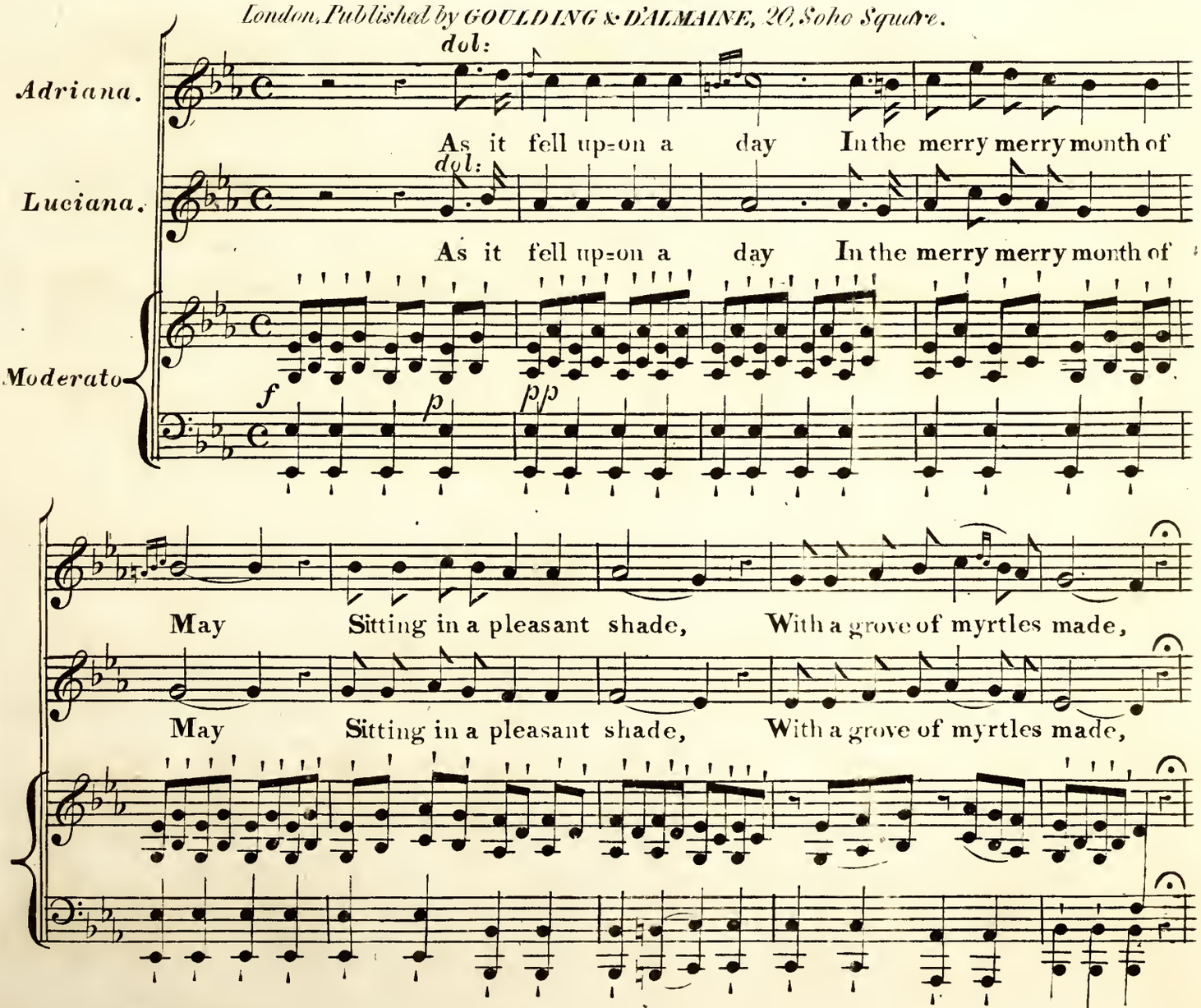
The Music composed by

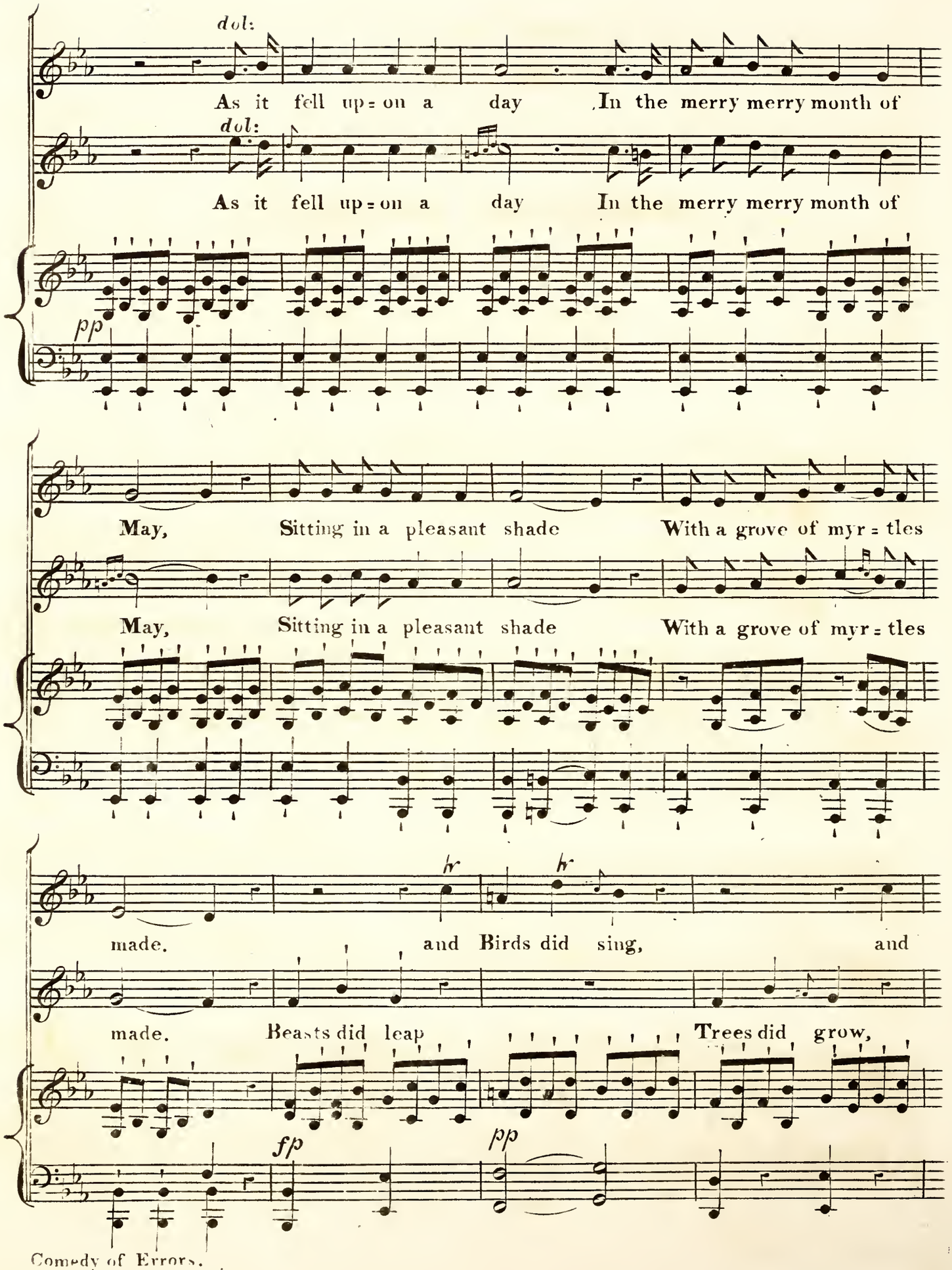
HENRY R. BISHOP.

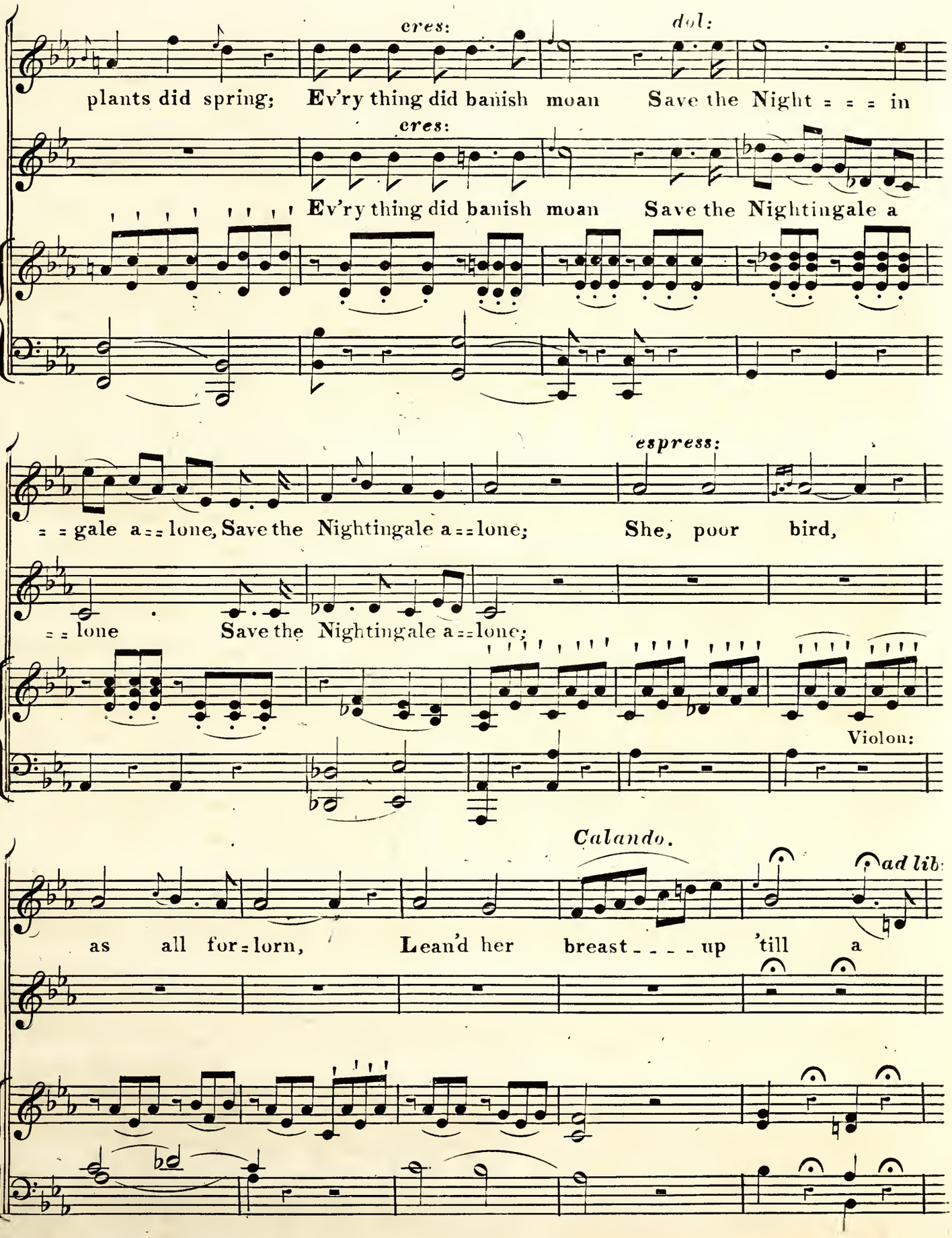
Ent. Sta. Hall.

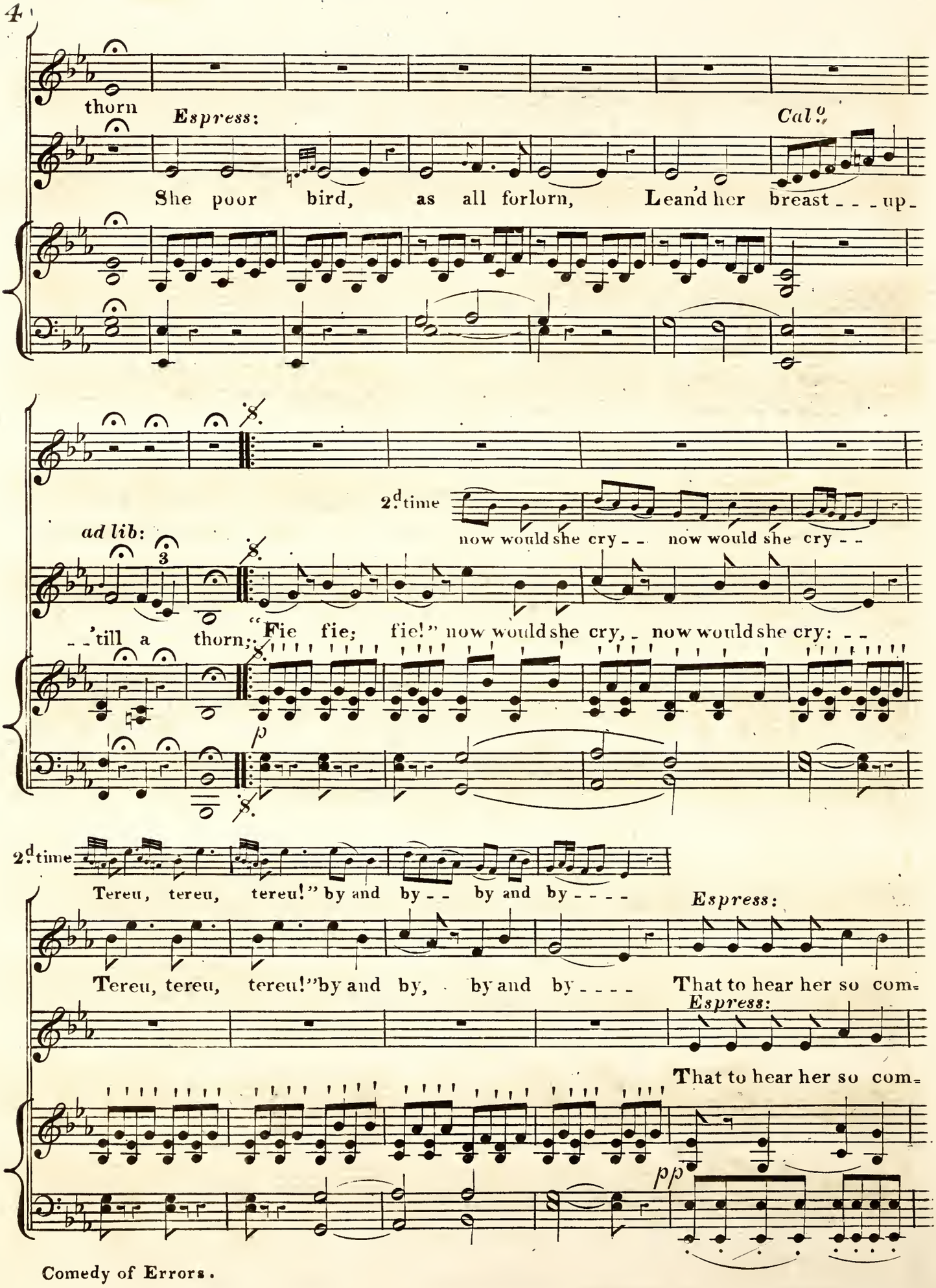
Pr: 2/

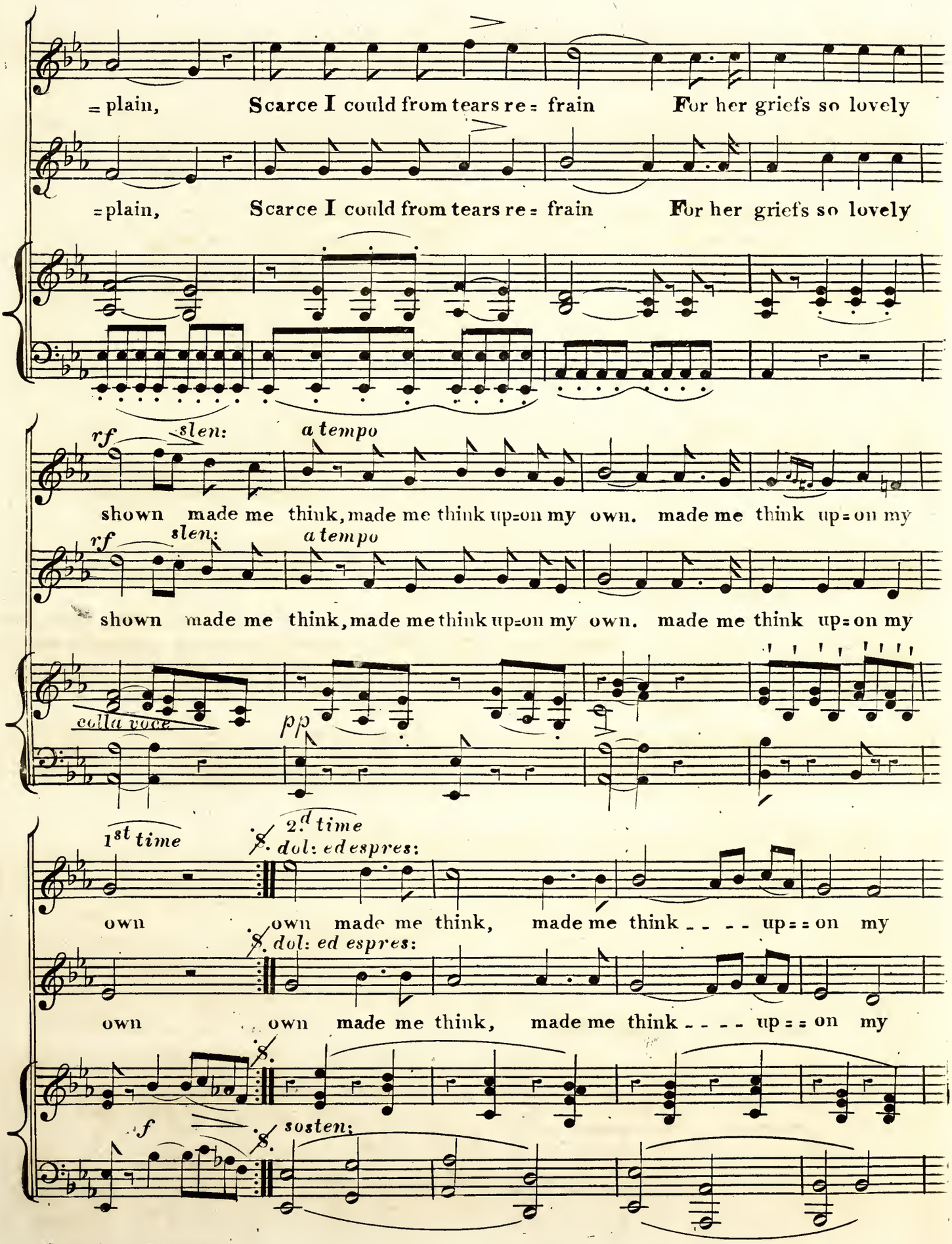
London, Published by GOULDING & D'ALMAINE, 20, Soho Square.

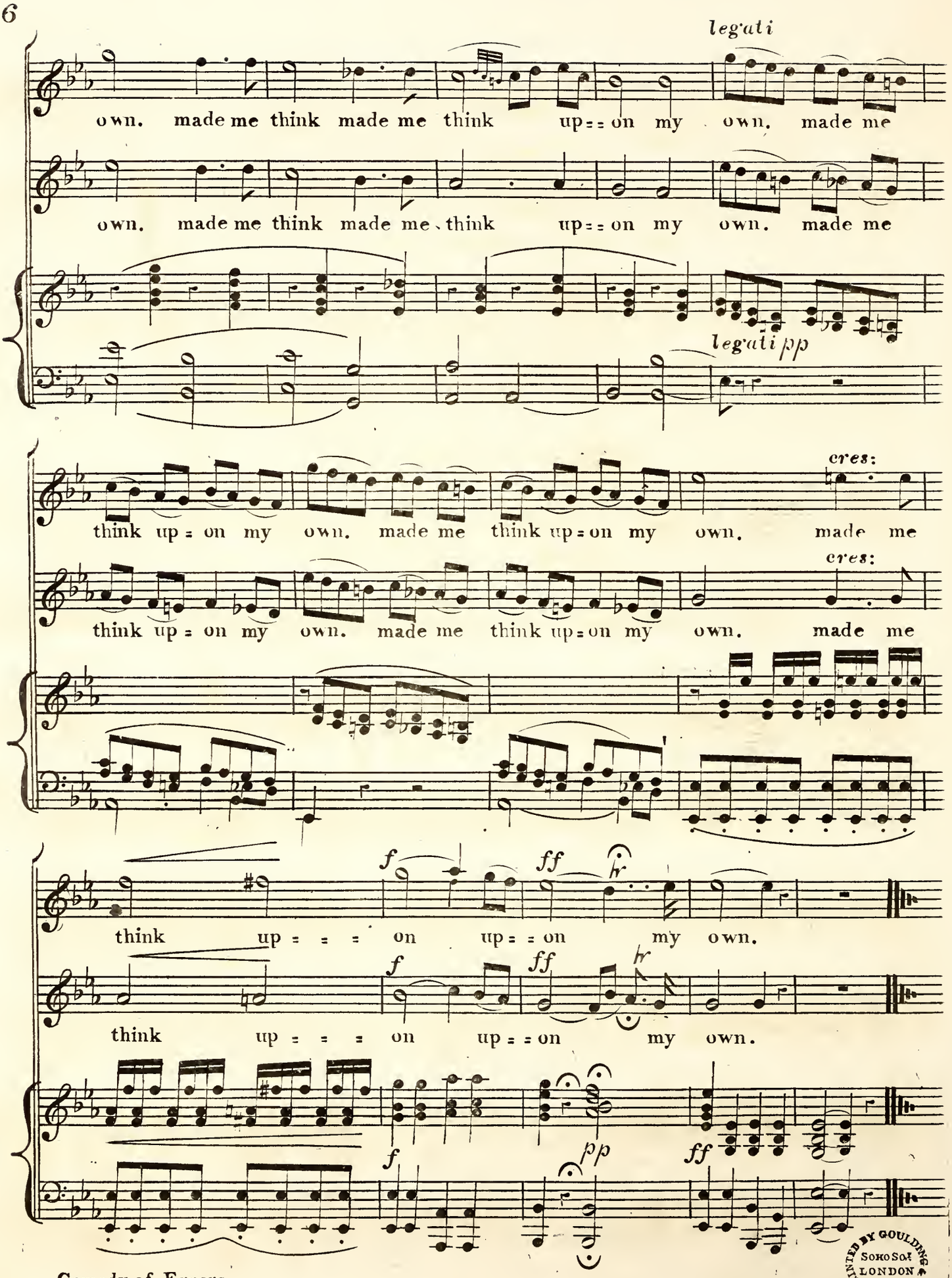



dol:
As it fell up=on a day In the merry merry month of
dol:
As it fell up=on a day In the merry merry month of
pp
May, Sitting in a pleasant shade With a grove of myr=tles
May, Sitting in a pleasant shade With a grove of myr=tles
hr
hr
made. and Birds did sing, and
made. Beasts did leap Trees did grow,
fp
pp


cres:
dol:
plants did spring; Ev'ry thing did banish moan Save the Night = = = in
cres:
Ev'ry thing did banish moan Save the Nightingale a
espress:
= = gale a = = lone, Save the Nightingale a = = lone; She, poor bird,
= = lone Save the Nightingale a = = lone;
Violon:
Calando.
ad lib:
as all for = lorn, Lean'd her breast - - - - up 'till a


thorn
Espress:
Cal?
She poor bird, as all forlorn, Leand her breast - - - up-
2d time
now would she cry - - now would she cry - -
ad lib:
3
- - till a thorn; "Fie fie; fie!" now would she cry, - now would she cry: - -
p
2d time
Tereu, tereu, tereu!" by and by - - by and by - - - -
Espress:
Tereu, tereu, tereu!" by and by, by and by - - - - That to hear her so com-
Espress:
That to hear her so com-
pp


=plain, Scarce I could from tears re= frain For her griefs so lovely
=plain, Scarce I could from tears re= frain For her griefs so lovely
rf slen: a tempo
shown made me think, made me think up=on my own. made me think up= on my
rf slen: a tempo
shown made me think, made me think up=on my own. made me think up= on my
colla voce
pp
1st time
2.d time
8. dol: ed espres:
own own made me think, made me think _ _ _ up = = on my
8. dol: ed espres:
own own made me think, made me think _ _ _ _ up = = on my
8.
f
8. sosten:



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47/1

MY PRETTY PAGE LOOK OUT A FAR,

Duetto,

Sung in the Musical Romance called

HENRI QUATRE,

AT THE

Theatre Royal, Covent Garden,

The Words by T. Morton Esq.r

Composed by

HENRY R. BISHOP.

FRB

Price 2/6.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

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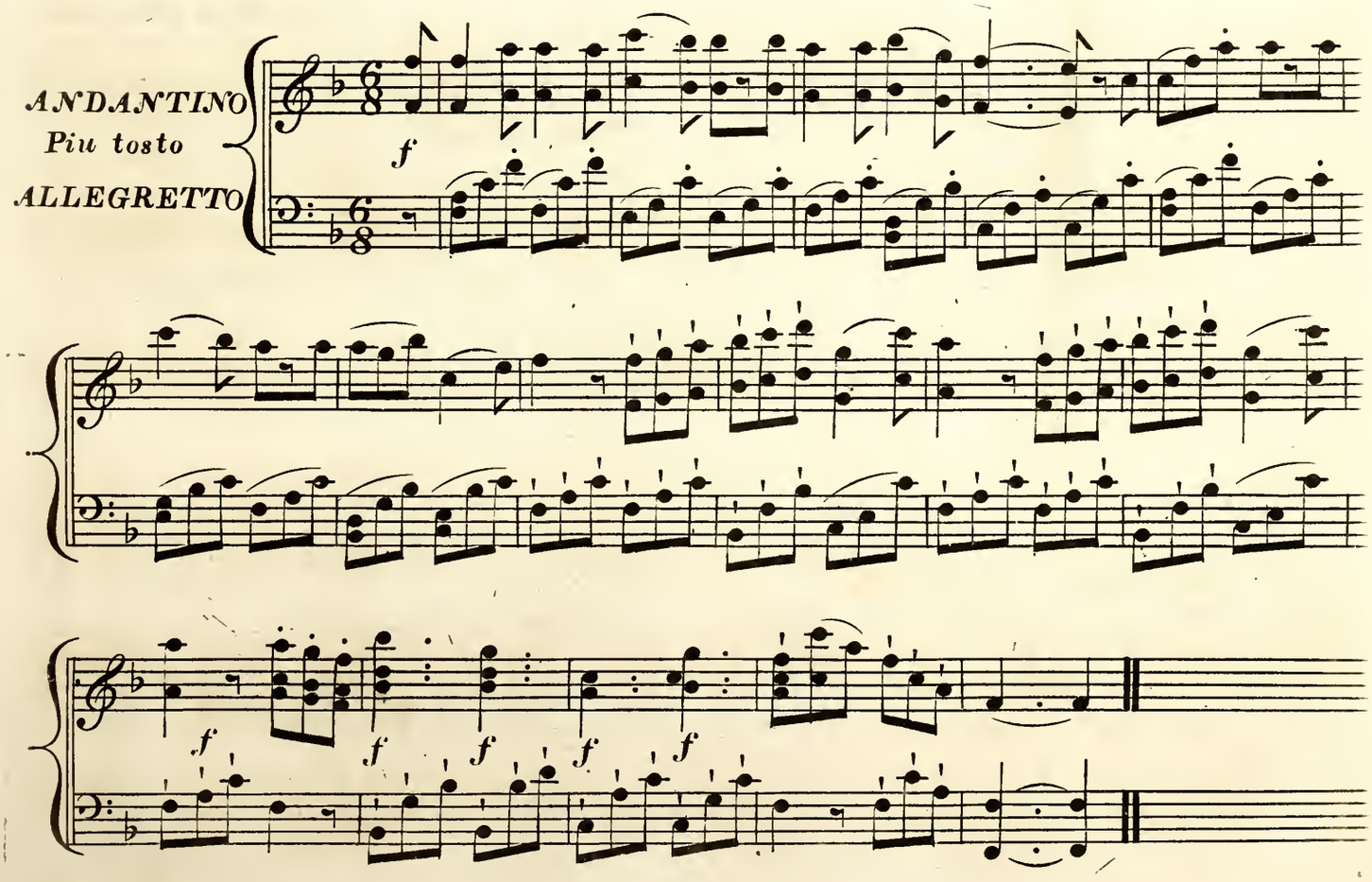
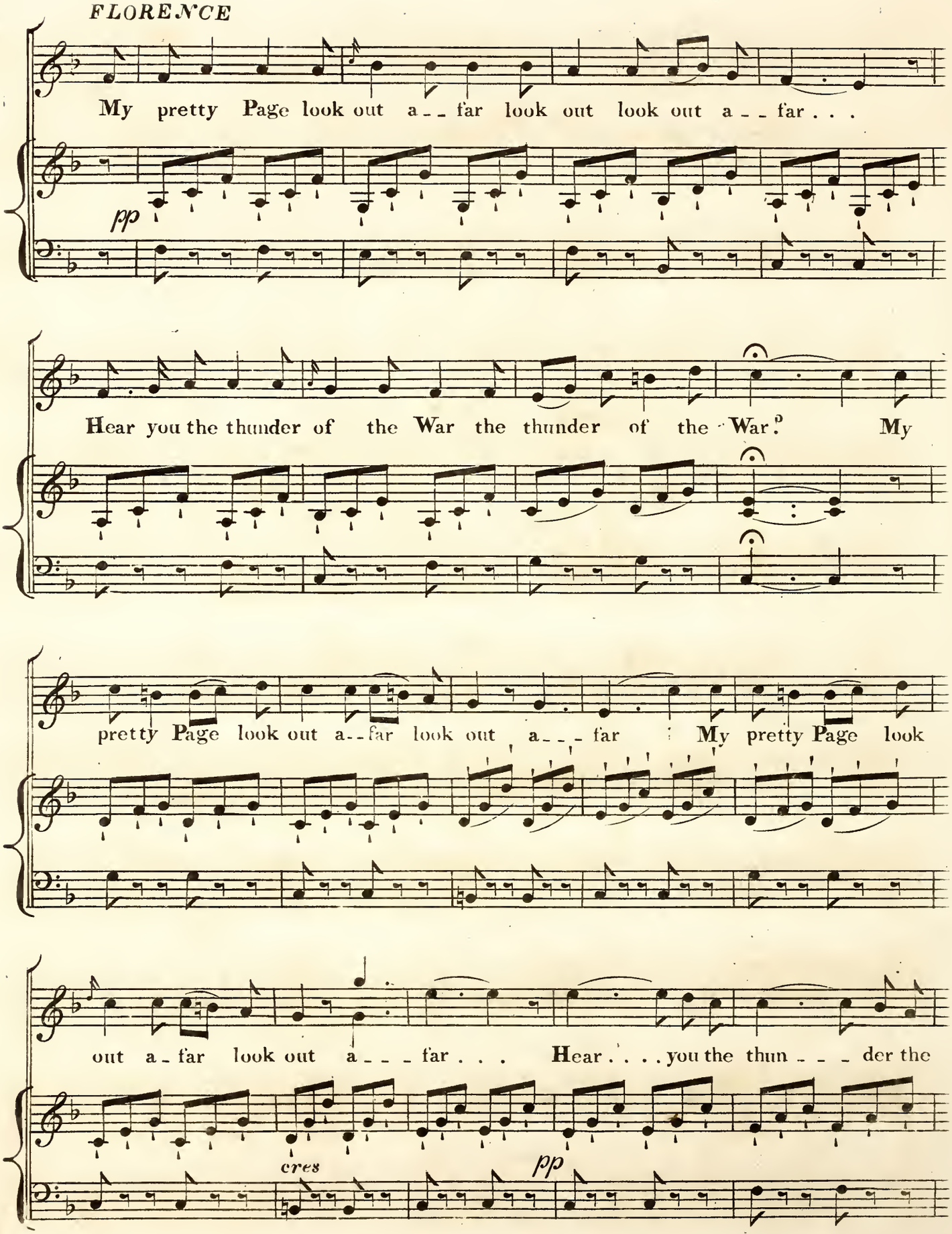
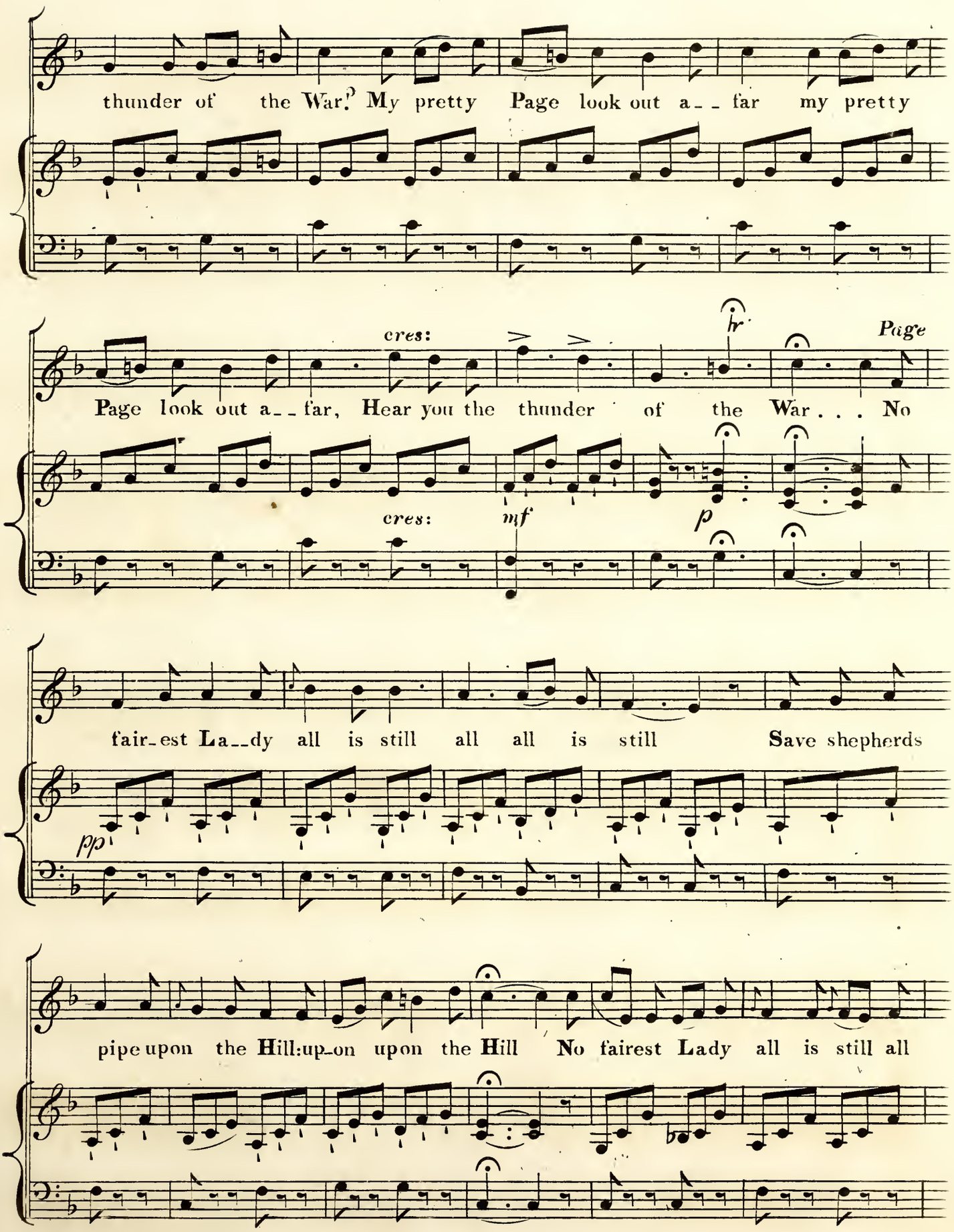
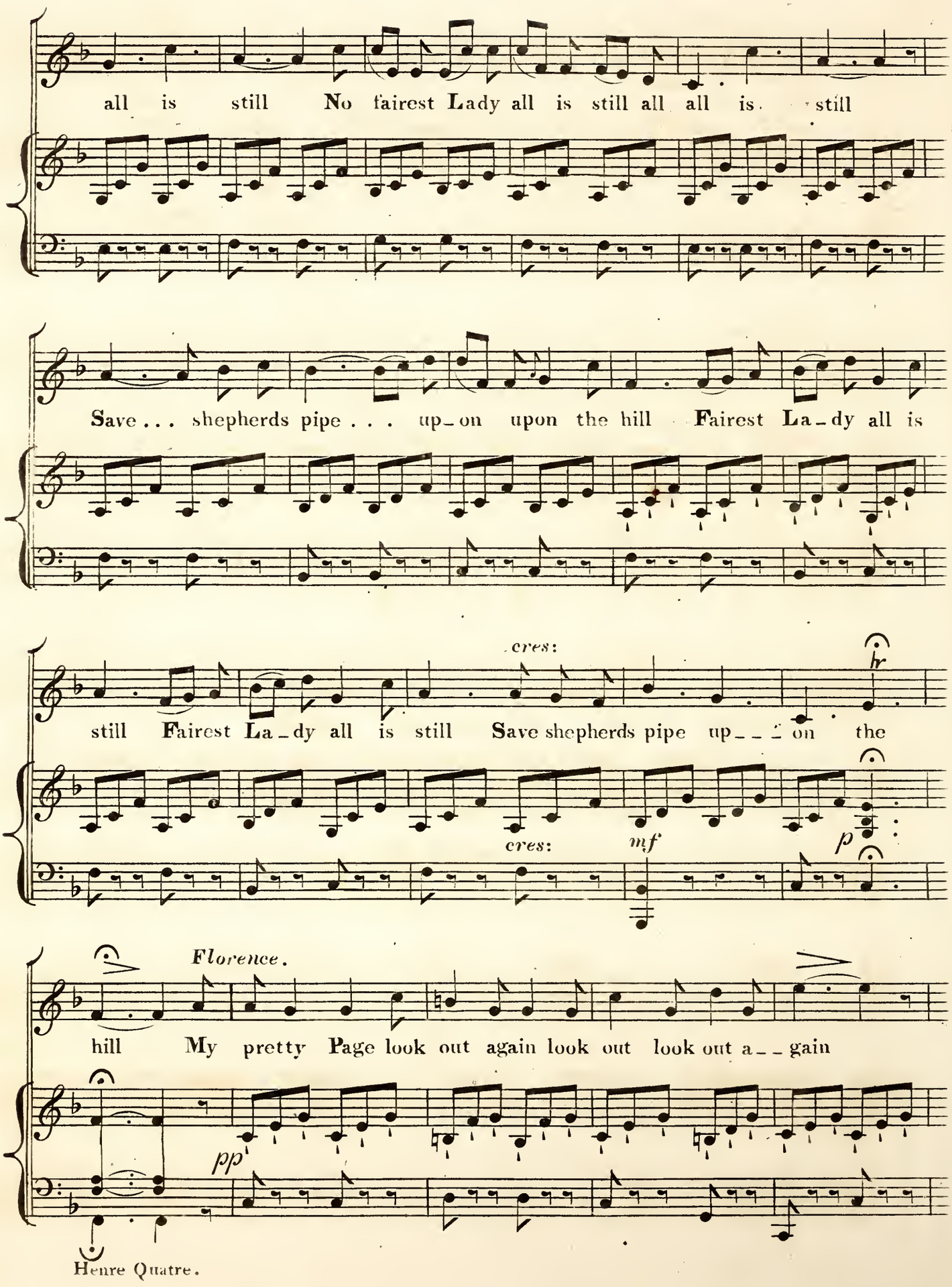
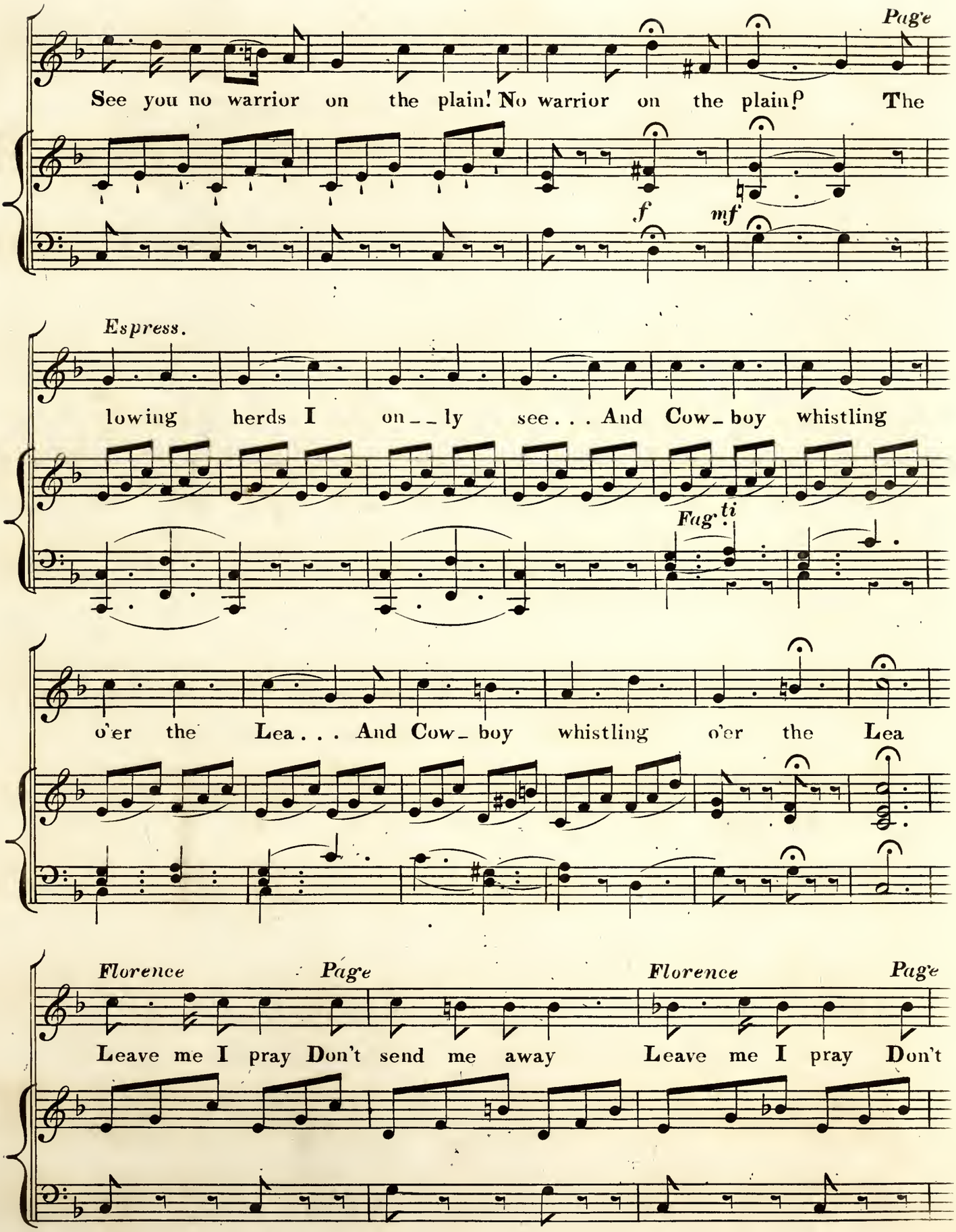


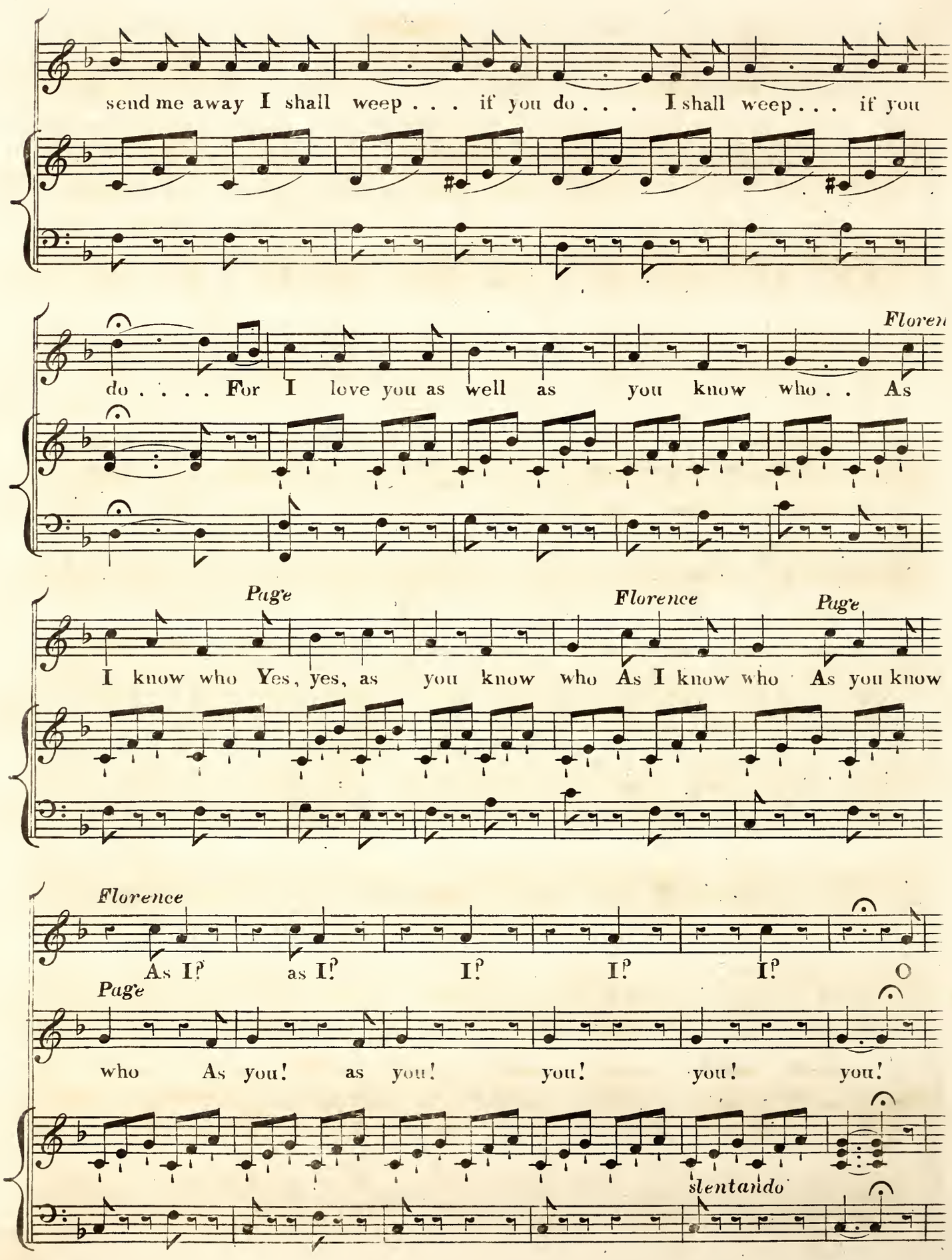
FLORENCE

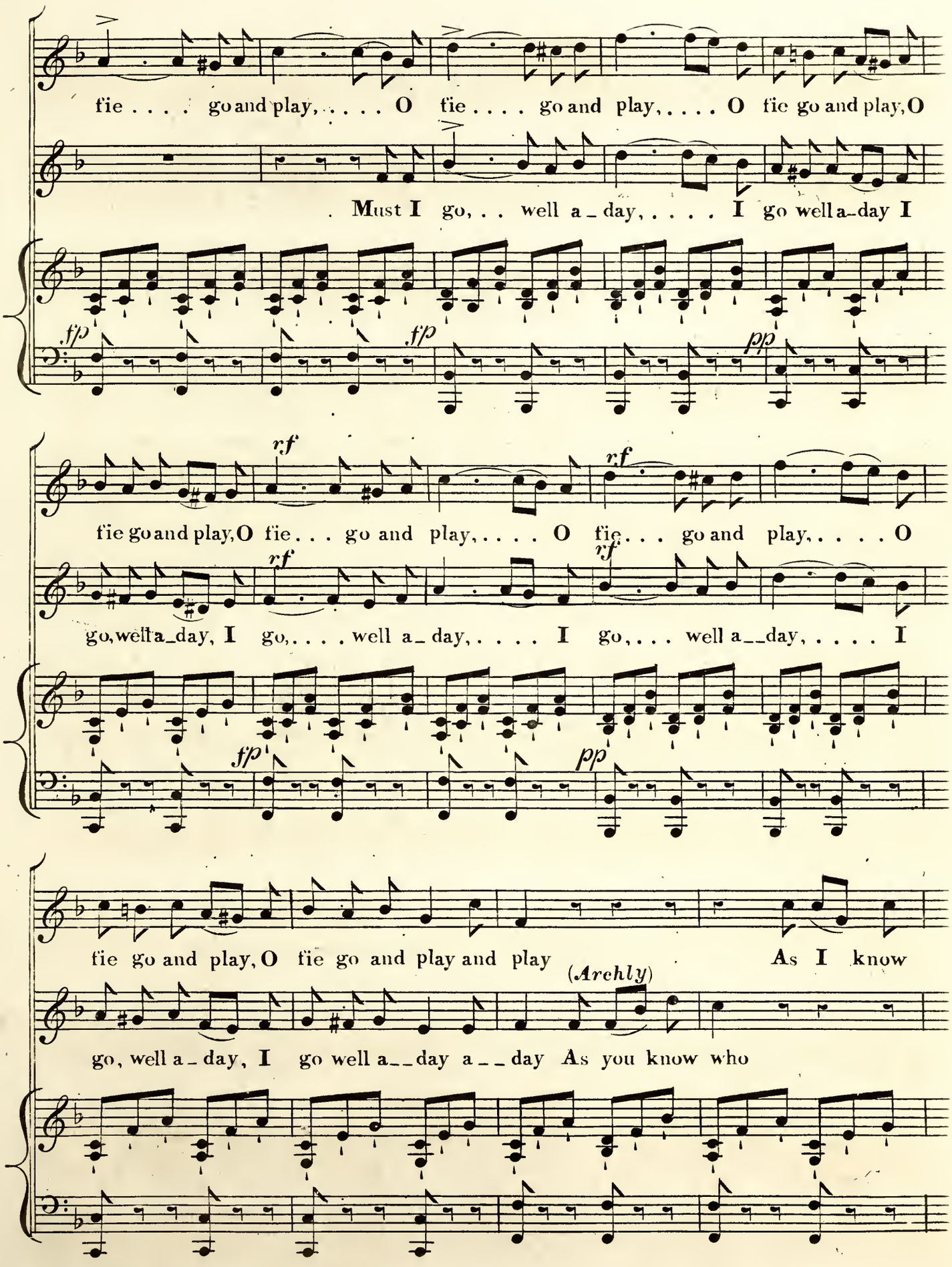

My pretty Page look out a_ _ far look out look out a_ _ far . . .
pp
Hear you the thunder of the War the thunder of the War? My
pretty Page look out a_ _ far look out a_ _ _ far My pretty Page look
out a_ far look out a_ _ _ far . . . Hear . . . . you the thun_ _ _ der the
cres
pp


thunder of the War? My pretty Page look out a_ _ far my pretty
cres:
hr
Page
Page look out a_ _ far, Hear you the thunder of the War . . . No
cres:
mf
p
fair_est La_ _dy all is still all all is still Save shepherds
pp
pipe upon the Hill: up_on upon the Hill No fairest Lady all is still all

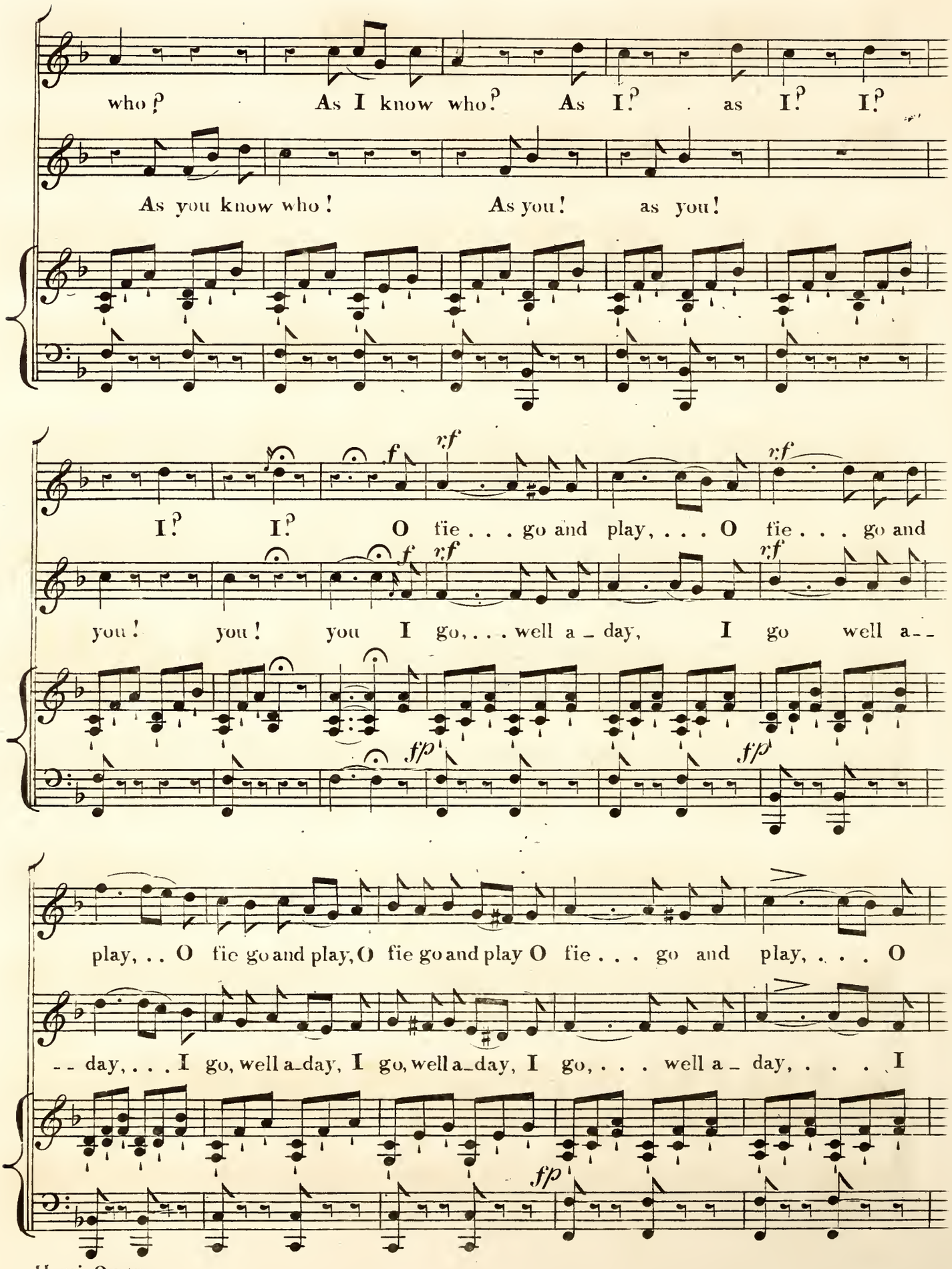

all is still No fairest Lady all is still all all is still
Save . . . shepherds pipe . . . up_on upon the hill Fairest La_dy all is
still Fairest La_dy all is still Save shepherds pipe up_ _ _ on the
cres:
hr
cres:
mf
p
Florence.
hill My pretty Page look out again look out look out a_ _ gain
pp
Henre Quatre.


Page
See you no warrior on the plain! No warrior on the plain? The
f
mf
Espress.
lowing herds I on__ly see... And Cow_boy whistling
Fag.ti
o'er the Lea... And Cow_boy whistling o'er the Lea
Florence
Page
Florence
Page
Leave me I pray Don't send me away Leave me I pray Don't

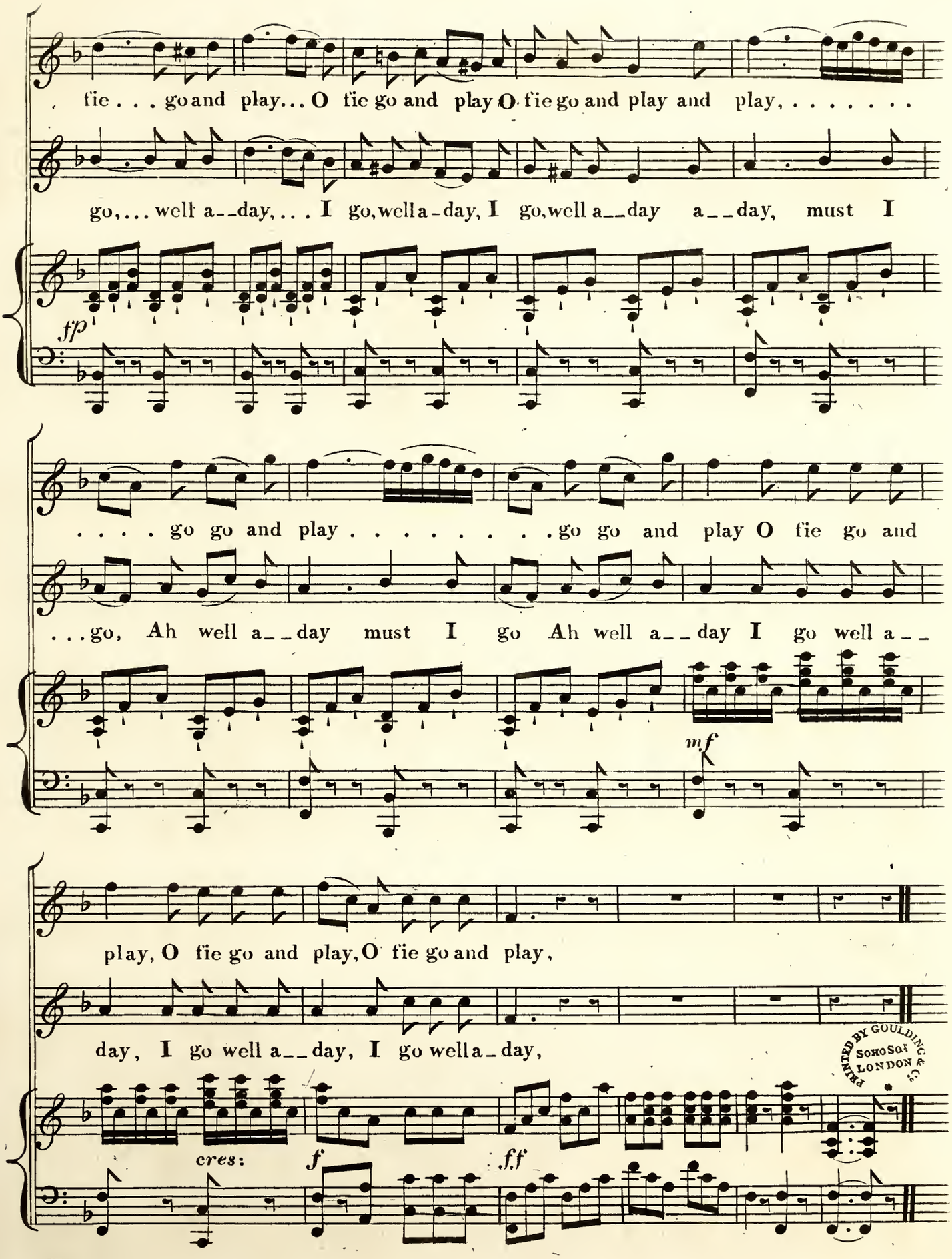

send me away I shall weep . . . if you do . . . I shall weep . . . if you
Floren
do . . . . For I love you as well as you know who . . As
Page
Florence
Page
I know who Yes, yes, as you know who As I know who As you know
Florence
As I? as I? I? I? I? O
Page
who As you! as you! you! you! you!
slentando



Henri Quatre .



Henri Quatre.



Henri Quatre .

48

CRUDEL PERCHE FIN ORA

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Musique de MOZART. Avec Accompagement de PIANO ou HARPE.

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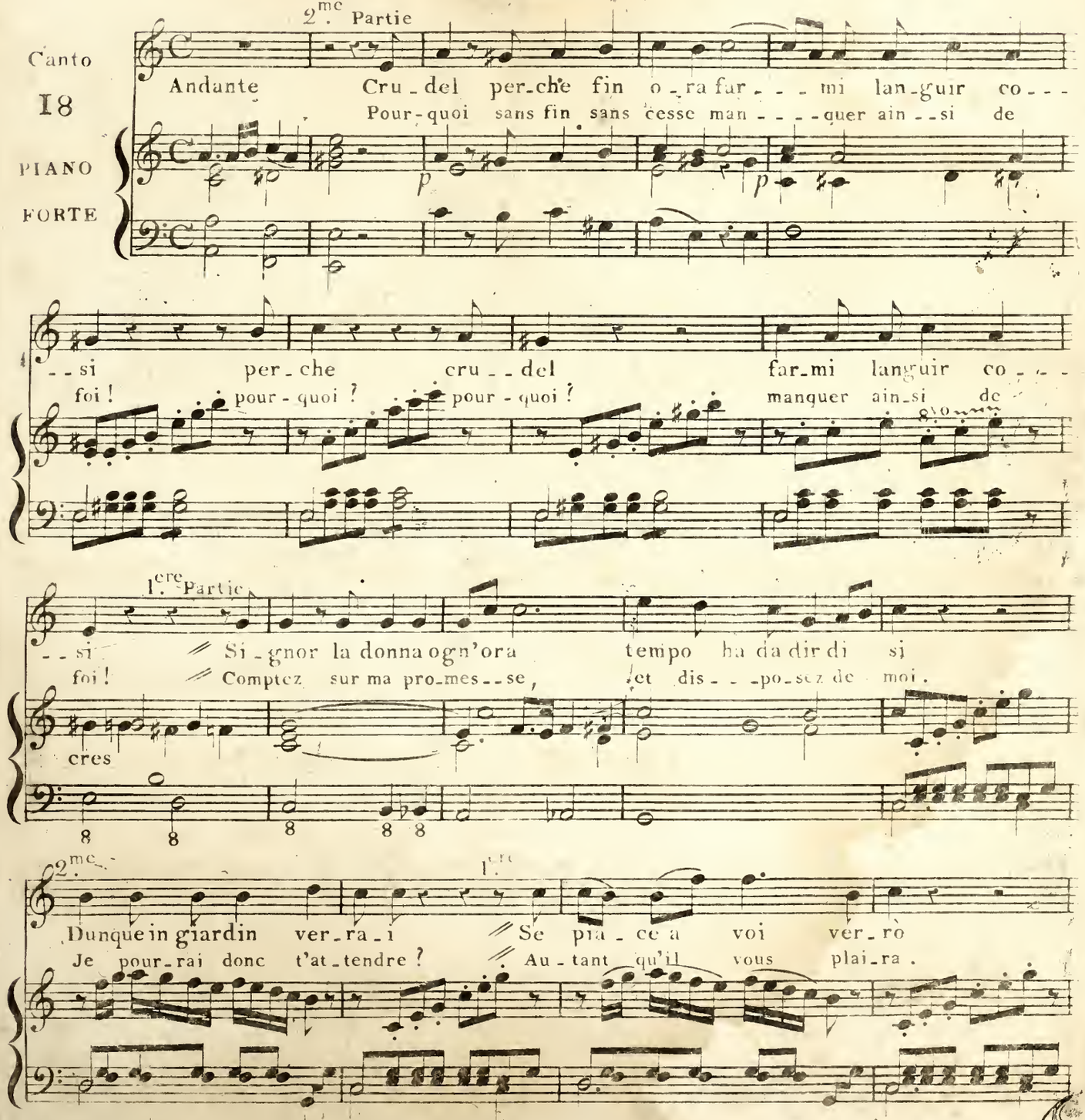
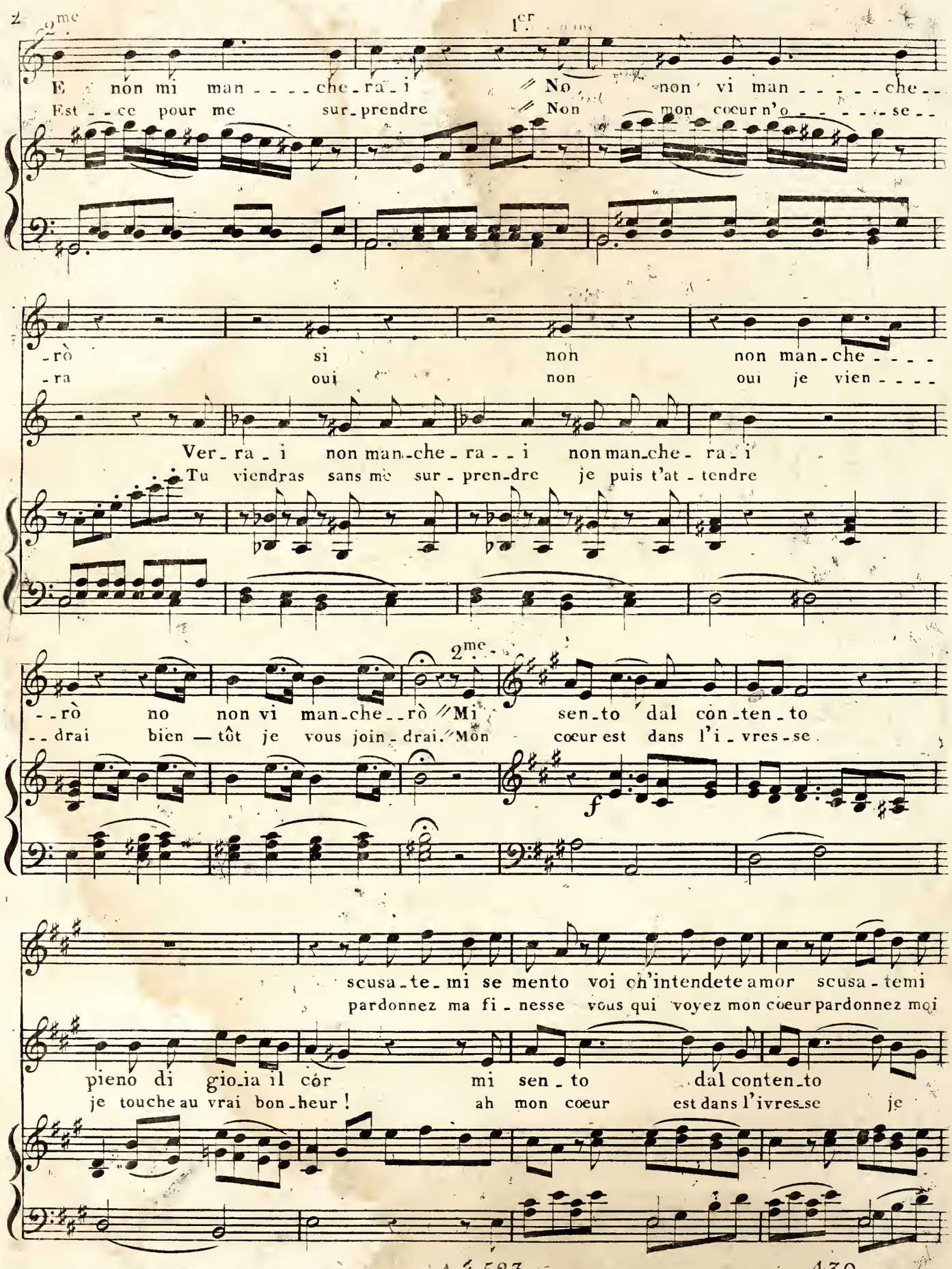
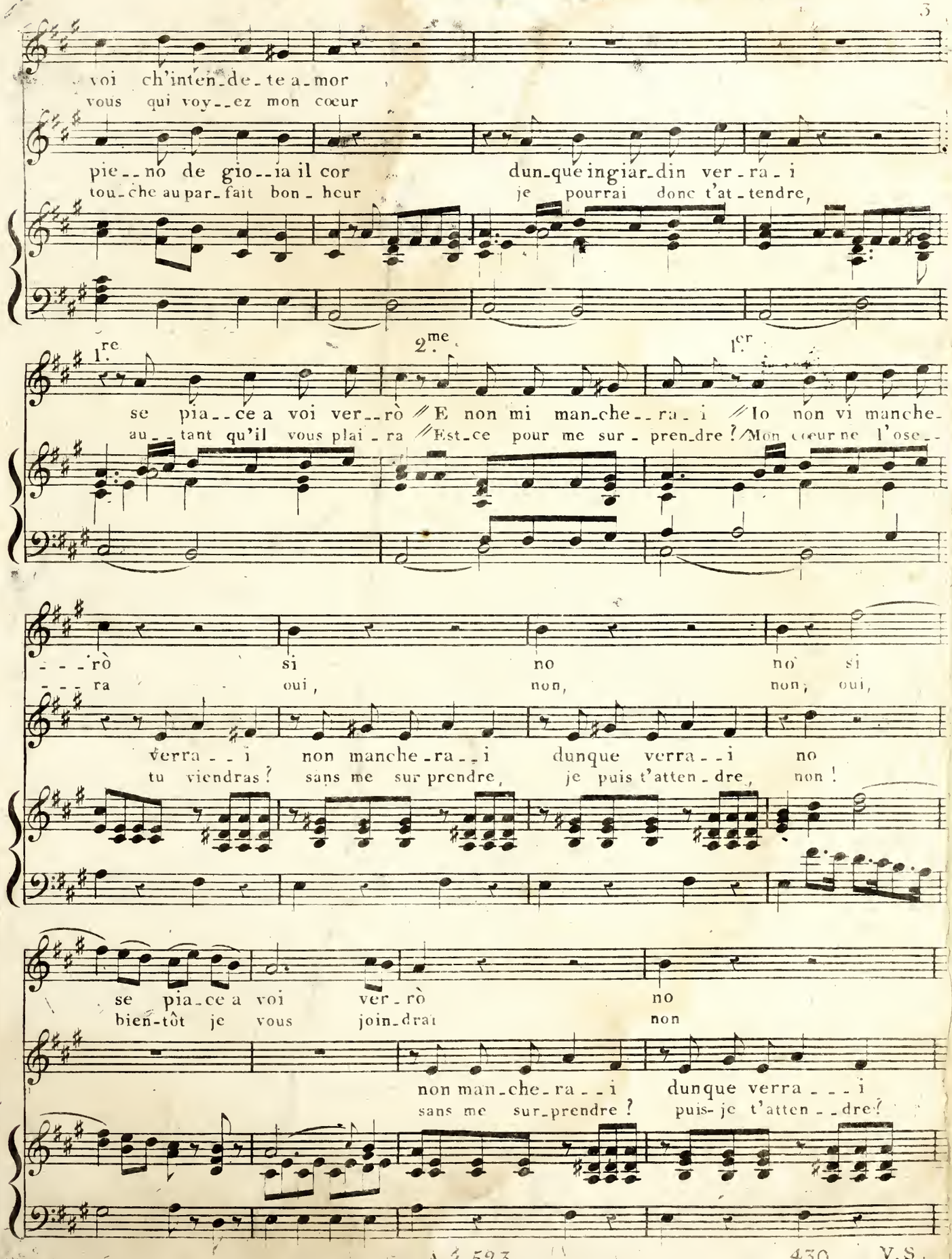
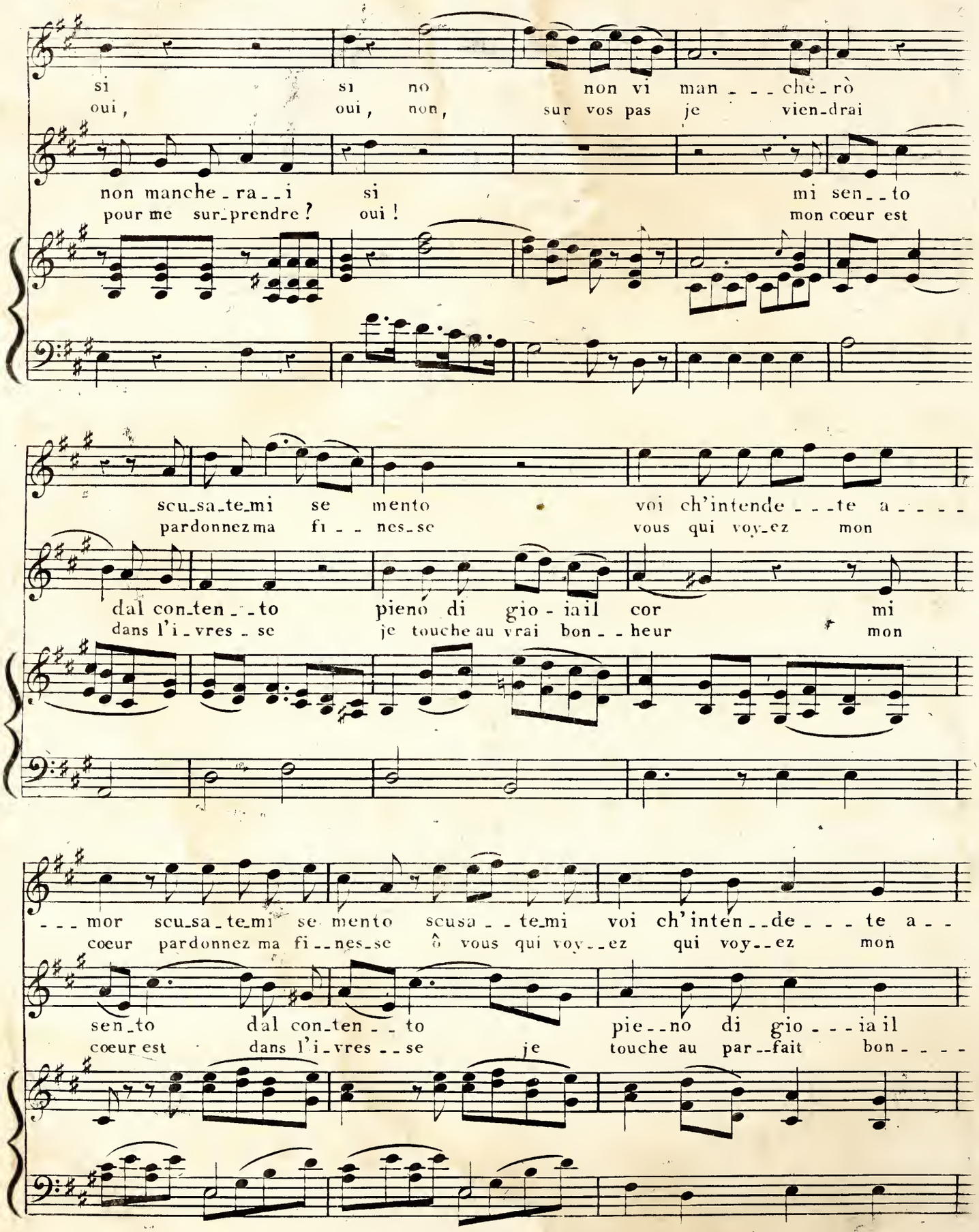
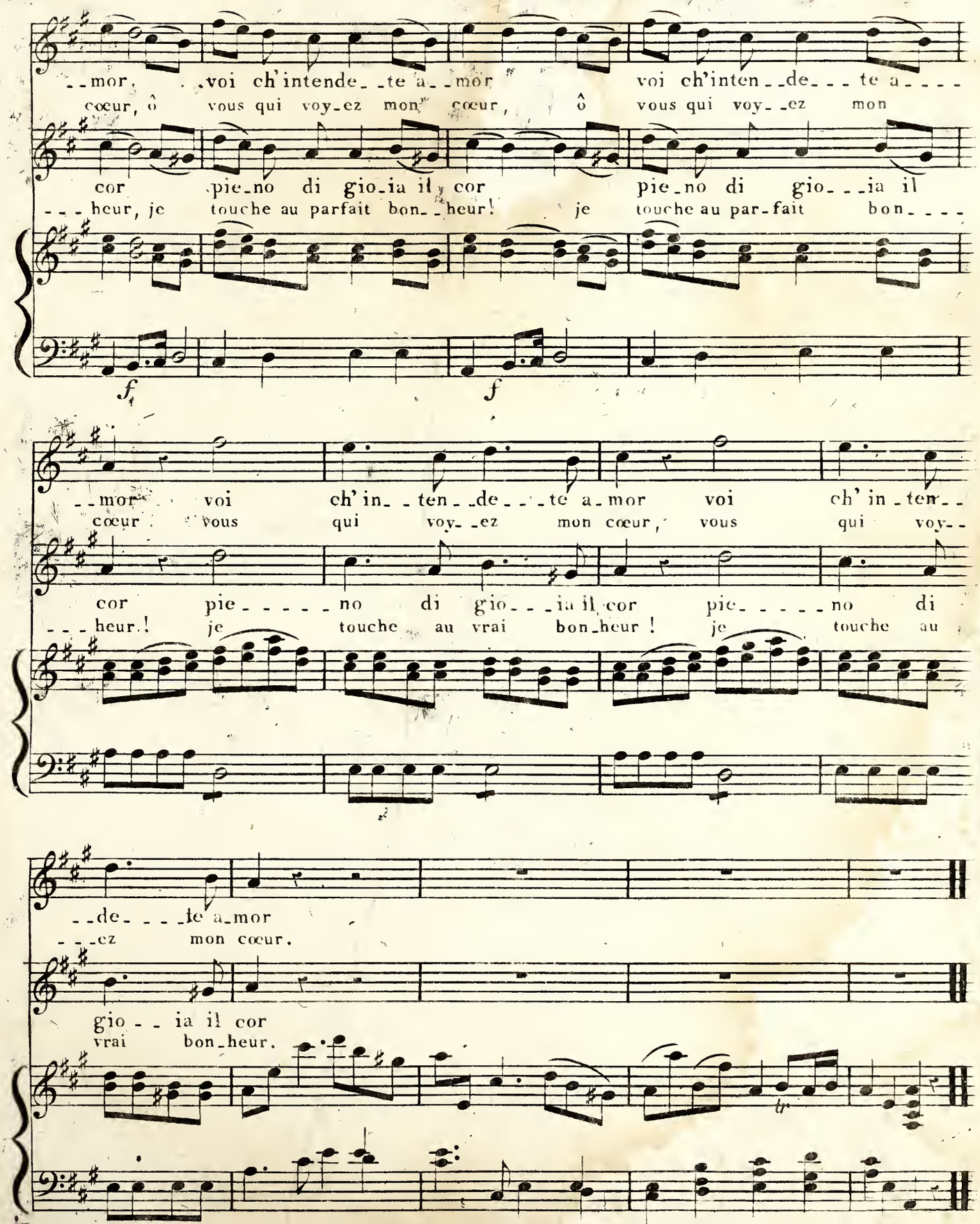



2
2me
1er
E non mi man - - - - che - ra - i
Est - - ce pour me sur - prendre
No non vi man - - - - - che - -
Non mon cœur n'o - - - - - se - -
- rò si non non man - che - - - -
- ra oui non oui je vien - - - -
Ver - ra - i non man - che - ra - - i non man - che - ra - i
Tu viendras sans me sur - pren - dre je puis t'at - tendre
2me
- - rò no non vi man - che - - rò Mi sen - to dal con - ten - to
- - drai bien — tôt je vous join - drai. Mon cœur est dans l'i - vres - se.
f
scusa - te - mi se mento voi ch'intendete amor scusa - temi
pardonnez ma fi - nesse vous qui voyez mon cœur pardonnez moi
pieno di gioia il cor mi sen - to dal conten - to
je touche au vrai bon - heur ! ah mon cœur est dans l'ivres - se je


voi ch'inten_de_te a_mor
vous qui voy__ez mon cœur
pie__no de gio__ia il cor
tou_che au par_fait bon_heur
dun_que ingiar_din ver_ra_i
je pourrai donc t'at_tendre,
1.re
2.me
1.er
se pia__ce a voi ver__rò // E non mi man_che__ra_i // Io non vi manche_
au__tant qu'il vous plai_ra // Est_ce pour me sur_pren_dre ? // Mon cœur ne l'ose__
__rò si no no si
__ra oui, non, non, oui,
verra__i non manche_ra__i dunque verra__i no
tu viendras ? sans me sur prendre, je puis t'atten_dre, non !
se pia_ce a voi ver_rò no
bien-tôt je vous join_drai non
non man_che_ra__i dunque verra___i
sans me sur_prendre ? puis-je t'atten__dre ?


si si no non vi man - - - che - rò
oui, oui, non, sur vos pas je vien-drai
non manche - ra - - i si mi sen - - to
pour me sur-prendre ? oui ! mon cœur est
scu-sa-te-mi se mento voi ch'intende - - - te a - - - -
pardonnez ma fi - - nes-se vous qui voy-ez mon
dal con-ten - - to pieno di gio - ia il cor mi
dans l'i-vres - se je touche au vrai bon - - heur mon
- - - mor scu-sa-te-mi se mento scusa - - te-mi voi ch'inten - - de - - - te a - -
cœur pardonnez ma fi - - nes-se ô vous qui voy - - ez qui voy - - ez mon
sen-to dal con-ten - - to pie - - no di gio - - - ia il
cœur est dans l'i-vres - - se je touche au par - - fait bon - - - -


--mor, voi ch'intende--te a--mor voi ch'inten--de---te a----
cœur, ô vous qui voy-ez mon cœur, ô vous qui voy--ez mon
cor pie-no di gio-ia il cor pie-no di gio---ia il
---heur, je touche au parfait bon--heur! je touche au par-fait bon----
f f
--mor voi ch' in--ten--de---te a-mor voi ch' in-ten--
cœur vous qui voy--ez mon cœur, vous qui voy--
cor pie-----no di gio---ia il cor pie-----no di
---heur! je touche au vrai bon-heur! je touche au
--de---te a-mor
---ez mon cœur.
gio--ia il cor
vrai bon-heur.
tr

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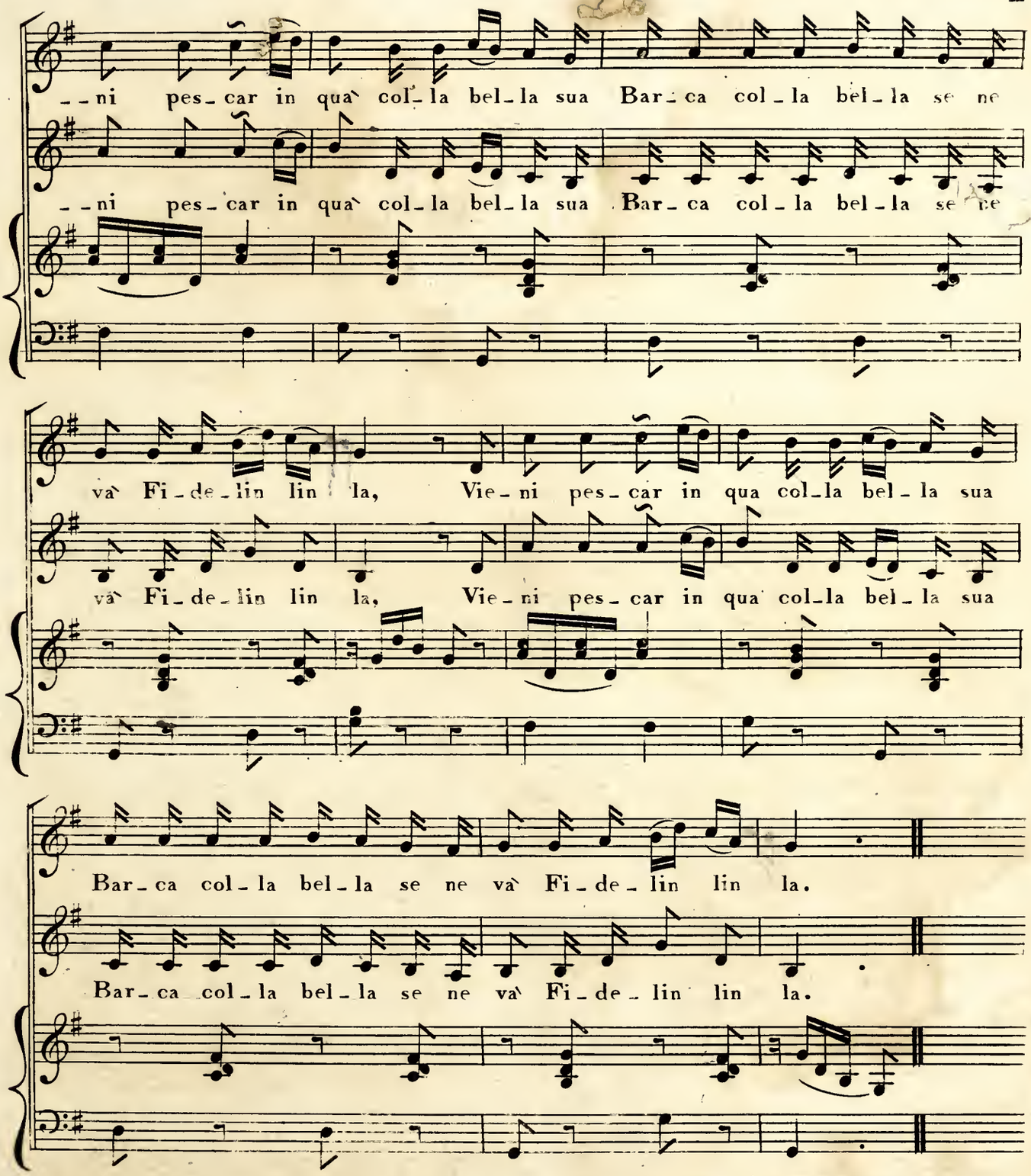
O Pes__ca__tor dell' on_____da fi_de__lin, O

O Pes__ca__tor dell' on_____da fi_de__lin, O

Pes__ca__tor dell' on_____da fi__de____lin, Vie__

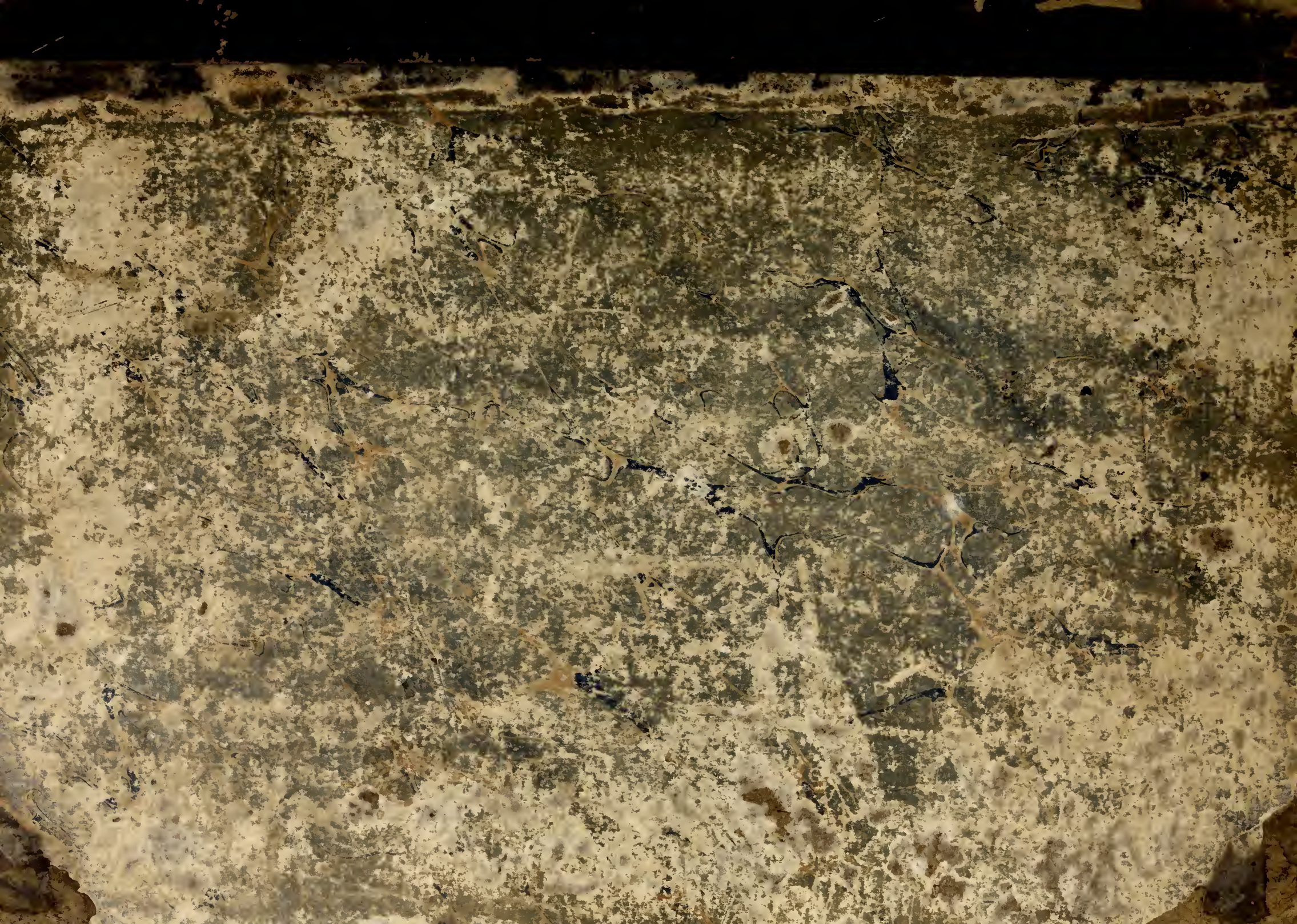
Pes__ca__tor dell' on_____da fi__de____lin, Vie__

Nº1 ARCADE
MUSIC WAREHOUSE



2
Che cosa vuol ch' io peschi;
Fidelin
L' Anel, che m' è cascà,
Colla bella &c. &c.

3
Ti daro Cento Scudi,
Fidelin
Sta borsa ricama`,
Colla bella &c. &c.

4
Non voglio Cento Scudi;
Fidelin
Ne borsa ricama,
Colla bella &c. &c

5
Io vò un bazin d' amore,
F:
Che c